

COSMOPOLITAN

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Owen Johnson In Cosmopolitan Exclusively

OWEN JOHNSON, a writer of the city and an explorer of its colorful phases, has written a vital novel, *The Woman Gives*, and Cosmopolitan will begin to publish it serially in January—the next issue. This announcement is important—for the novel, picturing the bright New York that is, and telling a wonderfully sympathetic story of sacrifice and regeneration, will be the serial success of 1916. But equally as important is the announcement that Mr. Johnson's fiction hereafter will appear in Cosmopolitan exclusively. A simple sentence with a big meaning.

"In Cosmopolitan exclusively!" No phrase has had such import in the history of American magazines. No group of writers and artists of so many splendid talents was ever gathered before into one magazine family. "In Cosmopolitan exclusively!"

Robert W. Chambers, Gouverneur Morris, Rex Beach, Jack London, Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, George Randolph Chester, Amelie Rives, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Arthur B. Reeve, Booth Tarkington in the mantle of the inimitable Penrod, George Ade, Samuel Merwin, and now—Owen Johnson!

When the ordinary hit-or-miss magazine announces a serial, this means the casual appearance of one novel by the particular author. Then you, the reader, if you desire a further acquaintance with the writer, have to hunt around for him (or her) in some other magazine. Cosmopolitan, however, finds these favorites of yours, gets them into the family, and keeps them there. And along with them, it gets your custom and keeps that, too. Perhaps we do not seem to say enough about Owen Johnson himself. We think, however, we have said the most when we tell that he has been admitted to the Cosmopolitan family. We think, also, that what he has done explains the admission. "The Varmint," "Stover at Yale," and "The Salamander" have written his name on the page of national popularity. And next month you will be reading *The Woman Gives*, which will be the most popular of all. Besides which, Howard Chandler Christy will be the illustrator.



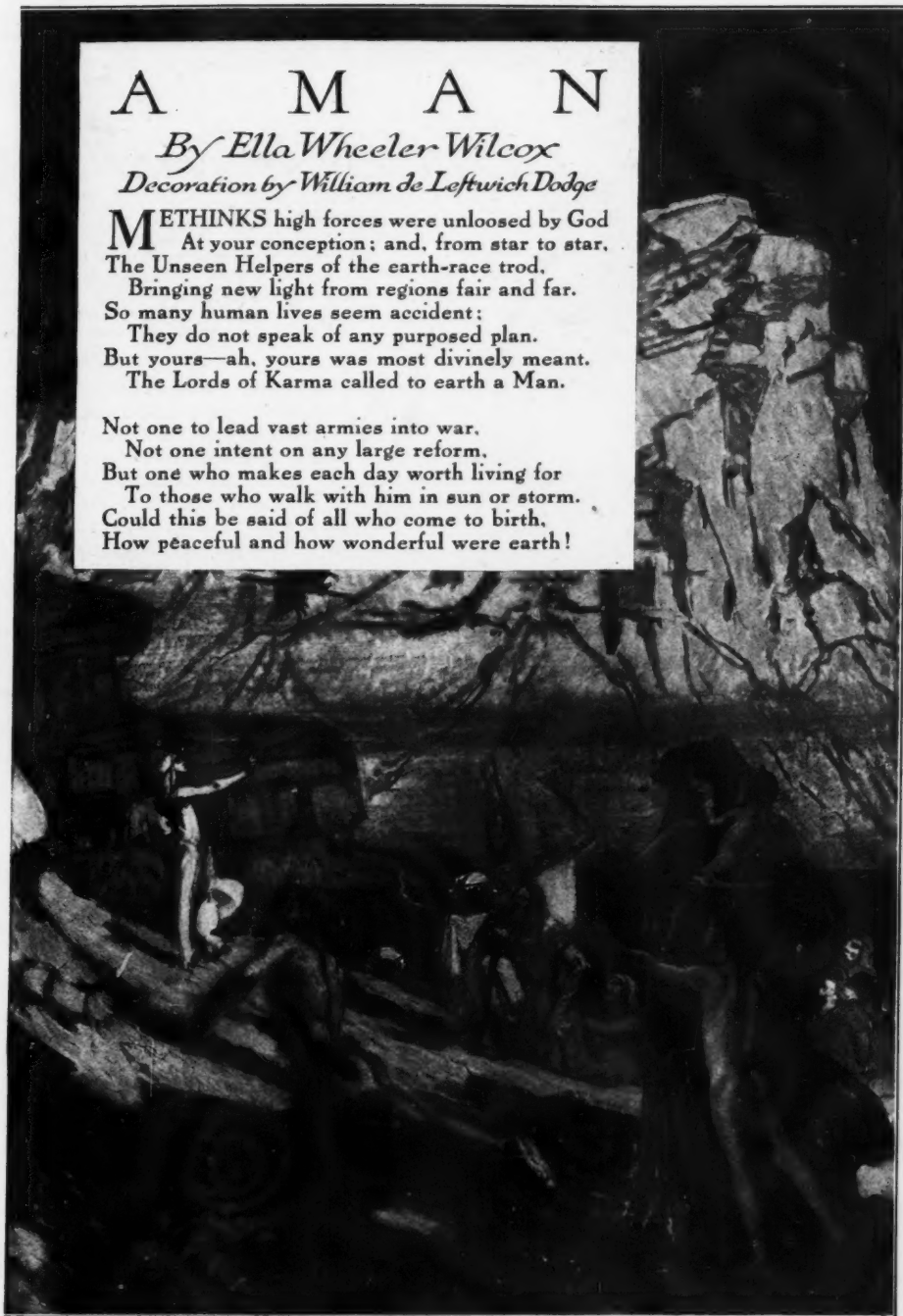
A M A N

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by William de Leftwich Dodge

METHINKS high forces were unloosed by God
At your conception; and, from star to star,
The Unseen Helpers of the earth-race trod,
Bringing new light from regions fair and far.
So many human lives seem accident;
They do not speak of any purposed plan.
But yours—ah, yours was most divinely meant.
The Lords of Karma called to earth a Man.

Not one to lead vast armies into war,
Not one intent on any large reform,
But one who makes each day worth living for
To those who walk with him in sun or storm.
Could this be said of all who come to birth,
How peaceful and how wonderful were earth!



The Trufflers

First Episode: The Broadway Thing

EDITOR'S NOTE—Our readers will become very first complete episode. Mr. Merwin takes us among fatuated with new theories—largely derived from conduct of life directed at the acquisition of true pulses. There is one girl among them who is a real and her friends, you can judge for yourself between long and sad human experience has developed to



The girl slowly lowered the apple she was eating, and looked straight at him

WE lift the curtain on Genius—Genius caught unawares, in its shirt-sleeves, without make-up, scenery, or lights—in the person of Peter Ericson Mann.

Peter leaned back in his chair and let his hands fall listlessly from the typewriter to his lap. He raised them again and laboriously pecked out a few words. It was no use.

He got up, walked to one of the front windows of the dingy old studio and peered gloomily out at the bare trees and brown grass-patches of Washington Square.

Peter was a playwright of three early (and partial) successes and two more recent failures. He was thirty-three years old, and a typical New Yorker, born in Iowa. He dressed conspicuously well, making it a principle when in funds to stock up against lean seasons to come. He worried a good deal, and kept his savings of nearly six thousand dollars (to the existence of which sum he never by any chance alluded) in five different savings-banks. He wore large, horn-rimmed eyeglasses (not spectacles) with a heavy black ribbon attached, and he took his Art seriously. You knew him publicly as Eric Mann.

For six months, Peter had been writing words where ideas were imperatively demanded. Lately, he had torn up the last of these words. He had waited in vain for the divine uprush; there had come no tingle of delighted nerves, no humming vitality, no punch. And as for his big scene in Act III, it was a morass of tangled, sodden dramatic concepts.

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by George Gibbs

much interested in the story-series of which this is the a group of young people in New York City who are in-modern Russian literature—of personal liberty, and the character and happiness through yielding to our enigma. Study her carefully. As you get to know her the merits of their chosen mode of life and that which protect us from ourselves.

His theme, this year, was the modern bachelor girl; but, to save his life, he couldn't present her convincingly as a character in a play—perhaps because these advanced, outspoken young women irritated him too deeply to permit of close observation. Really they frightened him. He believed in marriage, the old-fashioned woman, the home.

It had reached the point, a month back, where he could no longer even react to stimulants. He had taken a pretty manicure girl out to dinner without stirring so much as a flutter of excitement within himself. He had tried getting drunk, which made him ill and induced new depths of melancholy.

No one ever saw his name any more. No one, he felt certain, would ever see it. He could look back now on the few years of his success in a spirit of awful calm. He felt that he had had genius. But the genius had burned out. All that remained to him was to live on for a year or two (or three), watching that total of nearly six thousand dollars shrink—shrink—and then the end. Well, he would not be the first—

One faint, faded joy had been left to Peter, one sorry reminder of the days when the magical words, "Eric Mann," had spoken, sung, shouted from half the bill-boards in town. Over beyond Sixth Avenue, barely five minutes' walk through the odd tangle of wandering streets, the tenements and ancient landmarks and subway excavations and little triangular breathing-places that make up the Greenwich Village of to-day, there

He moved a step to one side and looked more closely



The Broadway Thing

had lingered one faint, faded, torn twenty-four-sheet poster, advertising "'The Buzzard,' by Eric Mann." When he was bluest lately, Peter had occasionally walked over there and stood for a while gazing at this lingering vestige of his name.

He went over there now, in soft hat and light overcoat, and carrying his heavy cane—hurried over there, in fact—across the square and on under the Sixth Avenue elevated into that quaint section of the great city which socialists, anarchists, feminists, Freudian psychoanalysts of self, magazine writers, Jewish intellectuals, sculptors and painters of all nationalities and grades, sex-hygiene enthusiasts, theatrical press-agents, and various sorts of youthful experimenters in living share with the merely poor.

He stopped at a familiar spot on the curb by a familiar battered lamp-post, and peered across the street. Then he started—and stared. Surprise ran into bewilderment, bewilderment with utter dejection. The faded, torn poster had vanished. A new brand of cut-plug tobacco was advertised there now.

Ragged children of the merely poor cluttered pavement and sidewalk, fell against him in their play. Irritably, he brushed them aside. It was indeed the end.

A young woman was crossing the street toward him, after nimbly dodging behind a push-cart and in front of a coal-truck. Deep in self, he lowered his gaze and watched her. So intent was his stare that the girl stopped short, slowly lowered the apple she was eating, and looked straight at him.

She was shaped like a boy, he decided—good shoulders, no hips, fine hands (she wore no gloves, though the March air was crisp), and trim feet in small, flat-heeled tan boots. Her hair, he thought, was cut short. He was not certain, for her "artistic" tam o' shanter covered it and hung low on her neck behind. He moved a step to one side and looked more closely. Yes; it *was* short, cut close to her head, like a boy's.

She stepped up on the curb now and confronted him. He noted that her suit was of brown stuff, loosely and comfortably cut, and that the boyish outer coat, which she wore swinging open, was of a rough plaid. Then he became aware of her eyes. They were deep green, and vivid. Her skin was a clear olive, prettily tinted by air and exercise— Peter suddenly knew that he was turning red. She spoke first.

"Hadn't we better say something?" was her remark. Then she took another bite of the apple.

"Very likely we would better," he managed to reply, rather severely, for the "had better" phrase always annoyed him. "It seems as if I must have met you somewhere."

"No; we haven't met."

"My name is Mann."

"Yes," said she; "I know it."

"Then suppose you tell me yours?"

"Why?"

Peter could not think of a reason why. Deeply as he was supposed to understand women, here was a new variety. She was inclined neither to flirt nor to run away.

"How is it that you know who I am?" he asked, sparring for time.

She gave a careless shrug.

"Oh, most everyone is known, here in the Village."

Peter was always at his best when recognized as *the* Eric Mann. His spirits rose a bit.

"Might I suggest that we have a cup of tea somewhere?"

"Yes," she replied slowly, even doubtfully; "you might."

"Of course, if you——"

"Jim's isn't far. Let's go there."

Jim's was an oyster- and chop-emporium of ancient fame in the Village. They sat at a rear table. The place was empty save for an old waiter, and a fat grandson of the original Jim, who stood by the open grill that was set in the wall at the rear end of the oyster-bar.

Over the tea, Peter said, expanding now,

"Perhaps this is reason enough for you to tell me who you are."

"Perhaps what is?"

He smilingly passed the toast. She took a slice and considered it.

"You see," he went on, "if I am not to know, how on earth am I to manage seeing you again?"

She slowly inclined her head.

"How can I be sure that I want you to see me again?"

He waved an exasperated hand.

"Then why are we here?"

"To find out."

At least he could smoke. He opened his cigarette-case. Then, though he never felt quite right about women smoking, he extended it toward her.



"It is when you try to deal with life—and with women
—that you're—" Words failed her

"Thanks," said she, taking one and casually lighting it. Yes; she *had* fine hands. And he had noted, when she took off her coat and reached up to hang it on the wall rack, her youthlike suppleness of body. A provocative person!

"I've seen some of your plays," she observed, elbows on table, chin on hand, gazing at the smoke wraiths of her cigarette. "Two or three:—'Odd Change,' and 'Anchored,' and—what was it called?"

"'The Buzzard'?"

"Yes; 'The Buzzard.' They were dreadful."

The color slowly left Peter's face. The girl was speaking without the slightest self-

consciousness or wish to offend. She meant it. Peter managed to recover some part of his poise.

"Well!" he said. Then, "If they were all dreadful, why didn't you stop after the first?"

"Oh"—she waved her cigarette—"Odd Change' came to town when I was in college, and—"

"So you're a college girl?"

"Yes; and a crowd of us went. That one wasn't so bad as the others. You know your tricks well enough, especially in comedy, carpentered comedy. Theatrically, I suppose you're really pretty good, or your things wouldn't succeed. It is when you

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try to deal with life—and with women—that you're—" Words failed her.

"I'm what?" he ventured. "The limit?"

"Yes," she replied, very thoughtful; "the limit—since you've said it."

"All right," he cried, aiming at a gay humor and missing heavily, "but now, having slapped me in the face and thrown me out in the snow, don't you think that you'd better—" He hesitated, watching for a smile that failed to make its appearance.

"That I'd better what?"

"Well—tell me a little more?"

"I was wondering if I could. The difficulty is, it's the whole thing—your attitude toward life—the perfectly conventional, perfectly unimaginative home-and-mother stuff, your hopeless sentimentality about women, the slushy, horrible, immoral Broadway falseness that lies back of everything you do—the Broadway thing, always—even in your comedy, good as that sometimes is: What I've been wondering since we met this afternoon—you see, I didn't know that we were going to meet in this way—"

"Naturally."

"Is whether it would be any use to try and help you. You have ability enough."

"Thanks for that!"

"Don't let's trifle! You see, if it is any use at all to try to get a little—just a little—truth into the American theater, why, those of us that believe in truth owe it to our faith to get to work on the men that supply the plays."

"Doubtless." Peter's mind was racing in a dozen directions at once. This extraordinary young person had hit close—that much he knew.

The confusing thing was that he couldn't, at the moment, feel angry toward the girl; she was too odd and too pretty. Already he was conscious of a considerable emotional stir caused by her mere presence. She reached out now for another cigarette.

"I think," said he, gloomily, "that you'd better tell me your name."

She shook her head.

"I'll tell you how you can find me out."

"How?"

"You would have to take a little trouble."

"Glad to."

"Come to the Crossroads Theater to-night, in Tenth Street."

"Oh—that little place of Zanin's?"

She nodded soberly.

"That little place of Zanin's."

"I've never been there."

"I know you haven't. None of the people that might be helped by it ever come. You see, we aren't professional, artificialized actors. We are just trying to deal naturally with bits of real life—from the Russian, and things that are written here in the Village. Jacob Zanin is a big man—with a touch of genius, I think."

Peter was silent. He knew this brilliant, hulking Russian Jew and disliked him, even feared him, in a way, as he feared others of his race, with what he felt to be their hard, clear minds, their vehement idealism, their insistent pushing upward. The play that had triumphantly displaced his last failure at the Astoria Theater was written by a Russian Jew.

She added, "In some ways it is the only interesting theater in New York."

"There is so much to see."

"I know." She sighed. "And we don't play every night, of course. Only Friday and Saturday." He was regarding her now with kindling interest.

"What do you do there?"

"Oh, nothing much. I'm playing a boy this month in Zanin's one-act piece, 'Any Street.' And sometimes I dance. I was on my way there when I met you—was due at three o'clock."

"For a rehearsal, I suppose." She nodded. "You won't make it. It's four-fifteen now."

"I know it."

"You're playing a boy," he mused. "I wonder if that is why you cut off your hair." He felt almost brutally daring in saying this. He had never been direct with women, or with direct women. But this girl created her own atmosphere, which quite enveloped him.

"Yes," said she simply; "I had to for the part."

Never would he have believed that the attractive woman lived who would do that!

Abruptly, as if acting on an impulse, she pushed back her chair.

"I'm going," she remarked; "you'll find you have friends that know me."

She was getting into her coat now. He hurried around the table and helped her.

"Tell me," said he, suddenly all questions, now that he was losing her: "You live here in the Village, I take it?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

She nearly smiled.

"No; with another girl."

"Do I know her?"

She pursed her lips.

"I doubt it." A moment of hesitation; then, "Her name is Deane, Betty Deane."

"I've heard that name. Yes; I've seen her—at the Black and White ball this winter! A blonde—pretty—went as a Picabia dancer."

They were mounting the steps to the sidewalk (for Jim's was in a basement).

"Good-by," said she. "Will you come—to-night or to-morrow?"

"Yes," said he; "to-night." And walked in a daze back to the rooms on Washington Square.

Not until he was crossing Sixth Avenue, under the elevated road, did it occur to him that she had deliberately broken her rehearsal appointment to have tea with him and then, as deliberately, had left him for the rehearsal. He had interested her; then, all at once, he had ceased to interest her. It was not the first time Peter had had this experience with women, though none of the others had been so frank about it. Frank, she certainly was!

Resentments rose. Why on earth had he sat there so meekly and let her go on like that—he, the more or less well-known Eric Mann? Had he no force of character at all? No dignity?

Suppose she had to write plays to suit the whims of penny-splitting Broadway managers who had never heard of Andreyev and Tchekov, were bored by Shaw and Shakespeare, and thought an optimist was an eye-doctor—where would *she* get off?

Walking the short block between Sixth Avenue and the square, anger conquered depression. When he entered the old brick apartment-building, he was muttering. When he left the elevator and walked to his rooms, he was considering reprisals.

Peter shared the dim old seventh-floor apartment with two fellow bachelors, Henry Sidenham Lowe and the Worm. The three were sometimes known as the "Seventh-Story Men." The phrase was Hy Lowe's, and refers to the newspaper stories of that absurd kidnaping escapade—the Esther MacLeod case, it was—in 1913. The three were a bit younger then.

Hy Lowe was a slim young man with small features that appeared to be gathered in the middle of his face. After some

years of newspaper work he had settled down to the managing editorship of a religious weekly known as *My Brother's Keeper*. Hy was uncommunicative, even irreverent regarding his means of livelihood, usually referring to the paper as his "meal-ticket," and to his employer, the Reverend Doctor Hubbell Harkness Wilde, (if at all) as the Walrus. In leisure moments, perhaps as a chronic reaction from the moral strain of his job, Hy affected slang, musical comedy, and girls. The partly skinned old upright piano was his. And he had a small gift at juggling plates.

The Worm was a philosopher—about Peter's age, sandy in coloring but mild in nature, reflective to the point of self-effacement. He read interminably in more than one foreign language, and was supposed to write book reviews. He had lived in odd corners of the earth, and knew Gorky personally. His name was Henry Bates.

Peter came slowly into the studio, threw off coat and hat, and stood, the beginnings of a complacent smile on his face.

"I've got my girl!" he announced.

"Now that you've got her, what you gonna do with her?" observed Hy Lowe, without turning from the new song-hit he was picking out on the piano.

"What am I gonna do with her?" mused Peter, hands deep in pockets. "I'm gonna vivisect her, of course."

"Ah, cruel one!" hummed Hy.

"Well, why not!" cried Peter, rousing.

"If a girl leaves her home and strikes out for the self-expression thing, doesn't she forfeit the consideration of decent people? Isn't she fair game?"

Over in the corner by a window, his attention caught by this outbreak, the Worm looked up at Peter and reflected for a moment. He was deep in a Morris chair, the Worm, clad only in striped pajamas, and one slipper of Chinese straw that dangled from an elevated foot.

"Hey, Pete—get this!" cried Hy, and burst into song.

Peter leaned over his shoulder and sang the choppy refrain with him. The third rendition brought them to the borders of harmony.

The Worm looked up again and studied Peter's back, rather absently, as if puzzling him out and classifying him. He knit his brows. Then his eyes lighted, and he turned back in his book, fingering the pages with a



DRAWN BY GEORGE ELTON RAINSFORD

Zanin was vehement now. Words poured in a torrent from his lips. He talked

straight



straight at you, gesturing, with a light in his eye and veiled power in his husky voice

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mild eagerness. Finding what he sought, he read thoughtfully and smiled. He closed his book, hitched forward to the old flat-top desk that stood by the window, lighted a caked briar pipe, and after considerable scribbling on scraps of paper, appeared to hit upon an arrangement of phrases that pleased him. These phrases he printed out painstakingly on the back of a calling-card, which card he tacked up with a hair-brush on the outer side of the apartment door. Then he went into the bedroom.

"Who is she?" asked Hy, in a low voice. The two were fond of the Worm, but they never talked with him about their girls.

"That's the interesting thing," said Peter. "I don't know. She's plumb mysterious. All she'd tell was that she is playing a boy at that little Crossroads Theater of Zanin's, and that I'd have to go there to find her out. Going to-night. Want to come along?"

"What kind of a looking girl?"

"Oh—pretty. Extraordinary eyes, green with brown in 'em—but green. And built like a boy. Very graceful."

"Hm!" mused Hy.

"Do you know her?"

"Sounds like Sue Wilde."

"Not——"

"Yes; the Walrus's child."

"What's *she* doing in the Village?"

"Oh, that's an old story. She left home—walked right out. Calls herself modern. She's the original lady highbrow, if you ask me. Sure I'll go to see her. Even if she never could see me."

Later, Hy remarked: "The old boy asked me yesterday if I had her address. You see, he knows we live down here."

"Give it to him?"

"No; easy enough to get, of course, but I ducked—I'm going to hop into the bathtub. There's time enough. Then we can eat at the Parisian."

Peter settled down to read the sporting-page of the evening paper. Shortly the Worm, clad now, drifted back to the Morris chair.

They heard Hy shuffle out in his bath-slippers and close the outer door after him. Then he opened the door and came back. He stood in the doorway, holding his bathrobe together with one hand and chuckling.

"You Worm," he observed, "why 'Bolboceeras'?"

The Worm looked up with mild eyes.

"Not Bolboceeras," he corrected. "Bolbosseras. As in cow."

"But why?"

The Worm merely shrugged his shoulders and resumed his book.

Peter paid little heed to this brief conversation. And when he and Hy went out, half an hour later, he gave only a passing glance to the card on the door. He was occupied with thoughts of a slim girl with green eyes who had fascinated and angered him in a most confusing way.

The card read as follows:

Do Not Feed or Annoy
Bolbosceras Americanus Muls
Habitat HERE

The Crossroads Theater was nothing more than an old store, with a shallow stage built in at the rear, and a rough foyer boarded off at the front. The seats were rows of undertaker's chairs. But the lighting was managed with some skill; and the scenery, built and painted in the neighborhood, bordered on a Barker-Craig-Reinhardt effectiveness.

Peter and Hy stood for a little time in the foyer, watching the audience come in. It was a distinctly youthful audience—the girls and women very attractive, most of them Americans; the men running more foreign, with a good many Russian Jews among them. They all appeared to be great friends. And they handled one another a good deal. Peter, self-conscious, hunting copy as always, saw one tired-looking young Jewish painter catch the hand of a pretty girl and press and caress her fingers as he chatted casually with a group. After a moment, the girl drew her hand away gently, half apologetically, while a faint wave of color flowed to her transparent cheek.

All Peter's blind race-prejudice flamed into a little fire of rage. Here it was—his subject—the restless American girl experimenting with life, the selfish bachelor girl, deep in the tangles of bohemia, surrounded by just the experimental men that would be drawn to the district by such as she. So Peter read it. And he was torn by confused, clashing emotions. Then he heard a fresh voice cry, "Why, hello, Betty!" And he remembered—this girl was the Picabia dancer—Betty Deane—her friend! There was color in his own face now, and his pulse was leaping.

"Come," he said shortly to Hy; "let's find our seats."

The first playlet on the bill was Zanin's "Any Street." The theme was the grim influence of street-life on the mind of a child. It was an uncomfortable little play. All curtains were drawn back. Subjects were mentioned that should never, Peter felt, be even hinted at in the presence of young women. Rough, direct words were hurled at that audience.

Peter, blushing, peered about him. There sat the young women and girls by the dozen, serene of face, frankly interested.

Poor Hy, overcome by his tangled self-consciousness, actually lowered his head and pressed his handkerchief to his fiery face, murmuring, "This is no place for a minister's assistant!" And he added, in Peter's ear, "Lord, if the Walrus could just see this—once!"

Then a newsboy came running on the stage—slim, light of foot—dodged cowering in a saloon doorway, and swore at an off-stage policeman from whose clutches he had escaped. There was a swift pattering of applause; and a whisper ran through the audience. Peter heard one voice say, "There she is—that's Sue!"

He sat erect on the edge of his chair. Again the hot color surged in his face. He felt it there and was confused. It was his girl of the apple, in old coat and knickerbockers, torn stockings, torn shirt open at the neck, a ragged felt hat over her short hair.

Peter felt his resentment fading. He knew, as he watched her move about the stage, that she had the curious electric quality that is called personality. It was in her face and the poise of her head, in the lines of her body, in every easy movement. She had a great gift.

After this play, the two went outside to smoke, very silent. Neither knew what to say or think. Peter was gloomy.

There Zanin discovered them (for Peter, after all, was a bit of a personage) and made them his guests.

Thus it was that Peter found himself behind the scenes, meeting the youthful and preoccupied members of the company, and watching, with half-suppressed eagerness, the narrow stairway by which Sue Wilde must sooner or later mount from the dressing-rooms below.

Finally, just before the curtain was rung up on the second play, he was rewarded by

the appearance of Betty Deane, followed by the tam o' shanter and the plaid coat of his apple-girl. He wondered if her heart was thumping as his was.

Surely, the electric thrill of this meeting, here among heaps of scenery and properties, must have touched her, too; he could not believe that it began and ended with himself. There was magic in the occasion—such magic as an individual rarely generates alone. But if it had touched her, she gave no outward sign. To Zanin's casual, "Oh, you know each other," she responded with a quite matter-of-fact smile and nod.

They went out into the hall and up the aisle to seats in the rear—Betty Deane first, then Sue Wilde, then Peter, then Hy.

Peter felt the thrill again in walking just behind her. When he stood aside to let her pass on to her seat, her sleeve brushed his arm; and the arm, his body, his brain tingled and flamed.

Zanin joined them after the last play, and led them to a basement restaurant near the square. Hy paired off with Betty Deane, and made progress. But then, Betty was evidently more Hy's sort than Sue was.

In the restaurant, Peter, silent, gloomy, watched his chance for a word aside with Sue. When it came, he said,

"I am glad you told me to come."

"You liked it, then?"

"I liked you."

This appeared to silence her.

"You have distinction. Your performance was really interesting."

"I'm glad you think that."

"In some ways you are the most gifted girl I have ever seen. Listen: I must see you again." She smiled. "Let's have a bite together one of these evenings—at the Parisian, or Jim's. I want to talk with you."

"That would be pleasant," said she, after a moment's hesitation.

"To-morrow evening, perhaps?" Peter suggested.

The question was not answered, for, in some way, the talk became general just then. Later, Peter was sure that Sue herself had a hand in making it general.

Zanin turned suddenly to Peter. He was a big young man, slightly bald, with a strong if pleasant face and a look of keenness about the eyes. There was exuberant force in the man, over which his Village manner of sophisticated casualness toward all things lay like the thinnest of veneers.

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"Well," he said, "what do you think of Sue here?"

Peter repeated his impressions with enthusiasm.

"We're going to do big things with her," said Zanin—"big things. You wait! 'Any Street' is just a beginning." And then, an impetuous eagerness rushing up in him, his topic shifted from Sue to himself. With a turbulent, passionate egotism, he recounted his early difficulties in America, his struggles with the language, heart-breaking summers as a book-agent, newspaper jobs in Middle-Western cities, theatrical press-work from coast to coast, his plunge into the battle for a higher standard of theatrical art, and the resulting fight to attract attention to the Crossroads Theater and widen its influence.

Zanin was vehement now. Words poured in a torrent from his lips. He talked straight at you, gesturing, with a light in his eye and veiled power in his husky voice. Peter felt this power, and something not unlike a hatred of the man took sudden root within him.

"You will think me foolish to give my strength to this struggle. Like you, I know these Americans. You can tell me nothing about them. Oh, I have seen them, lived with them—in the city, in the small village, on the farm. I know that they are ignorant of Art, that they do not care." He snapped his big fingers. "Vaudeville, baseball, the girl show, the comic supplement, the moving picture—that is what they like. Yet, year after year, I go on fighting for the barest recognition. They do not understand. They do not care. They believe in money, comfort, conformity—above all, conformity. They are fools. But they will listen to me yet. I have shown them that I can fight for my ideals. Before we are through, I shall show them that I can beat them at their own game. I shall show them their God Success in his full majesty. And publicity? They are children. When I have finished they—the best of them—will come to me for kindergarten lessons in publicity." He turned toward Sue. "And this girl shall help me. She has the talent, the courage, the breeding. She will surprise them."

Hushed with his own enthusiasm, he dropped his hand over one of Sue's, took hers up in both of his and moved her slender fingers about as he talked, as he might have played absently with a handkerchief.

Hy, across the table, took this in, and noted, too, the swift, hot expression that flitted across Peter's face and the sudden set to his mouth.

Sue, after a moment, quietly withdrew her hand. But she did not flush, as Betty had flushed in somewhat similar circumstances a few hours earlier.

Peter laid his hands on the table, pushed back his chair, and, lips compressed, got up.

"Oh," cried Zanin, "not going?"

"I must," Peter replied slowly, coldly. "I have work to do. It has been very pleasant. Good-night." And out he went.

Hy, after some hesitation followed.

Peter did not speak to Hy until they were nearly across the square. Then he remarked,

"The Walrus asked you where she was, did he?"

"He sure did."

"Worried about her, I suppose."

"He's worried all right."

"Humph!" said Peter.

He said nothing more. At the rooms he partly undressed in silence. Now and again his face worked in mute expression of strangely conflicting emotions within. Suddenly he stopped undressing, went into the studio (he slept in there, on the couch), and sat by the window, peering out at the square.

Hy watched him curiously; then called out a good-night, turned off the gas, and tumbled into bed. His final remark, the cheery observation, "I'll tell you this much, my son, friend Betty is some pippin!" drew forth no response.

Half an hour later, Peter tiptoed over and closed the door. Then he sat down at his typewriter, removed the paper he had left in it, put in a new sheet, and struck off a word. He sat still then, in a sweat. The noise of the keys fell on his tense ears like the crackling thunder of a machine gun. He took the paper out and tore it up into minute pieces. He got another sheet, sat down to the desk, and wrote a few hurried sentences in longhand.

He sealed it in an envelop, glancing nervously about the room, addressed it, and found a stamp in the desk. Then he tiptoed down the room, softly opened the door, and listened. Hy was snoring.

He stole into the bedroom, found his clothes in the dark, and deliberately dressed, clear to overcoat and hat. He slipped out into the corridor, rang for the elevator, and



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBLIN

"I am not here to argue. Once more, will you put on your proper clothes and come home with me?" "No; I will not"

The Broadway Thing

went out across the square to the mail-box. There was a box in the hall down-stairs; but he found it impossible to post that letter before the eyes of John, the night man.

For a moment he stood motionless, one hand gripping the box, the other holding the letter in air—a statue of a man. Then he saw a sauntering policeman, shivered, dropped the letter in, and almost ran home.

Peter had done the one thing that he himself, twelve hours earlier, would have regarded as utterly impossible.

He had sent an anonymous letter.

It was addressed to the Reverend Hubbell Harkness Wilde, Testament Building, New York. It conveyed to that vigorous if pietistic gentleman the information that he would find his daughter on the following evening, Saturday, performing on the stage of the Crossroads Theater, Tenth Street near Fourth, with the added hint that it might not, even yet, be too late to save her.

And Peter, all in a tremor now, knew that he meant to be at the Crossroads Theater himself to see this little drama of surprises come off.

The fact developed, when Hy came back from the office on Saturday, that he, too, was meditating a return engagement—with his new friend, Betty.

"The subject was mentioned," he explained, rather self-consciously, to Peter.

The Worm came in then, and heard Hy speak of "Any Street."

"Oh," he observed, "that piece of Zanin's! I've meant to see it. You fellows going to-night? I'll join you."

So the three Seventh-Story Men ate at the Parisian, and then set forth for their little adventure; Peter and Hy, each with his own set of motives locked up in his breast, the Worm with no motives in particular.

Peter smoked a cigar, the Worm his pipe, and Hy, as always, a cigarette. All carried sticks. Peter walked in the middle, his face rather drawn, peering out ahead. Hy swung his stick, joked about this and that, offered an experimentally humorous eye to every young woman that passed.

The Worm wore the old gray suit that he could not remember to keep pressed, soft black hat, flowing tie, no overcoat. He had an odd way of walking, the Worm, throwing his right leg out and around and toeing in with his right foot.

As they neared the little theater, Peter's

pulse beat a tattoo against his temples. What if old Wilde hadn't received the letter? If he had, would he come? If he came, what would happen? He came.

Peter and the Worm were standing near the inner entrance, waiting for Hy, who, cigarette drooping from his nether lip, stood in the line at the ticket-window.

Suddenly a man appeared and made straight for the young poet who was taking tickets.

The Worm nudged Peter's elbow and whispered,

"Good God, it's the Walrus!"

Peter wheeled about. He had met the man only once or twice, a year back; now he took him in—a big man, heavy in the shoulders and neck, past middle age, with a wide, thin orator's mouth surrounded by deep lines. He had a big hooked nose (a strong nose) and striking, vivid eyes of a pale-green color. They struck you, those eyes, with their light, hard surface. There was a strip of whisker on each cheek, narrow and close-clipped, tinged with gray. His clothes, overcoat, and hat were black; his collar was a low turnover; his tie, a loosely knotted white bow. He made an oddly dramatic figure in that easy, merry, bohemian setting—a specter from the old forgotten world of Puritanism.

The intruder addressed the young poet at the door in a low but determined voice.

"I wish to see Miss Susan Wilde."

"I'm afraid you can't now, sir. She will be in costume by this time."

"In costume, eh?" Doctor Wilde was frowning. And the poet eyed him with cool suspicion.

"Yes; she is in the first play."

Still the big man frowned.

"Will you kindly send word to Miss Wilde that her father is here and must see her at once?"

The poet, surprised, sent the message.

Peter heard a door opened down by the stage. He pressed forward, peering eagerly. A ripple of curiosity and friendly interest ran through that part of the audience that was already seated. A young man called, "What's your hurry, Sue?" and there was laughter.

Then he saw her, coming lightly, swiftly up the side aisle in the boy costume—the knickerbockers, the torn stockings, the old coat and ragged hat, the torn shirt, open at the neck. She seemed hardly to hear the

noise. Her lips were compressed, and Peter suddenly saw that she, in her fresh, young way, looked not unlike the big man at the door—the nervously intent man who stood waiting for her with a scowl that wavered into an expression of utter unbelief as his eyes took in her costume.

Hy came up just then with the tickets, and Peter hurried in after Doctor Wilde, then let Hy and the Worm move on without him to their seats, lingering shamelessly. His little drama was on. He had announced that he would vivisect this girl.

He studied her. But she saw nothing but the big gray man there, with the deeply lined face and the pale eyes—her father! Peter noted now that she had her make-up on—an odd effect around those deep, blazing eyes.

Then the two were talking—low, tense. Some late comers crowded in, chatting and laughing. Peter edged closer.

"But you shouldn't have come here like this," he heard her saying. "It isn't fair."

"I am not here to argue. Once more, will you put on your proper clothes and come home with me?"

"No; I will not."

"You have no shame then—appearing like this?"

"Thank God—no!"

"And the publicity means nothing to you?"

"You are causing it by coming here."

"Is it nothing to you that your actions are a public scandal?"—with which, he handed her a folded paper. She did not look at it, crumpled it in her hand.

"You feel, then, no concern for the position you put me in?" Doctor Wilde was raising his voice. The girl broke out with:

"Listen, father: I came out here to meet you and stop this thing, settle it once and for all. It is the best way. I will not go with you. I will go on with the play. I have my own life to live. You must not try to speak to me again."

She turned away, her eyes darkly alight in her painted face, her slim body quivering.

"Sue—wait!"

Wilde's voice had been trembling with anger; now, Peter thought, it was suddenly near to breaking. He reached out one uncertain hand. And a wave of sympathy for the man flooded Peter's thoughts. "This is where their 'freedom,' their 'self-expression' leads them," he thought

bitterly. Egotism! Selfishness! Spiritual anarchy! It was all summed up—that revolt—in the girl's outrageous costume, as she stood there before that older man, a minister, her own father!

She caught the new note in her father's voice, hesitated the merest instant, but then went straight down the aisle, lips tight, eyes aflame, seeing and hearing nothing.

The stage door opened. She ran up the steps, and Peter caught a glimpse of the hulking Zanin reaching out with a familiar hand to take her arm and draw her within. He turned back in time to see Doctor Wilde, beaten, walking rapidly out to the street.

"There you have it again!" thought Peter. "There you have the bachelor girl—and her friends!"

While he was thus indulging his emotions, the curtain went up on Zanin's little play.

He stood there near the door, trying to listen. He was too perturbed to sit down. Turbulent emotions were rioting within him, making consecutive thought impossible. He caught bits of Zanin's rough dialogue. He saw Sue make her entrance, heard the shout of delighted approval that greeted her, the prolonged applause, the cries of: "Bully for you, Sue!" "You're all right, Sue!"

Then Peter plunged out the door and walked feverishly about the Village streets. He stopped at a saloon and had a drink.

But the Crossroads Theater fascinated him. He drifted back there and looked in. The first play was over. Hy was in a dim corner of the lobby, talking confidentially with Betty Deane.

Then Sue came out with the Worm—of all persons—at her elbow. So he had managed to meet her, too. She wore her street dress and looked amazingly calm.

Peter dodged around the corner. "The way to get on with women," he reflected savagely, "is to have no feelings, no emotions, be perfectly cold-blooded."

He walked to Fourteenth Street and dropped aimlessly into a moving-picture show. Toward eleven he went back to Tenth Street. He even ran a little, breathlessly, for fear he might be too late. Too late for what, he did not know.

But he was not. Glancing in at the door he saw Sue with Betty, Hy, the Worm, Zanin, and a few others.

Hurriedly, on an impulse, he found an envelop in his pocket, tore off the back, and scribbled in pencil:

The Broadway Thing

May I walk back with you? I want very much to talk with you, if you could slip away from these people.

He went in then, grave and dignified, bowing rather stiffly. Sue appeared not to see him. He moved to her and spoke low. She did not reply.

The blood came rushing to Peter's face. He slipped the folded envelop into her hand. It was some satisfaction that she had either to take it or let them all see it drop. She took it, but still ignored him. Her intent to snub him was clear now, even to the bewildered Peter. He mumbled something, he did not know what, and rushed away as erratically as he had come. What *had* he wanted to say to her, anyway?

At the corner, he turned and came part-way back, slowly and uncertainly. But what he saw checked him. The Worm was talking apart with her now. And she was looking up into his face with an expression of pleased interest, frankly smiling. While Peter watched, the two moved off.

Peter walked the streets, in a fever of spirit and mind. One o'clock found him on the high curve of the Williamsburg Bridge, where he could lean on the railing and look down on the river with its colored splashes of light.

"I'll use her!" he muttered. "She is fair game, I tell you! She will find yet that she must listen to me!" And, turning about on the deserted bridge, Peter clenched his fist and shook it at the great, still city on the island.

"You will all listen to me yet!" he cried aloud. "Yes, you will—you'll listen!"

Then he walked rapidly back to the rooms. For his bachelor-girl play was, swiftly, like magic, working itself out all new in his mind, actually taking form from moment to moment, arranging and rearranging itself nearer and nearer to a complete dramatic story. The big scene was fairly tumbling into form. He saw it as clearly as if it were being enacted before his eyes: father and daughter—the two generations, the solid Old; the experimental, selfish New.

He could see that typical bachelor girl, too. If she looked like Sue Wilde, that didn't matter. He would teach her a lesson she would never forget—this "modern" girl who forgets all her parents have done in giving and developing her life, and thinks only of her own selfish freedom. It should

be like an outcry from the old hearthstone.

And he saw the picture as only a nerve-wracked, soul-weary bachelor can see it. There were pleasant lawns in Peter's ideal home, and crackling fireplaces, and merry children, and smiling, perfect parents—no problems, excepting that one of the unfilial child.

Boys had to strike out, of course. But the girl should either marry or stay at home. He was certain about this.

On those who did neither—on the bachelor girls, with their "freedom," their "truth," their cigarettes, their repudiation of all responsibility—on these he would pour the scorn of his genius. Sue Wilde should be his target.

He would write straight at her, every minute, and the world would hear him!

In the dark corridor, on the apartment door, a dim square of white caught his eye—The Worm's little placard. An inner voice whispered to light a match and read it again. He did so. For he was all inner voices now. There it was:

Do Not Feed or Annoy
Bolboceras Americanus Muls
Habitat HERE

He studied it while his match burned out. He knit his brows, groping after blind thoughts—little moles of thoughts in dark burrows. The Worm, in his odd humors, never lacked point or meaning. That placard meant something, of course—something that Peter could use.

The Worm had been reading—that rather fat book lying even now on the arm of the Morris chair. It was Fabre, on "Insect Life." He snatched it up and turned the pages. He sought the index for that word. There it was—"Bolboceras, page 225." Back, then, to page 225! He read:

A pretty little black beetle, with a pale, velvety abdomen. Its official title is *Bolboceras Gallicus Muls*.

He looked up in perplexity. This was hardly self-explanatory. He read on. The Bolboceras, it began to appear, was a hunter of truffles. Truffles it would, must have. It would eat no common food, but wandered about, sniffing out its vegetable prey in the sandy soil and digging for each separate morsel, then moving on in its quest. It made no permanent home for itself.



Peter sat for two hours within a cramped, disorderly office, reading aloud to a Broadway theatrical manager

Peter raised his eyes and stared at the bookcase in the corner. Very slowly a light crept into his eyes; an excited smile came to the corners of his mouth. There was matter here! And Peter, like Homer, felt no hesitation about taking his own where he found it. He read on—a description of the burrows.

Often the insect will be found at the bottom of its burrow; sometimes a male, sometimes a female, but always alone. The two sexes work apart without collaboration. This is no family mansion for the rearing of offspring; it is a temporary dwelling, made by each insect for its own benefit.

Peter laid the book down now, almost

reverently, gazing out of the window at the square. He quite forgot to consider what the Worm had been thinking of when he printed out the little placard and tacked it on the door. He could see it only as a perfect characterization of these bachelor girls. Every one of them was a *Bolboceras*, a confirmed seeker of pleasures and delicacies in the sober game of life, utterly self-indulgent, going it alone—a truffle-hunter. He would call his play "The *Bolboceras*." But no. "Buyers from Shreveport would fumble it," he thought, shrewdly practical.

The Broadway Thing

"You've got to use words of one syllable on Broadway."

He paced the room back and forth, back and forth. "'The Truffle-Hunter,' perhaps."

Pretty good, that!

But no—wait! He stood motionless in the middle of the long room, the muscles of his face strained out of shape, hands clenched tightly. He was about to create a new thing.

"THE TRUFFLER!"

The word burst from his lips so loud that he tiptoed to the door and listened.

"The Truffler," he repeated. "The Trifler—no; The Truffler."

He was riding high, far above all worldly irritations, tolerant even toward the little person, Sue Wilde.

"I had to be stirred," he thought, "that was all. Something had to happen to rouse me and set my creative self working. New people had to come into my life to freshen me. It did happen; and now I am myself again. I shall not have time for them now, these selfish bachelor women and their self-styled Jew geniuses. But still I am grateful to them. They have helped me."

He dropped into the chair by the desk, pulled out his manuscript from a drawer, and fell to work. It was five in the morning before he crept into bed.

Four days later, his eyes sunken perceptibly, face drawn, color off, Peter sat for two hours within a cramped, disorderly office, reading aloud to a Broadway theatrical manager who wore his hat tipped down over his eyes, kept his feet on the mahogany desk, smoked panatelas end on end, and who, like Peter, was deeply conservative where women were concerned.

At five-thirty on this same afternoon, Peter, triumphant, acting on a wholly unconsidered impulse, rushed around the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street and into the telephone-room of a glittering hotel, found Betty Deane's name in the telephone-book, and called up the apartment. A feminine voice sounded in his ear. He thought it was Sue Wilde.

It was Sue Wilde.

He asked if she could not dine with him.

There was a long silence at the other end.

"Are you there?" he called anxiously.

"Hello! Hello!"

"Yes; I'm here," came the voice. "You rather surprised me, Mr. Mann. I have an engagement for this evening."

"Oh, then I can't see you!"

"I have an engagement."

He tried desperately to think up conversation, but failed.

"Well—" he said, "good-by."

"Good-by."

That was all. Peter ate alone, still overstrung but gloomy now, in the glittering hotel. The dinner, however, was both well cooked and hot. It tended to soothe and soften him. Finally, expansive again, he leaned back, fingered his coffee-cup, smoked a twenty-cent cigar, and observed the life about him.

There were large, dressy women, escorted by sharp-looking men of two races. There were also small, dressy women, some mere girls and pretty, but nearly all wearing make-up on cheeks and lips and quite all with extreme sophistication in their eyes. There was shining silver and much white linen. Chafing-dishes blazed. French and Austrian waiters moved swiftly about under the commanding eye of a stern captain. It was a gay scene, and Peter found himself in it, of it, for it. With rising exultation in his heart, he reflected that he was back on Broadway, where, after all, he belonged.

His manager of the afternoon came in now, who believed with Peter that woman's place was the home. He was in evening dress. At his side tripped a very young-looking girl indeed—the youngest and prettiest in the room, but with the make-up and sophistication of the others. Men (and women) stared at them as they passed. There was whispering; for this was the successful Max Neuman, and the girl was the lucky Eileen O'Rourke. Neuman sighted Peter, greeted him boisterously, himself drew up an unoccupied chair. Peter was made acquainted with Miss O'Rourke.

"This is the man, Eileen," said Neuman, breathing confidences. "Wrote 'The Truffler.' Big thing! Absolutely a new note on Broadway! Eric, here, has caught the new bachelor woman, shown her up, and put a tag on her. After this, she'll be called a 'truffler' everywhere. By the way, Eric, I'll send the contract down to you to-night by messenger. And the check."

Miss Eileen O'Rourke smiled, indulgently and a thought absently; while Peter lighted, thanks to Neuman, a thirty-cent cigar, and impulsively told Miss O'Rourke just how he had come to hit on that remarkable tag.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he left and walked, very erect, from the restaurant. He gave the hat-boy a quarter.

Out on Forty-second Street he paused to clear his exuberant but confused mind. He couldn't go back to the rooms—not as he felt now. Roof-gardens and "movie" shows bored him. It was too early for a cabaret and dancing. Irresolute, he strolled over toward Fifth Avenue, crossed it, turned south. A north-bound automobile-bus stopped just ahead of him. In front was the illuminated red sign that meant Riverside Drive. It was fairly warm for March. He decided to take the ride.

Just in front of him, however, also moving toward the bus, was a young couple. There was something familiar about them. The girl—he could see by a corner-light—was wearing a tam o' shanter. She partly turned her head. His pulse started racing. It was Sue Wilde, no other!

But the man? No overcoat. Bulging pockets. That soft black hat! The odd trick of throwing his right leg out and around as he walked, and toeing in with the right foot! The Worm!

Peter turned sharply away, crossed the street and caught a south-bound bus. Wavering between irritation, elation, and chagrin, he walked in and out among the twisted old streets of Greenwich Village.

Later, he found himself standing motionless on a curb by a battered lamp-post, peering at a bill-board across the street on which his name did not appear. He studied the twenty-four-sheet poster of a cut-plug tobacco that now occupied the space. There was light enough to read it.

Suddenly he turned and looked to the right. Then he looked to the left. Fumbling for a pencil, he moved swiftly and resolutely across the street. Very small, down in the right-hand corner of the tobacco advertisement, he wrote his name—his pen-name—"Eric Mann."

Then, more nearly at peace with himself, he went to the moving pictures.

Entering the rooms later, he found the Worm settled, in pajamas as usual, with a book in the Morris chair. He also found a long envelop from Neuerman, with the contract in it, and a check for a thousand dollars, advanced against royalties.

It was a brown check. He fingered it for a moment, while his spirits recorded

their highest mark for the day. Then, outwardly calm, he put it in an inside coat pocket, and with a fine air of carelessness tossed the contract on the desk.

The Worm put down his book, and studied Peter rather thoughtfully.

"Pete," he finally said, "I've got a message for you, and I've been sitting here debating whether to deliver it or not."

"Let's have it!" replied the Eric Mann, shortly. The Worm produced a folded envelop from the pocket of his pajamas.

"I haven't been told what's in it," he said.

Peter, with a tremor, unfolded the envelop and peered inside. There were two enclosures—one plainly his scribbled note to Sue; the other (he had to draw it partly out and examine it)—yes—no—yes, his anonymous letter, much crumpled.

Deliberately, rather white about the mouth, Peter moved to the fireplace, touched a match to the papers, and watched them burn. Then he turned and queried:

"Well? That all?"

The Worm shook his head.

"Not quite all, Pete."

Words suddenly came from Peter.

"What do I care for that girl? A creative artist has his reactions, of course. He even does foolish things. Look at Wagner, Burns, Michelangelo—look at the things they used to do!" The words stopped.

"Her message is," continued the Worm, "the suggestion that next time you write one of them with your left hand."

Peter thought this over. The check glowed next to his heart. It thrilled him.

"You tell your friend Sue Wilde," he replied then, "that my message to her—and to you—will be delivered next September across the footlights of the Astoria Theater." And he strode into the bedroom with dignity.

The Worm looked after him with quizzical eyes, smiled a little, and resumed his book.

Which is the full story of how Peter wrote that wholesome if properly caustic dramatic triumph, "The Truffler."

The papers mentioned, you recall, the "brooding tenderness in Act III," where the selfish bachelorette girl creeps back to the home she has had a hand in wrecking.

And it is only fair to Peter to remind you here that you—or some of us—wept a little at that point.

Fortunes in Films, the next episode of *The Trufflers*, will appear in the January issue.

Why We Go to the "Movies"

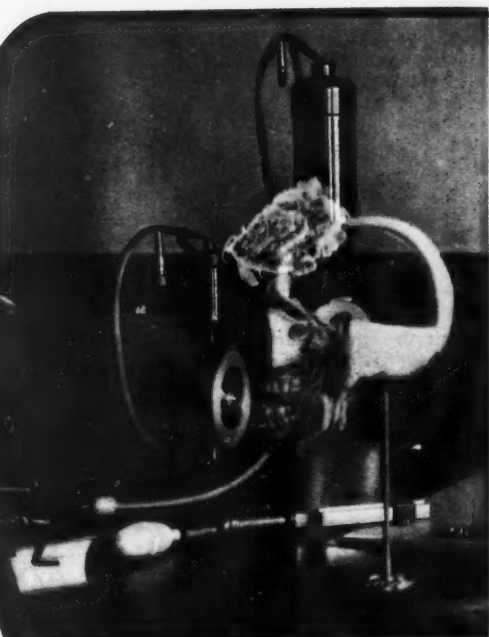
by Hugo Münsterberg

*Professor of Psychology and Director
of the Psychological Laboratory,
Harvard University*

EDITOR'S NOTE — Professor Münsterberg is a wizard at telling us why we do things. He is the first psychologist to take up the study of the strong appeal of the photoplay, and his important conclusions and discoveries here given are quite as interesting and fascinating as those which have proved so helpful in commerce, industry, education, medicine, law, and other spheres of practical life. Very few of the thousands who yield to the lure of the films have any idea that they are more than a substitute for the drama, whereas they are a form of expression entirely foreign to the real stage, and their emotional effects are in some ways quite different from those which we derive from the theater. Doctor Münsterberg points out the direction in which the photoplay must be developed in order to make it the art-expression of the future.

THE "movies" themselves are moving all the time. To be sure, they move on different roads. One road is that of education and instruction. How modest were the with which the kine scope of fifteen years showed us the happen the world and gave us at current events and a little of animal life! long way indeed from the marvelous pic tures of the European war or to those fascinating moving- picture journeys to the Antarctic and to the beasts of the African desert. We all have seen the wonders of the deep sea and the splendor of foreign worlds. Whatever is worth learning in the realm of visible things, from the microscopic In-

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Professor Münsterberg in the Psychological of which he is director, and where he has have been extremely helpful in many this article he tells us why we they can be made much more

fusoria in the drop of water to the most colossal works of man and of nature, all can be made interesting and stimulating in the moving films. Millions have learned in the dark houses their geography and natural science.

history and Yet this pictures to room and library is, important —to bring enter ment and happi The theater and the novel must ample room—to the power of the moving supplement the school- the newspaper and the after all, much less than its chief task tainment and enjoy- ness to the masses. the vaudeville and yield room—and art of the pictures.

But can we really say that the film brings us art in the higher sense of the word? Was it not for quite a while the fashion among those who love art to look down upon the tricks of the film and to despise them as inartistic? Those who could afford to visit the true theater felt it as below their level



Laboratory, Harvard University, made investigations whose results spheres of practical life. In like photo-plays and how interesting and enjoyable.

to indulge in such a cheap substitute which lacked the glory of the stage with spoken words. But that time lies far behind us. Even the most artistic public has learned to enjoy a high-class photo-play.

I may confess frankly that I was one of those snobbish late-comers. Until a year ago I had never seen a real photo-play. Although I was always a passionate lover of the theater, I should have felt it as undignified for a Harvard professor to attend a moving-picture show, just as I should not have gone to a vaudeville performance or to a museum



Anita Stewart tells Doctor Münsterberg some of her experiences as a "movie" actress.

of wax figures or to a phonograph concert. Last year, while I was traveling a thousand miles from Boston, I and a friend risked seeing "Neptune's Daughter," and my conversion was rapid. I recognized at once that here marvelous possibilities were open, and I began to explore with eagerness the world which was new to me. Reel after reel moved along before my eyes—all styles, all makes. I went with the crowd to Anita Stewart and Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin; I saw Pathé and Vitagraph, Lubin and Essanay, Paramount and Majestic, Universal and Knickerbocker. I read the books on how to write scenarios; I visited the manufacturing companies, and, finally, I began to experiment myself. Surely I am now under the spell of the "movies," and, while my case may be worse than the average, all the world is somewhat under this spell.

A NEW FORM OF ART

Why did this change come? Was it because the more and more improved technique brought the imitation of the theater nearer and nearer to the impressions of the real stage and thus made the substitute almost as good as the original? Not at all. The real reason was just the opposite. The more the photo-plays developed, the more it was felt that it was not their task simply to be an inexpensive imitation of the theater, but that they should bring us an entirely new form of art. As long as the old belief prevailed that the moving-picture performances were to give us the same art which the drama gave, their deficiencies were evident. But if they have an original task, if they offer an art of their own, different from that of the theater, as the art of the painter is different from that of the sculptor, then it is clear that the one is not to be measured by the other. Who dares to say that the marble bust is a failure because it cannot show us the colors which give charm to the portrait painting? On the contrary, we destroy the beauty of the marble statue as soon as we paint the cheeks of a Venus.

It is never the purpose of an art simply to imitate nature. The painting would not be better if the painted flowers gave us fragrance. It is the very essence of art to give us something which appeals to us with the claims of reality and yet which is entirely different from real nature and real life and is set off from them by its artistic means. For this reason we put the statue

on a pedestal and the painting into a frame and the dramatic play on a stage. We do not want them to be taken as parts of the real world, and the highest art of all, music, speaks a language which has not even similarity to the happenings of the world.

If the aim of every art were simply to come as near as possible to reality, the photo-play would stand endlessly far behind the performances of real actors on the stage. But when it is recognized that each art is a particular way of suggesting life and of awaking interest, without giving life or nature themselves, the moving pictures come to their own. They offer an entirely new approach to beauty. They give an art which must develop in paths quite separate from those of the stage. It will reach the greater height the more it learns to free itself from the shackles of the theater and to live up to its own forms.

It is only natural that it began with a mere imitation of the theater, just as the automobiles were at first simple horse-carriages moved by machinery. Any new principle finds its own form slowly. The photo-play of to-day is already as different from those theater imitations as a racing automobile is different from a buggy. As soon as the two forms of art are recognized as belonging to two entirely different spheres, they do not disturb each other. Even the most ideal moving picture can never in the least give that particular artistic pleasure which a dramatic theater performance offers. But, on the other hand, even the best drama on the stage will not replace the photo-play as soon as this has reached its ideal perfection.

TRUE MEANING OF THE PHOTO-PLAY

What is the true meaning of the "movies"? What are their special ways of showing us the world? In the beginning, the public enjoyed simply the surprising tricks of a technique which showed actual movement in a photograph. But this purely technical interest has long since faded away. What remains, then, as the lasting source of enjoyment? The color is lacking and so is the depth of the stage; above all, the tone of the voice is absent. Yet we do not miss the color, the depth, or the words. We are fully under the spell of this silent world, and the Edison scheme of connecting the camera with the graphophone, and so to add spoken words to the moving pic-

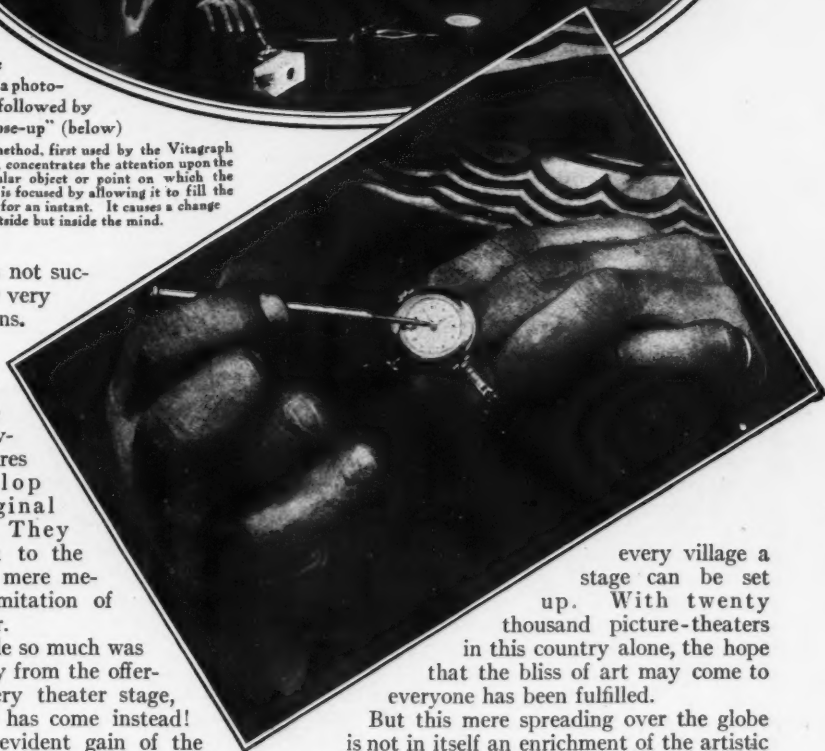


Scene
from a photo-
play followed by
a "close-up" (below)

This method, first used by the Vitagraph artists, concentrates the attention upon the particular object or point on which the action is focused by allowing it to fill the screen for an instant. It causes a change not outside but inside the mind.

tures, was not successful for very good reasons. It really interfered with the chance of the moving pictures to develop their original nature. They sank back to the level of a mere mechanical imitation of the theater.

But while so much was taken away from the offering of every theater stage, how much has come instead! The most evident gain of the new scheme is the reduction of expenses. One actor is now able to entertain a hundred and a thousand audiences at the same time; one stage-setting is sufficient to give pleasure to millions. The theater is thus democratized. Everybody's purse allows him to see the greatest artists, and in



every village a stage can be set up. With twenty thousand picture-theaters in this country alone, the hope that the bliss of art may come to everyone has been fulfilled.

But this mere spreading over the globe is not in itself an enrichment of the artistic means. The graphophone brings music into every cottage, but no one can claim that the musical disks have brought us a new art. Their rendering of orchestra or opera is nothing but a mechanical repetition of the free musical art and does not add anything to the symphony or the song.

With the photo-play it is entirely different. It shows us far more than any stage can show, or, rather, it shows us something fundamentally different. The first step away from the theater was soon made. The moving pictures allow a rapidity in the change of scenes which no stage-manager could imitate. At first, these possibilities were used only for



down, into cellar with him into the over the country background a score

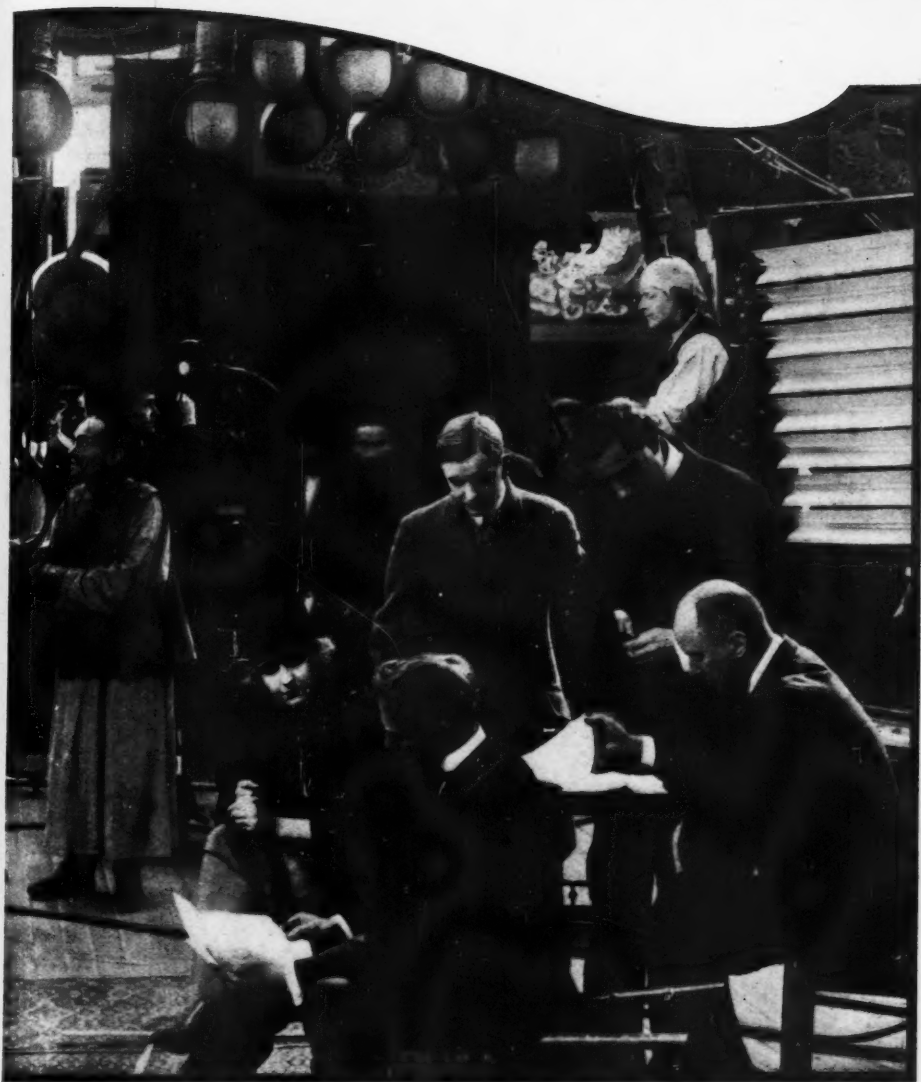


Actors and operators in the Pathé photo-play studio. In the Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis. The seated figures in

humorous effects. We enjoyed the lightning quickness with which we could follow the eloper over the roofs of the town, up-stairs and attic, and jump motor-car and race roads, changing the of times in a few

minutes, until the culprit falls over a bridge into the water and is caught by the police.

This slap-stick humor has not disappeared, but the rapid change of scenes has meanwhile been put into the service of much higher aims. The true development of an artistic plot has been brought to possibilities which the real drama does not know by allowing the eye to follow the hero and heroine continuously from place



right foreground we see Pearl White, leading woman, opposite Arnold Daly, leading man. Standing behind are extreme foreground are (left) Theodore W. Wharton, and (right) Leopold D. Wharton of the Pathé Company.

to place. Now he leaves his room, now we see him passing along the street, now he enters the house of his beloved, now he is led into the parlor, now she is hurrying to the library of her father, now they all go to the garden. New stage-settings are ever sliding into one another; the limitations of space are overcome. It is as if the laws of nature were overwhelmed and, through this liberation from space, a freedom gained which gives new wings to the artistic imagination. This

perfect independence from the narrow ties of space-reality gives to the photo-play a new life-chance which alone would secure to it the right of a new form of art.

But, with the quick change of background, the photo-artist also gained the power of a rapidity of motion which leaves actual men behind. And from here it was only a step to the performance of actions which could not be carried out in nature at all. This, too, was made serviceable at first to a rather

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rough humor. The policeman who climbed up the solid stone front of a high building was in reality photographed creeping over a flat picture of a building spread on the floor. Every day brought us new tricks. We saw how the magician breaks one egg after another and takes out of each egg a little fairy and puts one after another on his hand, and how they begin to dance. For the camera, such magical wonders are not difficult, but no theater could ever try to match them. Rich artistic effects are secured, and while on the stage every fairy-tale is clumsy and hardly able to create an illusion, in the film we really see the man transformed into a beast and the flower into a girl.

THE CLOSE-UP

But while, through this power to break down the barriers of space and to make the impossible actions possible, new fascinating effects could be reached, the whole still remained in the outer framework of the stage, inasmuch as everything was the presentation of an action in its successive stages. The photo-play showed a performance, however rapid or impossible, as it would go on in the outer world. An entirely new perspective was opened when the managers of the film-play introduced the "close-up" and similar new methods. The close-up, first made familiar to every friend of the photo-play by the Vitagraph artists, is indeed most characteristic of the emancipation of the moving pictures. As everybody knows, this is the scheme by which a particular part of the picture, perhaps only the face of the hero or his hand or only a ring on his finger, becomes greatly enlarged and replaces, for an instant, the whole stage.

But while everyone is familiar with the method, too few are aware that here indeed we have crossed a great esthetic line of demarcation and have turned to a form of expression which is entirely foreign to the real stage. Even the most wonderful creations, the great historical plays, where thousands fill the battle-fields, or the most fantastic caprices, where fairies fly over the stage, could be performed in a theater. But this close-up leaves all stagecraft behind. The stage can give us only changes in the outer world; but if we suddenly neglect everything in the room and look only at the hand which carries the dagger,

the change is not one outside but inside our mind. It is a turning of our attention. We withdraw our attention from all which is unimportant and concentrate it on that one point on which the action is focused. The photo-play is an art in which not only the outer events but our own inner actions become effective. Our own attention is projected into the life around us.

NOVEL METHODS OF PRESENTATION

But attention is not the only function of our mind which becomes effective in the moving pictures. Let us think of another action of our mind, the act of memory. When we go through an experience in practical life, we are constantly remembering happenings of the past. The photo-play can overcome the limits of time just as easily as those of space. In many of the newer plays, an unusual fascination is secured by interrupting the pictures of the present events with quickly passing images of earlier scenes. It is as if a quick remembrance were flitting through our mind.

Two passengers are sitting in the smoking-room of a ship; we see them talking about their adventurous life-experiences. The one makes the gesture of speaking; in the next instant we see him climbing the glacier, and then crossing the jungle and shooting tigers, and then fighting in the Boer War, and then strolling through Paris; but every few seconds we return to the smoking-room and keep thus the background of the story before us. Yet our mind does not only combine memories; our thought wanders from one event to another which runs parallel. Here is a dancing-hall in which a man and a girl are flirting; the girl's mother sits at home in a modest attic room and waits for her anxiously; the man's wife is unhappy in her luxurious parlor. Now the three scenes are interwoven: the dancing-hall is seen for ten seconds, then the attic scene for five seconds, the parlor scene for five seconds, then the dancing-hall again, and so on. They chase one another like the tones of an orchestra.

The order of the pictures on the screen is no longer the order of the events in nature, but rather that of our own mental play. Here lies the reason why this new art has such peculiar interest for the psychologist. It is the only visual art in which the whole richness of our inner life, our perceptions, our memory, and our imagination,

our expectation and our attention can be made living in the outer impressions themselves. As long as the photo-artist made no use of these possibilities, his play lagged far behind that of the real theater. But since he has conquered these new methods of mental interpretation, he has created an art which is a worthy rival of the drama, entirely independent from and in not a few respects superior to the theater.

As soon as the original character of the photo-play is understood, it can easily be grasped that we are only at the beginning of a great esthetic movement. The technical development of the photo-stage and of the camera will go on, and yet that is entirely secondary to the much more essential progress of the new art toward its highest fulfilment. The producer of photo-plays must free himself more and more from the idea with which he started to imitate the stage—and must more and more win for the new art its own rights. How reluctant as yet, for instance, are the efforts to introduce the power of imagination! In many a photo-play the murderer sees

the ghost of his victim. But such devices are, after all, not unfamiliar on the regular stage. Just here the possibilities of the camera are unlimited. The girl in her happy first love sees the whole world in a new glamour and a new radiant beauty. The poet can make her speak so; only the photo-



Where the photo-play has the advantage over the stage drama

One important characteristic of the photo-play is that the imagination and other functions of our inner life are presented as external impressions. In this scene, a young girl, surrounded by gay companions, is disturbed by a sudden vision of her lonely mother waiting at home. Immediately a picture of the mother and her condition in life is thrown on the screen. It is the development of such possibilities of presentation as here described that will bring the art of the photo-play to its highest perfection.

play could show her in this new jubilant world. This is something very different from the charming plays which we already possess to-day in which Princess Nicotina bewitches us or Neptune's daughter arises from the waves. Such fantastic plays tell us a pretty story, but what we must expect from the photo-play of the future is that the pictures reveal to us our own imaginative play as music can do with its magic tones.

From an artistic point of view, it is entirely wrong to fancy that such imaginative molding of the world must be confined to fairy-tales because it does not correspond to the reality of the world. As long as we argue from such a point of view, we have not reached real art. Even the most realistic art always gives us something different from reality. As long as the artistic means harmonizes with our inner view of an experience, it is welcome in the world of art. Even the most rapturous flights of the imagination projected on the screen may have as much inner truth as any melodramatic story. The photo-artist needs only the courage to make the spectator feel that he is truly in a temple of art.

HOW THE FILM EXPRESSES EMOTION

But even memory, attention, and imagination do not tell the whole story of our inner mind. The core of man lies in his feelings and emotions. As soon as the photo-play moves along its own way, the expression of feelings and emotions will come to the foreground. Of course the producer would say that he shows love and hate and fear and delight and envy and disgust and hope and enthusiasm all in his reels. Certainly he shows them, but simply with the methods of the ordinary stage. The angry man clenches his fist and the frightened man shows outer signs of terror. We see the gestures and the actions; and yet how inferior is all that to the emotional words which the dramatist can put into the mouth of his persons on the stage! What Romeo and Juliet have to express is, after all, better said by Shakespeare's words than by any mere gestures of tenderness. As long as the photo-play works only with the methods of the theater, we must regret that we are deprived of the words.

But what a different perspective is opened if we think of the unlimited means with which the film may express feeling and sentiment through means of its own. We

saw that, in the close-up, the camera can do what in our mind our attention is doing; the camera goes nearer to the object and thus concentrates everything on one point. In our feelings and emotions, the mind takes a sort of stand toward the surroundings. Again, the camera must be made to imitate such a mental action. In the excited mind, the smooth flow of impressions is interrupted. Let the camera break the flow of the pictures. Give us a thought-effect which the musician calls "staccato." We can produce it in the film by omitting certain pictures so that the action seems to jump from one stage to another. Or let the pictures vibrate. We can do this by quickly reversing the order of the pictures which follow one another with the rapidity of sixteen photograms to the second. After pictures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, we give once more 6, 5, 4, turn then from 4 to picture 9, go back from 9 to 6, then from 6 to 12, and the effect will be that a trilling, vibrating motion goes through the surroundings. Or let the camera turn the straight lines into curves, or the rhythm slow down like a musical adagio, or become rapid like an allegro or presto. In every case effects are produced in which changes of inner excitement seem to take hold of the surrounding world.

IMITATING MENTAL ACTION

The violinist may play one piece after another and we may see in the film the sentiments of those various pieces through the melodious movements around him. His own face may remain unchanged, but everything about him may enter into the mood of the tones and chords. It is in the spirit of the theater to express horror by the wild gestures of the body. It would be in the spirit of the photo-play to make the world around the terrified person change in a horrifying, ghastly way. The camera can do that, and the spectator would come deeply under the spell of the emotion to be expressed. It becomes his emotion, just as in the close-up it is his attention which is forced on the single detail. If a man is hypnotized in the scene, the change of his feelings can only clumsily be shown in his face, but his surroundings may take uncanny forms until a kind of hypnotic spell lies over the whole audience.

Of course the general public would need slowly to be educated toward the higher

and higher forms of the photo-players' art. The masses prefer Sousa's Band to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It needs a certain training to appreciate the highest forms of art, but nobody doubts that the symphony program, from Beethoven to Debussy, stands on a much higher artistic level than the marches and dances which the unmusical hearers love best. The straight melodrama of the film, offering nothing which the drama of the theater could not present better, will attract the "unmusical" minds more than the true high art of the photo-play. But he who believes in the message of beauty for the masses of the people will not yield to such superficial desires. He will unceasingly lift the photo-play to higher and higher art, and to do so he must become conscious of the principles which are involved. But this can be done only if he breaks with the tradition of the theater and understands that the photo-play expresses the action of the mind as against the mere action of the body. Of course the drama presents this inner side by the spoken word which is missing in the pantomime of the film. The inner mind which the camera exhibits must lie in those actions of the camera itself by which space and time are overcome and attention, memory, imagination, and emotion are impressed on the bodily world.

The photo-play of the future, if it is really to rise to further heights, will thus become more than any other art the domain of the psychologist who analyzes the working of the mind. We have seen in recent years how the work of the modern psychologist has become influential and helpful in many different spheres of practical life. Education and medicine, commerce and industry, law and social reform have been greatly aided by the contact with the psychologist, who has put the results of his psychological laboratory into the service of daily life. In the film-world, the only scientist who has been consulted

Method of presentation possible only in the photo-play

It is called "switching there and back." The top picture shows an attack with a machine gun. The next gives us the effect of the first shots; then we are switched back to a closer view of the firing, and finally, in the bottom picture, we perceive the results of the continued attack.



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Why We Go to the "Movies"



The photo-play has many ways of awaking interest. Here we see a wife looking from her window—

in the past has been the physicist, who prepared the technical devices for the work of the camera. The time seems ripe for his scientific brother, the psychologist, to enter the field and to lead the photo-play to those wonders which its progress has begun to suggest since the leaders dared to leave the paths of mere theatrical per-

formance. The more psychology enters into the sphere of the moving pictures, the more they will be worthy of an independent place in the world of true art and become really a means of cultural education to young and old. The presentations of the films will never supersede those of the theater any more than sculpture can supersede painting or lyrics can supersede music, but they will bring us the noble fulfillment of an artistic desire which none of the other arts can bring.

This is truly the art of the future.



Immediately we are shown what the wife observes

The Twin Sisters

A PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

By Justus Miles Forman

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS—The parents of Diana and Alice Wayne were separated when they were mere children, twelve years before the opening of the story, which is the summer of 1913. Diana was brought up by her father, Charters Wayne, with the assistance of an old family friend, Vera Morris, Marchesa del Monte Bruno. Vera is the widow of an Italian nobleman and a woman of sterling worth and character. Consequently, Diana has turned out to be a frank, straightforward girl, energetic, fond of sports, and perhaps a little unconventional—in short, a typical American girl of the period. Alice was taken abroad by her mother, who calls herself Mrs. Martin-Wayne, and has lived chiefly in Italy ever since. She shows the effects of the restraint put upon girlhood by Continental custom and tradition. She will, on occasion, use the time-honored weapons of the weaker sex and can be both untruthful and deceitful.

The family meets accidentally on the Lake of Como, and it is arranged that Alice shall return with her father and sister to New York in the fall, to spend the winter. Alice is engaged to Lord Henry Borrold, a younger but middle-aged son of the Duke of Cheswick who had known the Waynes in America before the separation. Diana has an ardent admirer, an Italian, Count Gianlodovico Pola, who, when she refuses to marry him, tries to abduct her in a motor-boat and she escapes from him with difficulty.

The early autumn finds Wayne and the two girls in New York, and Lord Henry Borrold arrives. A house-party is formed to spend a week at Groene Wegje, the Wayne country-place in the Highlands of the Hudson. The guests include the Marchesa Monte Bruno, Lord Henry, and one Quintus P. Brown, a self-made Westerner, only thirty-four, who has already been in Congress. Diana is much interested in him. She and her father met him in Europe, where he had been unsuccessfully searching for a sister who had eloped with a Pole and whom he had lost track of.

Diana cannot help but compare the two men. Brown wants to marry her. He tells her that she and her friends spend their time trying to get as far away from the principles of life as possible, and begs her to give up her frivolous existence and lead a life with real purpose in it as his wife. Diana says that she must have time to think, and he replies that he will give her a little time, but not much. Lord Henry, on the other hand, lacks ambition and has no desire to return to Parliament of which he was once a member, nor does Alice wish him to, because his politics are opposed to those of his family and connections, and this, she believes, would jeopardize her social standing in England. He is not a very exacting lover, and even excuses Alice, on the ground of her past joyless life, when she is discovered listening to the amorous addresses of one of the youthful house-guests.

Diana observes with uneasiness the weak traits of her sister's character, and reasons with her on the possible consequences of her folly. She is further distressed when Alice remarks slurringly upon the position of Vera Monte Bruno in the household, saying that she thinks the *marchesa* is on rather odd terms of intimacy with their father, considering that he is a married man. The fact is that Wayne and Vera have always been in love with each other, and it is the tragedy of their lives that they did not marry. Can something be saved from the wreck of their happiness? This question is discussed between them when they meet at a large reception in New York during the course of the winter. Wayne wants to get a divorce from his wife on the ground of desertion, but says that he will take no steps until after the girls are married. He asks Vera if she will marry him then. The *marchesa* replies that she must wait and think what will be best for everyone concerned, including the girls and Mrs. Martin-Wayne, who, although not deserving of much consideration, is, after all, his wife, and Wayne has condoned her desertion of him for many years.

LATER, that evening, Wayne found occasion to remark that Diana didn't seem to be among those present, and he wondered why, for the party was one of the "big" affairs of the winter, and everybody of any consequence had turned out for it. He asked Alice if she had seen her sister, and Alice hadn't.

"I dined at the Annins', and went to the opera before coming on here. She wasn't at the opera. I think she meant to dine at home alone, or else with Henry—one of their eternal debating-dinners. Henry is somewhere about. You might ask him."

Wayne said he would, and he meant to, but didn't get an immediate chance, and presently Lord Henry disappeared and

Alice went off with a very gay little group to an extempore dance at Sherry's.

Diana was, as a matter of fact, in Sixty-sixth Street, stretched out on a *chaise longue* in her own sitting-room, thinking that life was a very complicated and difficult thing to get through.

She had, as her sister said, dined at home, alone with Lord Henry Borrold, as she rather often did of late. Lord Henry found her depressed and dumb, and said so with some frankness. She nodded at him gloomily.

"Yes, Henry; I know. You'll just have to be very kind and forgiving to me to-night. I'm very, very down. The truth is, I've been treating some one badly, and I'm discouraged with myself. No; it wasn't

The Twin Sisters

to-day. It was three days ago, but I haven't seen him since, because he was called away to Washington, and each one of those three days I've taken a darker and darker view of myself until I've become quite sure that I'm a bad lot and not worth anybody's bothering about."

"That means it's Brown," Lord Henry said, and she nodded again.

"Yes; and I treated him badly. I shilly-shallied, and backed and filled, and got into a schoolgirlish panic about myself, and was thoroughly ungenerous and objectionable. I hate ungenerous people, don't you?"

He did, but said he shouldn't have thought of putting her into that category.

"That's nice of you, old Henry, but it's where I belong. I wish I could talk about it with you, but, of course, I ought not."

"Well, I don't know. I'm a kind of a brother, eh? And there are times when a third point of view is some good. Of course, I don't want to drag secrets out of you. People who make confidences are usually sorry afterward."

Diana looked at him thoughtfully.

"I don't think I should ever be sorry I had told you my poor little secrets. You're a steady, reliable sort of cove, and you've a way of understanding." She thought for a moment more, and abruptly told him all she could remember about that unhappy scene with the Westerner. "You see," she said, at the end, "you must consider that I've been putting him off and, without realizing it, leading him on again, for a long time. I've been completely in the air about the whole thing, and I see that I've behaved like a cad. It doesn't help my self-respect to realize that he has, for the most part, behaved exceedingly well. He's not a patient man by nature, but he has been patient for my sake, when he must have wanted to go down to the door for his stick and beat me. It's not decent that grown-up people should be so uncertain of their own minds."

"Decent or indecent," Lord Henry said, "it often happens. And this getting married is a serious business, even in America, where you can get out of it again without much trouble. I told you once before to go slow. I say again, 'Go slow!' Don't you let yourself be rushed! If Brown hates waiting about, tell him to go home and take care of his old ranch, or make speeches—

'mend fences,' I think he calls it. That's a rather neat expression—what? Tell him to come back in six months."

Diana looked up with a hint of eagerness.

"I wish he would do that—but he won't. He thinks he'll rush me off my balance one of these days, and perhaps he will. I feel like a kind of football being kicked about by Quintus Brown and myself and—heaven knows just what other feet! It's a new feeling to me, quite new, and I despise myself for the dreadful flabbiness of it far more than you could possibly despise me. So don't say anything.

"Oh, Henry," she cried, "I used to think all this side of life was so simple and so easy! Either you loved somebody or you just didn't, and you knew which it was instantly, and could act without hesitation or mistake. But now that it's come, I find it is more complicated and difficult than anything else in all the world. I find there are a hundred things you have to think of—not just one. My idea of it was like the old-fashioned story-books, where the hero and heroine married, and that was the end. Their years and years of life together weren't spoken of at all. But I find that real life is like the new-fashioned stories, which begin with marriage and describe all the appalling complications and adjustments that marriage brings about."

She put her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands. And she smiled a little perplexed and wistful smile that seemed to Lord Henry Borrold not at him but at something behind him and far away.

"And yet," she said, shaking her head with this little wistful smile, "and yet, you know, I still have, in my madder moments, visions and dreams—rather faint ones, perhaps—of what the love of two people might be, if only they were the two exactly right people; and it is as simple as daylight and darkness, and it is as bright and wonderful as the sunshine. I think all the complications and difficulties are there—I think they must always be there—but the love of those two people is so tremendous and so dazzling that, in the light of it, the complications look no more bothersome than choosing what frock to wear or whether to ride or walk when you go out." She looked at him apologetically. "You don't think I'm just raving, do you? Perhaps I am. But I fancy most people

have some such dream as that, now and then."

"I know one who does," the man said, with his head in his hands. And then he corrected it. "I mean, I know one who did."

But Diana was occupied with her own thoughts.

"I think it was a vision of that kind that Quintus Brown made me see, with his story about the trail up into the mountains. It was like my own old dreams, but it was better because it had some fact in it. There actually was such a place, and two actual people could go there. I think the trouble was that, in my dream, the man had never been any particular person. He had just been somebody very dear and thrilling and wonderful, without—well, without the physical envelop, if you see what I mean. Quintus Brown suddenly made me see himself in the place of that dream-lover of mine, and the thing was too sudden. I couldn't adjust myself."

"You don't love the fellow, Diana!" said Lord Henry Borrold, with a kind of sudden violence. And she spread out her hands.

"Don't I? I wonder. Oh, I don't tremble at his touch, or go hot and cold when he comes into a room. I don't think he's flawless and perfect. But I admire and like him hugely—more, I think, than anyone I have ever known. And, of course, one can't judge of real life by fairy-stories or by schoolgirl dreams."

Lord Henry drank a little whisky and soda, and looked at what remained with seeming disfavor.

"Perhaps most people can't," he said, scowling down into his glass. "But, somehow, I should like to think that *you* could. You—you're not like most of us, Diana. You're young and—well, beautiful and honest and eager. You bring a deuce of a lot to the start. You ought to have a run for your money. I wish you might have. I wish you might demand that your life should come up to all your dreams and visions—only brighter and bigger and finer, just because it's real. And I wish it might come true."

"You're a great dear, old Henry!" said she. "But why for me rather than for the next man?"

"Oh, I don't know—because, as I said, you bring so much to the start, and because you'd get so much out of happiness and

give so much back. You'd be such a *productive* party. Don't you know there are always certain people of whom we say that they deserve to be happy? Well, you deserve to be happy, and—hang it!—I just wish you might be—happier than anybody alive."

"Henry," she said, "would it be accepted in a quite brotherly spirit if I should come round the table and kiss you for your kind words?"

He looked at her for a moment, frowning, and said,

"No, by Jove, it wouldn't!"

And Diana laughed.

"All right, then; I won't do it. I wasn't meaning to be flirtatious or anything, you know. It was just gratitude for what you'd said—that is, if you really meant it."

"Oh, I meant it, right enough, and I shall go on meaning it. Only—don't you smash it all up!"

"How?"

"By rushing off and marrying a man before you're sure you care for him."

"One might never be sure," she argued, a little forlornly. "That is, if one was a kind of yea-and-nay person like me. You see, Henry, I do want to *do* something in the world. I don't just want to sit in a corner and smile and enjoy myself. I don't want to marry a man because he has a pretty profile or because his eyes interfere with my peace of mind. I want to marry some one who is doing something big and who will let me help him do it."

That seemed to give Lord Henry an idea.

"Look here: Have you examined this Western pal of yours about just what your job will be if you marry him?"

She dropped her eyes.

"Not very definitely. He's no feminist. I know that much. He's rather extreme on the other side. Woman's proper place is the home—all that sort of thing. But even from the home, Henry, tremendous power has made itself felt."

And Lord Henry nodded.

"Right you are! Though I think it has usually been when the woman had the stronger will of the two, and the man respected her intelligence enough to make her a real partner in his affairs. Power can't be transmitted through a non-conductor."

She looked up a bit anxiously.

"You think he wouldn't let me help?"

"I think he'd let you make him as



"Henry," she said, "would it be accepted in a quite brotherly spirit if I should come round the table and kiss
And Diana laughed. "All right, then; I won't do it. I wasn't meaning to be flirtatious or

comfortable as you knew how, and, of course, that is something; but I'm afraid it is not just what you have in mind."

And she said:

"No, it isn't. Henry, I wish you'd tell me exactly what you think of Quintus Brown. You don't like him, I know. He's not your kind. But you'll be fair, because you're always fair."

Lord Henry looked rather alarmed.

"That's a big order. I don't quite know. Well, look here: I think Brown is one of those strong, simple, direct sort of chaps that grow up in a new country and are natural products of an early stage of civilization. I think he's probably very useful in Nevada, or wherever it is, because he's manly and homely and never has any doubts about himself or his opinions, and, I'm sure, fights, when he fights, very hard.



you for your kind words?" He looked at her for a moment, frowning, and said, "No, by Jove, it wouldn't!" anything, you know. It was just gratitude for what you'd said—that is, if you really meant it."

His ideas are the ideas of the society in which he grew up, and, as he doesn't readily modify his ideas, he thinks the older societies in the Eastern states or in Europe are artificial and decadent. I talked with him once about the woman-suffrage movement in his part of the country. It's strong and successful out there, you know. Well, he was contemptuous and (I apologize for the word) rather pig-headed about it. He

hasn't moved with the times. It appears that he was defeated some time since in the Congressional elections by a candidate put up by the women and their sympathizers, so there may have been a little personal bitterness about his judgment.

"To cut it very short, Brown seems to me a rather perfect type of the modern cave-man who has been sentimentalized about so much by people who are tired of civilized

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life. He has the caveman virtues that we've heard a great deal about, for he's honest and direct and strong; but he has the caveman faults, too—he's a bit ignorant and arrogant and self-centered, and you can't tell him anything.

"There he is, as I see him. I repeat that he is doubtless very valuable to his own part of the country, and, while he seems to me closed to argument, it may be that some one—you, for example—can open him and influence him and make him a real power. Love has softened a good many men in the course of time; it may soften Quintus Brown. As to the chance of that, you know a great deal more than I do. *But*, if I were you, my dear, I should want to be pretty sure of that before I married him."

Diana said,

"Yes, Henry; yes—and thanks very much!" But she sounded a little vague and perfunctory, because she was thinking how she had used almost those very words about Quintus Brown to Vera Monte Bruno on her return to New York—about his being a good type of the caveman of fiction and the drama. It seemed to her that she had gone a long way with him in the three months since, or it might be that he had stood still and that she had gone round and round him, until her vision had blurred a little and she had lost the clearness of his outlines. In any case, the man had taken hold upon her heart or her imagination—or both—with a grasp that no mere summing-up of his character, whether friendly or unfriendly, could loosen. If he was not the thrilling and splendid figure of those old dreams, he was, at least, a man, and a strong man, too, and round him she had woven a fabric of new dreams, very unlike the old ones, but better calculated, perhaps, to withstand the wear and tear of the workaday world.

"I hope," Lord Henry said, regarding her with some anxiety, "I hope I haven't been too dashed unpleasant about all this. I haven't hurt your feelings, eh?" And she smiled at him across the table.

"No, Henry; you've been just what I wanted you to be—frank and friendly. Did I sound a bit cool just now? I didn't mean to. I was thinking."

"You see," he explained, "I want you to be happy. I very much want you to be happy."

And she blew him a kiss.

"Take it in this form—you coward!—since you won't have a proper one. Henry, you're a darling, and if I do marry and it turns out disappointingly after all your good wishes, I shall cut my throat." She looked at him smiling, but was presently grave again. "Are *you* quite happy, Henry? You've moments of looking rather wan and worried. Of course, a man can't be beaming and grinning every moment of the day, but—oh, I dare say it's nothing! You see, I'm just as anxious that *you* should get all there is to be had in this world as you are for me. Is Alice being frightfully nice to you? Because if she isn't, I'll smack her."

"Oh, Alice is all right," said he. "And so am I." And doubtless he thought he said it with proper warmth, but to Diana's ears it lacked something, and she searched his face anxiously.

"You understand about Alice, I hope? We talked about her once. You see, she's rather a young idiot, like me, and very keen on having a good time, and all this gaiety has gone to her head. But she'll be all right. This is just a phase she is going through."

"You don't think," he asked, with a somewhat elaborately casual air, "you don't think she'll be—well, bored with a stodgy old soul like me, after a winter of all these amusing people?"

And Diana said:

"No; certainly not. I tell you again, this is just a phase she's going through. She'll settle down very happily indeed when it is over."

He seemed to be afraid he had made a wrong impression, and was eager to rectify it.

"Of course I hadn't any real doubt. I don't know just why I said that. It said itself. We understand each other perfectly, I think, Alice and I. It's only—well, I believe I'm getting a little jumpy and nervous, here in New York with nothing to do."

"Nothing to do?" She laughed. "I thought you adored having nothing to do, Henry."

"Oh, I don't mean *serious* things. But in London, or wherever I might be if I weren't here, I should be busy with something or other. As a matter of fact, if I were not in New York I should probably be sailing a small schooner about the Mediterranean or playing tennis at Monte Carlo." He gave a kind of rueful and self-mocking laugh. "A few more weeks

of this and *you* to quarrel with, and I should probably be making plans to get into politics again. You have a curiously tonic influence on lazy middle-aged gentlemen. You make them want to get up on their legs and do silly things to win your good opinion—or to escape your scorn."

"I haven't scorned you for ages, Henry," she said. And he nodded an apology.

"I know. I take that back—well, to win your good opinion, then. However, Alice will cure me once I'm well away from your hypnotic eye. Political ambition wouldn't suit her book at all."

He was silent then, for a little while, stirring his coffee and tipping his liqueur-glass about to get glinting lights through the Chartreuse that was in it, and once or twice Diana saw him smile, but not as if in mirth.

"I've been thinking," he said, at last, "of your two 'exactly right' people, and their love that was to be as simple as daylight and darkness and as bright and wonderful as the sunshine. It would be worth something—wouldn't it?—to wake up, as it were, and quite suddenly find one's own life like that—beautiful and brilliant and thrilling and comfortable, all together. I suppose it happens—to some people."

"I suppose it must," Diana agreed. "One would almost die of it, I should think. Imagine waking every morning to a new day of—that sort of thing!" She got up suddenly from the table. "This is making me want to cry. I don't know why exactly, but it is. I can't bear any more of it. Come into the music-room. You shall have some more coffee and things there and smoke, and I'll play to you. I always play rather well when I want to cry."

But, though he liked above all things sitting at ease and hearing Diana play Grieg, he wouldn't, for some odd reason, accept her invitation. He looked at his watch, said it was late—nearly ten—and he had promised somebody or other to turn up in her box at the opera. Afterward he meant to go to hear Caruso and Miss Farrar sing at that Mrs. Minton-Hull's.

He seemed, all at once, a little restless and bored, and Diana let him go. She had promised to look in at the opera, too, but she felt disinclined to, and went upstairs to her own sitting-room and made

herself comfortable there, and sat in a *chaise longue* looking at the opposite wall for a long time.

Once, somewhat after eleven, she glanced at the clock, and realized that if she were going to the Minton-Hulls' she ought to start, but she shook her head. She was discovered there, two hours later, by Alice, who had found the little extempore dance at Sherry's dull.

"You look like the third act of a play," Alice said, "the *boudoir-rendezvous* act." For Diana was still in the rather gorgeous frock she had meant to wear to the opera, and the lights of the room were dim.

"Where is the man?" Alice wanted to know. "The man in the play who comes to your room at one A. M. to discuss something it would have been so much more convenient to have out at tea-time. Have you got him hidden in a clothes-press?—whatever that may be."

Diana smiled politely, though she hadn't wanted her train of thought to be derailed just then.

"No; not even in a basket, like Falstaff. In fact, there is no basket, and, I'm sorry to say, no man—unless you count Henry Borrold, who dined here, but got bored with me and went away long before we got to the *boudoir* stage. Was the Minton-Hull party nice? I meant to go, but, when the time came, it couldn't be done. I think I must be falling into some sort of decline. Every now and then I can't bear the thought of going out. For a gay young dog like me, that's rather alarming."

"I expect it's a kind of unconscious preparation for Oregon," Alice said, "or Nevada or Mexico—that place where you're going to live. Oh, yes; the Minton-Hull party was rather nice. Farrar sang quite wonderfully, and all the men crowded round her—too silly! Caruso wasn't in good voice—By the way, an old friend of yours has turned up. Give you three guesses!"

"I'll do it in one. Gian'vico Pola. I knew he was coming. He wrote me a long, humble letter, a month ago, calling himself names and saying he'd been mad, last summer, but he was sane now and wanted to come to New York, because he always had a good time in New York. I was angry at first, and thought I'd keep him away. But what was the use? The little maniac could do me no harm. So I answered, saying he could come to New York or go

to Siberia for all I cared, as long as he kept out from under my feet. I was very severe with him, and I think he's sufficiently frightened about last summer to behave himself— By the way, I wanted to talk to you, but to-morrow or some other time will do, if you're tired now."

Alice pulled up an easy chair.

"It's a scolding; I can tell that by your tone. Well, darling, fire away! Let's get it over! What have I been doing that's particularly sinful this time?"

"Playing the goat generally. Henry Borrold is getting bored with it, and, if you want my opinion on the matter, you'd better look out!"

Alice flushed.

"Do you mean that he has been complaining of me to you?"

"No; you know quite well he hasn't. I've had to draw inferences from twenty different things. I don't think he even realizes what it is that is making him restless and unhappy, but I know, and one of these days he'll know, too." She leaned forward, looking at her sister curiously. "You know, my dear, I can't make you out at all. It would be quite easy for you to have just as good a time as you are having now and keep Henry Borrold as contented as anything, by simply being a little more generous when you're with him. And it would be well within your character, too. I've seen you throw him crumbs, now and then, to pacify him. Why in the world won't you give him bigger crumbs? Why won't you be really decent to him when he's about?"

Alice shook her head.

"I suppose you mean: Why am I not always kissing him and telling him how wonderful he is? Well, because that's not the way to hold men. I know Henry, and I know what I'm about."

"I doubt you on both counts," said Diana, "and you make me rather ill, too. Well, I've warned you. I've done all I can. I tell you, he's unhappy, and it's all for want of a little sympathy and understanding and tenderness from you. You may know how to hold men, but I'm sorry for the men."

"Are you lunching at home to-morrow?" Alice asked. Diana said,

"No."

"Very well, then; I'll telephone to Henry and ask him to lunch with me alone. And

afterward he shall sit and hold my hand. That'll thrill him, won't it?" Diana made a little face of distaste, and Alice broke into a fit of laughter. "You're getting to be as impervious to humor as Mr. Quintus P. Brown. I suppose it's just further preparation for Colorado. Dearest twin sister, I sometimes, just sometimes, don't mean quite all I say! Anyhow, don't you worry yourself about Henry. I'll be very nice to him—but not too nice, because I know very, very well what I'm about. Little Alice is not a fool."

"If I loved a man enough to be so sure of it that I had promised to marry him—" Diana began. But Alice laid a hand gently over her sister's mouth, and so just what Diana thought she would do in those agreeable circumstances was lost to the world.

"Yes; I know. You'd go about the streets hand in hand with him. You'd sit on his knee. You'd jump up at table, between the soup and the fish, and run around to kiss him. And he'd cut his throat before you ever got him up the altar steps. Darling, you're a little mad on this generosity idea. 'Use moderation in all things,' as the Good Book says. Or is it Milton? Never mind; it's very wise and true— And now, if you've finished about Henry and me, I should like the floor for a bit. Do you remember my asking you, out in the country, about just what kind of a position Vera Monte Bruno held in this household? You do? Good! Well, she's planning to hold a better one. I overheard her and father talking to-night at the Minton-Hulls'. They're arranging for father to divorce my mother and to marry the angel—it *was* an angel you called her, I think?"

"I don't believe it!" said Diana, sitting up and dropping her feet to the floor. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Oh, I'm full of shocking faults," Alice admitted, "but I'm not a liar."

Diana may have thought there could be two opinions on that point, but she didn't discuss it. She got up and began to walk about.

"You misunderstood them! You caught two or three unconnected sentences and put them together wrong! It's very easy to do that. Just think exactly what it was you heard—I don't mean tell me—think it to yourself and try to put some other construction on it."

"My dear," Alice said, with the patience



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Alice went to the writing-desk and began, with great pains, to compose a long cablegram addressed to her mother in London

of one explaining something to a child, "my dear, I listened with great care for nearly five minutes. I heard everything they both said, and I know what I'm talking about."

Diana turned and looked at her.

"You'd be useful in time of war," she remarked, and Alice flushed angrily.

"Never you mind about that! I'm a spy and an eavesdropper and a dictograph and anything else you like. There are times when one has a right to listen to other people's conversation—and one of the times is when one's father is begging a woman to marry him as soon as he gets a divorce from one's mother."

Diana stood upright against the wall, her hands clasped on her breast.

"I hope they'll do it!" she said. "I do hope they'll do it!"

Alice stared at her as if she had gone mad.

"You hope he'll get a divorce from your own mother?"

"Yes, I do. She is my own mother, and when I met her last summer I thought she was sweet and charming and lovely, and I wished I had had her always. I got into quite an emotion over her. But when I think how she has behaved to my father, I could—well, I certainly could wish him his freedom—his complete freedom to do as he may like with."

"She left him because he was impossible to live with," said Alice.

"Who told you that?"

"Never mind; it is true."

"It's not true. She left him because she got some semireligious idea that she had to save her soul by going off and cultivating it alone. She may have given the thing a kind of color, to her own eye, by thinking that he didn't understand her or take her seriously enough or respect her views. But that is the fact about her leaving him, and if you don't believe it, ask her yourself!"

Alice made no reply to that, because she had heard what Vera Monte Bruno said to her father on the subject, and knew that the little information given her by her mother was, to say the least, what Diana had termed "colored."

"I hope they'll do it!" Diana said again, and with great emphasis. "They are the two dearest and kindest and most unselfish people I know in all the world. If anybody living deserves happiness, they deserve it. They've had long years of going without

what they wanted. I hope they're going to take it now, at last. I wish I could go and tell them so."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you," Alice said sharply, "what it would do to us—to you and me!"

Diana turned to face her.

"What it would do to us? Oh, I see! What do I care what it would do to us? We're young. It could do us no permanent harm. We've got all our lives to be happy in. They've only half of theirs—and the wrong half, at that. For heaven's sake, don't let us say or do anything to hamper them!"

"I suppose you think your cowboy wouldn't mind, and so you don't care. Well, Henry Borrold would, and so would his family. Heaven knows, our affairs have been queer enough, with the separation and all! That has been a sufficient handicap. But a divorce-suit and the digging-up of the whole wretched business all over again would simply do for me. The duke loathes that kind of thing. It would make my position absolutely impossible, and I won't have it. I tell you, I won't have it!"

Diana tried to meet this outburst with patience.

"Don't cry until you're hurt, my dear! Maybe you won't have to cry at all. You and Henry expect to be married in June, don't you? Well, I feel very sure that father, whatever he may be planning to do, won't do it until that is all over. And when he does it, you may be sure he'll use every effort to keep it decently quiet. There won't be much in the newspapers—nothing at all, I dare say, in the London ones. Besides, after you are married it couldn't hurt you."

"Oh, couldn't it? You seem to think that as soon as I'm married everything I want in the world will be in my lap. Well, it won't. I've got to work like a horse and plan like a nihilist to worm my way into the position I want. A divorce-case in my family would hurt me frightfully. I told you the duke loathed all that sort thing. As for its being kept out of the papers, you know perfectly well it couldn't be. And even if, by some miracle, it was, the duke would have to know. I tell you again, I won't have it!"

"And just what did you think of doing to stop it?" Diana asked.

"In the first place, I shall write to mother and get her over here; and, in the second place, I shall make a row both to father and to Marchesa Monte Bruno. Oh, I'll stop it! Just you wait and see!"

Diana regarded her with a look that seemed to be of pure curiosity.

"It's very odd that you and I should be twin sisters," said she. "It has seemed odd to me, really, from the beginning—odd, I mean, that, being twins, we should be such infinite spaces apart in understanding. I've tried to explain it from time to time in a dozen ways. I've tried to make excuses for you when you did unpleasant things. I've said they didn't really come from your heart and soul, that you weren't really hard and selfish but just eager to have a good time. But I see, now, that I was wrong. Our being twins is just something accidental and absurd and meaningless. I neither know nor understand you. You *are* hard and selfish. You're as hard as nails and as selfish as a savage. You'd ruin your own father's happiness forever, just to help your paltry little social ambition. Well, go on! Climb as fast as you can, and kick the people who've helped out from under! I'm done with you."

She was angrier than she had ever been before in all her life; she was in a perfect fury of anger and disgust and vicarious shame. But, with Diana, anger never lasted very long. It flashed up for a moment and was gone, and she was sorry for it. She was sorry now, for Alice, instead of fighting back, suddenly burst into a flood of tears and said that her sister was cruel and had called her dreadful, unjust names.

She got up, still weeping, and started out of the room. Diana ran and brought her back and, when she was once more seated, stood over her in a kind of silent despair. She was very sorry she had lost her temper, and she hated to see Alice cry like that. She hated, in fact, to see anybody cry; it wrung her to the heart—but she knew perfectly well that a few tears do not produce any very important changes in character, and that Alice's opposition to her father's plan was still to be reckoned with. What she did not know, however, was that her sister had been thoroughly frightened by that explosion and the candid views therein expressed,

and that the fight was, for the time at least, taken out of her.

Alice insisted, with many sobs, that she wasn't the horrid little beast Diana had taken her for, that she wouldn't for the world do anything to hurt dear father, but a divorce *would* make things very hard for her in London, where she had hoped to get on so well, and she didn't know what to do, and nobody loved her. There were more tears to follow.

So Diana had to kiss and coax her back into some kind of calm, and, in the end, succeeded in evoking a promise that she would do nothing of any kind about the matter until they had talked it over once more. With that she went off, and Diana, in a state of some exhaustion, put herself to bed.

But Alice, who might be thought to have been a little worn, too, considering the hour and all, sat for a long time alone and still in her own room, and, when it must have been well after two o'clock, went to the writing-desk and began, with great pains, to compose a long cablegram addressed to her mother in London.

XIII

DIANA, a week later, encountered Lord Henry Borrold at an afternoon dancing class, and, after they had had a tango-polka, led him out of the dancing-enclosure to one of the little tea-tables.

"I've a photograph I want to show you, Henry. It's here in my muff. I got it this morning in a letter from Quintus Brown, who's in Washington, though he returns to-morrow, I believe, or next day. It's an old portrait of his sister that he has somehow managed to get his hands on at last and has had rephotographed. It seems there was, for some odd reason, but one portrait of her in existence—or, at least, one that he knew about—and for a long time he couldn't find it, so, of course, he was tremendously handicapped in his search for her, since he had nothing but a verbal description to give the detectives."

"Do you mean," Lord Henry asked, with an expression of great distaste, "that he actually has had detectives on the poor creature's trail?"

"Well, yes. It seems a little dreadful, doesn't it? But, you see, he has had every reason to think she was unhappy and needed

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help, and that her wretch of a husband was keeping her hidden away. In those circumstances, I suppose detectives are the only thing. Never mind about that, though. He has sent me one of the copies of the portrait, with the humorous request to watch the people I pass in the street, and, if one of them looks like his sister, to collar her and call for help. Well, the odd part of it is, that I'm quite sure I actually have seen the original of the photograph somewhere about, and not so very long ago, either—only, I can't think when, where, or how. It's very exasperating, for, of course, I should be so delighted if I could help." She took the little unmounted photograph out of a letter that she had removed from her muff, and laid it before him. "That's the worst of having a foggy brain; it's never any good when you most need it. I'm perfectly sure I have seen that woman and talked to her, but even the vaguest hint of the circumstances has quite gone from me."

Lord Henry took one glance at the face she had laid on the table before him, and gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Good Lord, I know that woman! She and her husband crossed on the Adriatic with me last October, and I've seen them two or three times since. They asked me to dinner only a fortnight ago, but I had to dine somewhere else. Look here: Do you remember taking me to a kind of woman-suffrage party at the house of a rather charming old dragon who's something-or-other to the pretty Mrs. Roger Bacon? It was in December, I should think. There were a lot of rather queer people and many pleasant human ones, too; and a Norwegian woman made an uncommon good speech."

"Of course I do!" Diana said. "It was at old Miss Alice King's. And now I remember this girl. Miss King introduced me, and afterward asked me to go and call, saying that the girl and her husband knew very few people in New York and were lonely. I meant to call, but, of course, I never did. I'd forgotten—if I ever knew it—that you had met them before. What is their name, and where do they live?"

"The name is Morsztyn," Lord Henry said. "Count and Countess Morsztyn, and they live at the Gotham. At least, they were there a fortnight ago, when they asked me to dinner."

Diana was delighted.

"I am so glad. It's the first thing I've ever been able to do for Quintus Brown beyond introducing him to people, and trifles like that. I must send him a telegram."

"I should go a bit slow if I were you," Lord Henry said, and she stared at him.

"How? For heaven's sake, why? D'you realize that this is his own sister and that he has been searching for her for six months or more?"

"Yes; and I realize, too, that she is not hidden in a tower or a dungeon in Poland but is a perfectly free woman in New York, and could have telegraphed or written to her brother at any time this winter, if she had wanted to see him."

"Her brute of a husband has cowed her," Diana said indignantly. "Do you remember him at all?"

"He's a blond, genial little brute. I used to sit with him in the smoke-room of the Adriatic at night, after his wife had gone below. I thought him rather decent."

Diana spread out her hands.

"This is all very difficult and puzzling. What in the world can I do?" She drew the photograph toward her and looked at it. It was a head-and-bust portrait of a rather sullen-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen, with badly dressed hair and an ugly frock.

"She looks like her brother," Diana said. And that was true. The unhappy-looking girl was like Quintus Brown, but a Quintus Brown minus the strength and the upright carriage and the self-confidence that were so strongly characteristic of him—a Quintus Brown who had turned out a failure.

"I think," Lord Henry said, "she must have been very unhappy at the time the original of that photograph was made. She looks much less sulky now. I should call her a bit of a weakling, but not as miserable and as much at odds with the world as this thing would indicate. Look here: Miss—what did you call her? King? Miss King asked you to call on the Morsztyns. Why don't you do it? Call and look 'em over; then you can make up your mind what to do next."

Diana looked at her watch, and it was only a few minutes after five.

"Do you know, I believe I will. I think that's good advice, Henry. You're a wise

old soul. I'll have a look at them. And I'll have it—or try to—to-day as ever was. I'm much too excited to wait even twenty-four hours. Will you just put me into a taxi-cab? My motor isn't to come until six.

"I feel," she said, as they went out, "exactly like a private detective. Only, I'm sure to prove a very bad one, and to give the whole show away. I wish you were coming with me." He said he would come if she liked, and she hugged his arm with enthusiasm. "What a duck! Will you really come? Do, then! You'll save the day. I shall feel so safe with you there to catch me if I make mistakes."

On the way up-town she was perfectly sure the Morsztyns wouldn't be at home and much cast down about it; and even when they had reached the Gotham and found her fears groundless and were shooting upward in the elevator, she was full of qualms.

"It's rather a low trick—don't you think, Henry?—this coming to spy on two poor souls who have never done me any harm."

"Well, you're doing it for the general good," he pointed out. "You're trying to help people, not to hurt them. You're spying in an excellent cause." And that was so true that she cheered up immediately, and regained her former state of excitement over the adventure, and began to enjoy herself very much indeed.

She had preserved only the vaguest recollection of the Countess Morsztyn, which the photograph had sharpened very little, so that she looked at her, when presently they were face to face, with an almost painful curiosity and interest. She found a small, pretty, badly dressed young woman, who was plainly in a great state of excitement over her callers, and who seemed rather nervous over just what were the duties of a hostess in the circumstances. She looked less like her brother than the photograph had done, but sufficiently, still, so that Diana wondered why the resemblance had not struck her at their first meeting. Count Morsztyn was a fair, blue-eyed little man with a much better presence than his wife, but with nothing particular about him to catch the eye or the attention—the kind of man whose fate it is to be promptly forgotten by all who meet him.

Tea came in presently, accompanied by a vast profusion of sandwiches and cakes—

a kind of cold banquet—and Quintus Brown's sister dispensed it with the worried care of a physician before a serious and baffling case. So it was some minutes before they could settle down to general conversation, and when, at last, they had done so, Diana was almost sorry, for it developed that the little countess had social ambitions and wanted to talk only about people prominent in the fashionable world whom she had read about in the papers, or had seen at the opera or in restaurants or at those entertainments for charity to which the general public is invited to buy tickets, as well as a very few whose august hands she actually had touched at her one real party—the woman-suffrage rally at old Miss Alice King's, where, it appeared, she had been asked because her husband had presented a letter of introduction from some one in London. She seemed very eager to know about the private life of these people, and pressed Diana with a rapid series of questions while she devoured innumerable little sweet cakes with chocolate on them.

Diana thought it all very sad and pathetic, but very uncomfortable, too, and, as time went on and the flow of questions never seemed to slacken, even for an instant, she fell into a kind of despair and telegraphed a silent appeal to Lord Henry, who had sat quite silent, stirring his second cup of tea. And then, almost before she knew it, the fashionable ladies and their entertainments and their putative love-affairs were swept aside, and Quintus Brown's sister was talking about herself. It seemed as if Lord Henry had interjected no more than a question or two—very casual-sounding questions, at that—and the thing was done. She was lost in wonder and admiration over his skill, so lost that she did not, at first, catch the little countess's words, but pulled herself together presently and listened.

"Perhaps in March," the little countess was saying, and Diana got the idea that Lord Henry had asked her when she meant to return to Europe. "I'd like to go now, this very day. I'd like to go to Paris, or to Monte Carlo, where the count" (she always spoke of her husband as "the count") "has lots of friends. You see, we've had a pretty dull time here. It seems to be so hard to get to know people in New York. Oh, yes; I'd like to leave to-morrow, if we could, but we've got to be here next



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"I should go a bit slow, if I were you," Lord Henry said, and she stared at him. "How? For heaven's or more?" "Yes; and I realize, too, that she is not hidden in a tower or a dungeon in Poland brother at any time this winter, if she had wanted to see him." "Her brute of a



sake, why? D'you realize that this is his own sister and that he has been searching for her for six months but is a perfectly free woman in New York, and could have telegraphed or written to her husband has cowed her," Diana said indignantly. "Do you remember him at all?"

month—some family-business affairs. My brother, who's abroad now, will be coming back, and there are some things to settle."

Diana met Lord Henry's eyes with a sudden astonished alarm, but he looked away again.

"Your brother?" he asked. "Oh, yes! I think you spoke once or twice of your brother on the Adriatic. Do I know him?"

The countess shook her head.

"It's not very likely. Oh, no; I shouldn't think you'd have met him. He lives out West, you see—though he was in Washington for four years, as a congressman. His name is Brown—Quintus P. Brown." She gave a little nervous laugh. "To tell the truth, he's gone abroad to look for me—for us. That's why we came here. We ran away from him."

"Perhaps, my dear," said Count Morsztyn, in his careful English, "perhaps Mees Wayne and Lord Henry Borrold would not be interested in our family troubles." But his wife turned her head with an expression of hurt surprise.

"But he asked me!" she said, and Lord Henry smiled and murmured something encouraging. She hesitated an instant. It was quite plain that she wanted to go on; and presently she did go on.

"You see, my brother isn't at all pleased with my marriage. He hates foreigners. He'd have liked me to marry a certain man who's a partner of his on a ranch out West. But I met the count when I was in school here in New York, a year ago, and ran away with him. And then—a couple of months later, I wrote a very silly letter to Quintus." She looked across at her husband with a little smile, and he smiled back at her. "Europe and European ways were strange to me, and I wasn't very well, and I lost my head and wrote this letter, saying I was unhappy. I was sorry afterward, and wrote again and again, taking it back; but that first letter had given my brother something to go on—a kind of stick to beat a dog with, you know—and he started after me. What he really was after was to get me back to the ranch, where he could make me do what he wanted." She looked at Diana. "Have you got any brothers?"

Diana shook her head.

"No; none. I wish I had."

The countess considered that.

"Well," she said reflectively, "I suppose there are a good many kinds of brothers,

and I oughtn't to be down on them as a whole. I suppose my brother is just one of the kinds. You see, my father died when I was a baby, and for years before that he had been away from home most of the time—in the mines; so my brother grew up without anybody to make him do the things he didn't want to do. Maybe that makes you strong-willed. He was the man of the family from the time he was ten or twelve, and he got so used to telling my mother and me what we must do that it never occurred to him we might have minds of our own. I guess, after a while, we really didn't have any. We were so afraid of him that we always let him have his way. Mind you—I don't mean that Quintus wasn't kind to mother and me. He was, but he'd just come to believe that when there was anything to decide, he always knew best. He was one of those natural-born managers—if you know what I mean—and any kind of opposition drove him nearly crazy. He thought people who didn't believe as he believed were fools or rascals. I suppose there are lots of men like that—don't you?—and some of them are very nice, kind men, too, if you let them have their own way.

"There was some mining property that my father left to my mother. And when she died, six years ago, she left it to Quintus and me, half and half. Quintus was my guardian, you see, and he was to take care of my half of the income of the mine and spend as much of it as he thought best for school-expenses and all that until I was eighteen; but he couldn't sell the mine until that time, and even then not without my consent. Well, he wants to sell it. It gives us a very good income, in a modest way, but Quintus wants a lot of money to do something else with—make some kind of a land-deal. He began to talk, years ago, about how we'd sell the mine as soon as I was eighteen, and I didn't say anything back, but twice I asked some other men about it, and they said he'd be a fool to do it. They said the mine was a sure thing for years to come, but the land-deal was an out-and-out gamble. So I made up my mind that I'd try to hold out against him when the time came, but I knew well enough I couldn't, because I'd never been able to stand against him in anything.

"And then I came to New York to school and met the count, and we ran away. He

stopped my allowance, Quintus did. I've never had a penny of my own money since I married. You see, he could do it, because he was my guardian, and he did it partly to punish me and partly to bring me back. We were very poor for a little while, but one of the count's uncles died, and now we're all right again—not rich, you know, but comfortable; and on the sixth of February I shall be eighteen, and then Quintus will have to give me my money. He'll hate it like anything, but he'll have to just the same."

"You're quite sure," Diana asked, "that your brother has cut off your allowance? You said he had been searching for you. Isn't it possible that he doesn't know where to send the money?"

But Quintus Brown's sister shook her head.

"Oh, no; I gave him the name of the count's banker, and asked him to send the money there. He wrote that he wouldn't do it, and that I should never have a penny until I left my husband and came back to America—never, that is, until I was eighteen. It passes out of his control then. You see, he'd found out that the count wasn't very well off, and he thought he could starve me out."

"And those other letters?" Diana asked again, with a kind of desperate anxiety. "Those letters you wrote after the first one? You're sure he got those?"

"Yes; he spoke of them in his own letter to me. He kept writing to me, you see, for a long time, even after he had come to Europe and was searching for us. He wrote in care of our bankers, and the letters were forwarded, but the bankers wouldn't tell him where we were. He kept threatening me with all sorts of things. He said he'd have the count put in prison for abduction. That frightened me at last, and we decided to come here to New York, especially as Quintus was in Europe. I thought we'd be safer here. You see, even the name has been a help, because when we married the count hadn't yet got his title, and his name was the family name, Zamoyski. But when his uncle died without children, he took the name and the title with the estate.

"So now we're waiting here for the sixth of February to come. We don't know where my brother is, except that he's abroad somewhere, but he'll have to be back at that time to make his accounting of the

estate. We've got a lawyer, and I shan't see Quintus until he and the lawyer have settled the thing for good and all. I daren't see him, to tell you the truth. He'd frighten me into doing what he wants. Even now, he'd frighten me, and it's very important he shouldn't, because that mining property is all I have in the world. Quintus has his ranch besides, but I've only my share in the mine."

"It's incredible!" Diana said, looking at the other woman with a kind of horror. "It's incredible that a man could be so hard, so ungenerous to his own sister!"

The little countess shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, he's not as bad as he sounds, really. If I'd give him his own way, he'd be as nice and as kind as anybody living. When I was a little girl, he used to hold me on his knee and tell me stories by the hour. He was always doing something for me. And he'd be like that now, if only I'd obey him. He'd treat me like a queen. Everybody likes him out in our part of the country. He's very popular. If he married some one, he'd be the best husband in the world so long as the woman let him do all the thinking and all the managing. Once, at school, I remember, one of the teachers called a Roman emperor—I forget which one—a 'benevolent despot.' Well, that's just what my brother is. He's a benevolent despot. He's as sweet as peaches until he's crossed; then he's pretty hard and cruel." She wrinkled her brow thoughtfully. "You know, that kind of man looks very well on the outside. People say he's strong and firm and commanding, and they admire him. Well, they don't have to live with him. When you meet one of those popular 'strong men,' just ask the women of his family a few questions, and if they're not too scared to tell the truth, you'll get some surprising answers, I promise you."

"Yes," Diana said, averting her eyes, "yes; I'm sure of that." She got up. "I'm afraid I must be off. It's late."

Count Morsztyn laughed a little.

"I hope our family troubles are not driving you away. We have had a great deal of them." But she shook her head.

"You must believe me when I say that I have been very much interested and most sympathetic. I hope they'll end—as troubles, I mean—forever." She offered her hand to Quintus Brown's sister. "Don't lose courage, and don't be bullied. Your

brother will respect and like you all the more, I'm sure, for making a stand against him. But whether he does or not, you must see it through. I hope you and your husband will dine in Sixty-sixth Street, one day soon—perhaps next week, if you're free. I'll call you up by telephone as soon as I've had a look at my calendar."

The little countess was plainly delighted with this prospect—rather more plainly delighted, in fact, than is the usual custom over a dinner invitation; but Diana didn't mind, for she realized that dinner invitations had doubtless been infrequent in this rather pathetic household, and she made a mental note to be as nice as she knew how to the two little strangers, and to get them some invitations to dancing or musical parties, where the countess would get at least a closer view of the august ladies whose careers so interested her.

And so, presently, she and Lord Henry got away, and went down in the elevator. At the street-door, Diana said:

"It's not really late, is it? Ten to six? Let's walk home, unless you've something else to do." She seemed very gay and full of spirits and of unnecessary laughter, and once, as they were crossing the Plaza, took Lord Henry's arm and skipped a step or two like a little girl.

"Very larky, all of a sudden, aren't you?" he demanded critically, and Diana skipped once more.

"Yes, old Henry. I am! Larky as anything! But don't you care. I shan't sing or flirt with strange men or do anything to disgrace you. And it's only a short distance to Sixty-sixth Street."

He tried to find out what had made her so gay, but she wouldn't tell. She said she was young and strong and it was a cold day, and why shouldn't a poor girl laugh now and then if she wanted to? And then she turned on him.

"I say, you're not so very giddy, you know! You're uncommon solemn, in fact. What is wrong with you? Have you got family troubles, too, like our pathetic little friend at the Gotham?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," Lord Henry said, "I have. At least, it looks very like it. Nothing desperate or fatal, you know, but nasty possibilities. It may take me to London at the end of the week. Of course I'm hoping it won't."

That sobered her at once.

"Oh, poor Henry, I *am* so sorry! You've no idea how sorry I am! Here I've been loading you down with my concerns, and Q. Brown's concerns, and Sherlock Holmes expeditions, and all the while you had your own troubles! I'm a selfish beast, Henry, and, if I were you, I should tell me so."

"You've taken my mind off my woes, old girl, and that's the truth," Lord Henry said. "So don't you go calling yourself names. I fancy it's not going to be so very serious, anyhow. Let's hope not. I had a pair of rather disturbing letters this morning, and I may have to run away to London for a few days, but, on the other hand, the whole thing may blow over."

"It wouldn't do you any good to tell a fellow? No?"

"It would be a comfort to tell *you*, but I'm afraid it can't be done—on account of other people, you see. Oh, and, by the way, I don't want Alice to get wind of it. If I have to go to London, I shall just say it's family business—as it is. Alice would worry herself like anything if she knew there was trouble, and I don't want her worried."

"She shan't be. Not by me, at any rate. And if I find her uneasy in her mind, I'll do my best for you, Henry. After all, it's only your due. You did your best for me, to-day. You put me up to calling on the Morsztyns and, when we were there, you got her off that dreadful snobbish line and made her tell me what we wanted to know. You're a clever man, Henry. And I didn't need to-day's little exhibition to be sure of it, either. All those talks we've been having about politics and a million other things, the way you've kept your hand on me, without my realizing it, to prevent my jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire! I've been realizing, within the past day or two, how much I owe you, and I'm saying it now, because I suppose it's possible I mayn't have another chance for a long time. You may go dashing off to London, and when you come back it will be getting toward spring, and you'll be thinking about announcing your engagement and about Alice's visit to your people—all that kind of thing. It looks to me as if *our* little quiet good times were about over, and I'm sorry."

Lord Henry turned his head and looked at her in a kind of dismay.

"By Jove, you aren't as sorry as I am!"

he said. "We've got on well—after a rather bad start, haven't we?"

"The bad start was due to my stupidity. I thought you were tiresome just because you looked bored and *blasé* and languid and like Mr. Arthur Balfour, and didn't like the way women were coming on in the world—By the way, Henry, what is become of all the boredom and the languor?"

"Gone!" said Lord Henry, waving his stick toward heaven. "Gone—vanished—flown away—together with the *mouche* you made me shave off and the Balfour lounge you frightened me out of! The truth is, I really used to be bored; I had a kind of mental malaria—a spiritual rheumatism. It rather hurt me to think, and so I'd given up thinking. You made me dance to wake up my body, and you lured me on to talk about the things I used to concern myself with a hundred years ago, and that waked up my mind. Hang it, Diana, you've galvanized me—set me going again like a newly wound-up machine! What's going to come of it all—eh?"

"Something good, Henry. I'm sure of that. Of course you're exaggerating quite charmingly my little part in it all. I did nothing but prod you on to talk, because I wanted to be talked to. The rest is all your own. I know what I hope will come of it. But I daren't say what I hope—aloud."

"You mean, politics?" he said rather gloomily, and Diana gave a little laugh. "I didn't say it. You said it."

"I wish—" he said, waving his stick in a rather desperate gesture, and halted, as if he found it very difficult to get his wish into words, and shook his head and walked on in silence. As a matter of fact, he never expressed that abortive wish, whatever it may have been, for they turned just then into Sixty-sixth Street, and came, in a few steps, to the Waynes' door, and parted there with a final word about meeting later on at the opera.

XIV

MR. CHARTERS WAYNE sent word through his valet and Diana's maid, at nine o'clock the next morning, to ask if it would be convenient for her to come to him in his sitting-room. She went at once, rather wondering, for it had been a long time since she had seen her father in the morning.

She found him walking up and down the room in evident agitation, but he stopped when she came in and tried to manage a smile of greeting.

"You're very prompt, my dear. I had a vague idea that you probably wouldn't be out of bed. In any case, I'm sorry to disturb you at this ghastly hour—but I had to, and I asked you to come here because I thought there was less chance of our being disturbed." He raised his hand with a somewhat crumpled letter in it. "This is from your mother, written in London, and she's coming to New York; she arrives by the Mauretania, day after to-morrow."

Diana was too much startled for caution or reserve.

"That's Alice's work!" she cried out. "She has sent for her, after all. And she promised she wouldn't."

She realized, as soon as the words were out, that she had given Alice away, and worse than that; but it was too late to do anything about it now. She shook her head.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. I didn't mean to."

But her father had come to a halt, and was looking at her with interest.

"What's that about Alice?"

"I'm sorry," Diana said again. "I was startled, and I said something I shouldn't have said."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go on with it," Wayne insisted. "That is, if you don't mind. I'd already felt that there was something queer about your mother's deciding to turn up here so suddenly. If Alice has been taking a hand, I'd better know all about it. Later on, I'll tell you why."

Diana spread out her hands.

"I do so hate giving people away! I hate it! Well, a week ago, or thereabouts, Alice came home from the musical party at the Minton-Hulls', and said she had overheard a conversation between you and Vera." Wayne went across to one of the windows, and stood there with his back turned. "She was rather excited," Diana went on, "by what she had heard, or what she thought she had heard, partly because she thought your plans would hurt her socially in London, and partly because she thought it wasn't fair to mother. We had a kind of row, she and I. I called her a selfish little beast, or words to that effect, and she cried and all that. In the end, she

promised she wouldn't do anything without talking it over with you, and went off to bed. I'm afraid she didn't keep her word. I'm afraid she must have written—no, cabled, rather—to mother, and got her to start off at once for New York."

Wayne turned back into the room, looking a little haggard and old. He nodded.

"Yes; it's Alice's work," he said. "She's—not quite the thing at times, Alice isn't. Well, she's done it now." He looked up somberly. "I rather think I should like you to know that whatever I—whatever was being considered or planned was for much later on. There was never any question of its being done at a time when it could prejudice you or Alice. I—I'm anything you like, but you know *her* well enough to be sure that she'd rather die than hurt you or cast any shadow on your life."

Diana went up to her father and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Thank God, I know you both!" she said. "And I think you know me. I think you're sure, without my telling you, that, as soon as I had heard Alice's story, I said: 'I hope they'll do it! I hope they'll do it!' And said it with all my heart and soul."

"You're a good fellow, my dear," Charters Wayne said; "you're a good fellow!" He was always shy and embarrassed in the face of emotion. He turned abruptly away across the room, making doglike noises in his throat, and got himself a cigarette, which he lighted with great care. Diana looked after him anxiously.

"You won't let this—you won't let her coming make any difference to you, I hope? You'll go on with it, just the same?"

"She'll try to stop it," Wayne answered, without meeting his daughter's eyes. "And she's a very determined woman, your mother is."

Diana watched his face and sighed. She knew, as well as Vera Monte Bruno did, how unequal the battle must be between him and anybody who was a "very determined woman."

"Perhaps you could do something before she arrives—put the thing in your lawyer's hands—the preliminary action—whatever it is you do first, and just refer her to the lawyer." She went up to her father again. "Why not? Why isn't that the best thing to do? Instruct your lawyer to begin

proceedings, and run away down to Aiken or to Palm Beach for a bit. That will avoid an unpleasant meeting."

He looked up with a feeble hope.

"Do you really think I might? Of course, there must be nothing public until summer or autumn—nothing that would get into the papers until after Alice's marriage. We're quite agreed on that, Vera and I. It is rather like running away, isn't it? I'm afraid you used the right words."

"I didn't mean them in that sense. It didn't seem to me like cowardice; it seemed merely the best way of avoiding unpleasantness. If you mean to sue for a divorce, it would be rather awkward for you and mother to meet. Therefore, why not avoid the meeting?"

"I wish I might," he said, with something that was almost a groan. "Perhaps—I must speak to Vera about it. I don't want to do anything unfair or indecent. And I don't want to look a poltroon." He smiled and shook his head. "That's just what I am, of course. You and I know that, but I don't want too many others to know it."

And Diana smiled back at him, a little sadly but with great affection, for that was one of the man's most endearing qualities, that frankness of his. He was a coward, but he was an engaging coward, not a despicable one.

"And," he said more nervously, "there is *you*. There's not only Alice—there's you. I can't go rushing matters if it is going to bring harm to you."

But Diana frowned at that.

"Never you mind about me. Whenever I come into your mind in regard to this thing, just you think of me as some one who is cheering you on with all her might."

"A man who wanted to marry you," Wayne pointed out, "might take a different point of view. He might think twice of it if you had a divorce-scandal hanging about your neck."

"No man I shall ever marry would be capable of taking such a point of view as that," said Diana, with great decision. "The man I marry will be glad to marry me even with a murder-scandal hanging round my neck. So there's an end of *my* part. Consider Alice just as much and as far as you think you ought to, but put me in the other side of the balance."



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Young Tommy Ainley lives somewhere hereabouts—one of those flats. Nice, quiet, discreet place for the pretty ladies to come to tea in, if they're sporting enough." The words had no sooner left his lips than a young gentleman appeared upon the high porch of the second brownstone house, looked once to right and left, was joined by a tall lady, and they ran down the steps to the street. Wayne gave a kind of bellow. "Good God, that's Diana!" He tried to press forward, but the coal-chute was still in the way, and he couldn't

The Twin Sisters

Her father kissed her on one ear, again making doglike noises in his throat, and she perceived that the interview was at an end. But, from the door, she asked,

"Mother won't come to stay with us here, of course?" And he said:

"Oh, no, certainly not! She'll go to a hotel. She doesn't even want to be met at the pier, but of course I'll send a motor and, I think, Soames is very good at getting luggage seen to and all that sort of thing."

"You'd much better take Soames with you to Aiken," said Diana. "I can send one of the men, if you like." And she thought her father looked a very little brighter. Certainly he nodded and smiled after her as she went away.

Lord Henry Borrold, who was a visiting member of the Knickerbocker Club, came, later that afternoon, upon his prospective father-in-law, seated alone in a corner of the reading-room behind a very tall whisky and soda. Lord Henry, at a rather half-hearted invitation, sat down, and accepted an offer of refreshment. He liked Charters Wayne very much, because he was always cheerful and looked on the bright side of things and regarded his fellow men with a large and tolerant charity, but, to-day, Lord Henry, to his surprise, found the good gentleman enveloped in gloom and, to his alarm, rather full, he thought, of alcohol.

Of course, Alice's father wasn't, in any usual sense, drunk. He didn't laugh too much or weep or sing; he didn't even slur his words when he spoke, but he was flushed and breathed a little heavily, and his eyes were very, very slightly glazed. In certain other admired and respected gentlemen, the condition would have been no more than a normal late-afternoon condition, and they would, later on, go out somewhere to dinner and behave with perfect propriety; but in Charters Wayne the state was so unheard of that almost any one of his oldest friends might have been frightened and thought him ill.

He was displeased with a recent decision of the government in regard to the Mexican troubles, and said so at great length; then, quite abruptly, after a moment's silence, referred to his wife's prospective arrival in New York, a fact Lord Henry had already learned by telephone from Alice. After that he went back to politics, and seemed to become lost there in a kind of Slough

of Despond, for he fell into a dark silence.

Shortly before six, Lord Henry said he must be off, and rose to make his escape, but the elder man rose with him.

"You're going to the Ritz? I'll walk along with you for a bit, if you don't mind." He did rather mind, but there seemed to be no decent way of getting rid of his friend, and they got their hats and coats and turned up Fifth Avenue together. Lord Henry watched Wayne at first with some care, for slightly intoxicated gentlemen are sometimes careless at street-crossings, but this slightly intoxicated gentleman seemed quite able to manage for himself. Indeed, it was he, instead of the other, who picked Mr. Quintus Brown out of the throng waiting to cross Thirty-fourth Street, and hailed him, though with no great enthusiasm.

Brown, who was also north-bound, fell into step beside them, explaining that he had just returned from Washington and was on his way to meet a Western political *confrère*. Wayne presently decided that he couldn't bear the increasing crowd.

"These people make me ill—pushing you about like this! Let's cross to Madison Avenue. You two have to be there, anyhow. I'll walk as far as the Ritz, and take a taxi there." So they turned east through Thirty-seventh Street. In front of the china-and-glass shop on the south side of the street, a wagon had been delivering coal, and they had to wait a moment for the driver to remove his long metal trough. There is, just east of this point, a row of brownstone houses, some of which have been converted into shops below and flats above. Wayne nodded toward them.

"Young Tommy Ainley lives somewhere hereabouts—one of those flats. Nice, quiet, discreet place for the pretty ladies to come to tea in, if they're sporting enough."

It was exactly like a play. The speech was as well-timed as if he and the other actors had rehearsed it, for the words had no sooner left his lips than a young gentleman appeared upon the high porch of the second brownstone house, looked once to right and left, was joined by a tall lady, and they ran down the steps to the street.

Wayne gave a kind of bellow.

"Good God, that's Diana!" He tried to press forward, but the coal-chute was still in the way, and he couldn't.

Wednesday Madness

Penrod Gets Into a Peck of Trouble

Every Cosmopolitan reader has doubtless held, at one stage of life, Penrod's present views on compulsory education. Every Cosmopolitan reader has surely suffered from the complaint which here attacks him in aggravated form. But probably none has ever had the disease pursue so startling a course or reach so thrilling a climax. You will sympathize with Penrod in his affliction, but you are going to get a great deal of joy out of his adventure.

By Booth Tarkington

Author of "Penrod," "The Turmoil," "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

ON Monday morning, Penrod Schofield's faith in the coming of another Saturday was flaccid and lusterless. Those Japanese lovers who were promised a reunion after ten thousand years in separate hells were brighter with hope than he was. On Monday, Penrod was virtually an agnostic.

Nowhere upon his shining morning face could have been read any eager anticipation of useful knowledge. Of course he had been told that school was for his own good; in fact, he had been told and told and told, but the words conveying this information, meaningless at first, assumed, with each repetition, more and more the character of dull and unsolicited insult.

He was wholly unable to imagine circumstances, present or future, under which any of the instruction and training he was now receiving could be of the slightest possible use or benefit to himself; and when he was told that such circumstances would frequently arise in his later life, he but felt the slur upon his coming manhood and its power to prevent any such unpleasantness.

If it were possible to place a romantic young Broadway actor and athlete under hushing supervision for six hours a day, compelling him to bend his unremitting attention upon the city directory of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, he could scarce be expected to respond genially to frequent statements that the compulsion was all for his own good. On the contrary, it might be reasonable to conceive his response as taking the

form of action, which is precisely the form that Penrod's smoldering impulse yearned to take.

To Penrod, school was merely a state of confinement, envenomed by mathematics. For interminable periods he was forced to listen to information concerning matters about which he had no curiosity whatever; and he had to read over and over the dulllest passages in books that bored him into stupors, while always there overhung the preposterous task of improvising plausible evasions to conceal the fact that he did not know what he had no wish to know. Likewise, he must always be prepared to avoid incriminating replies to questions which he felt nobody had a real and natural right to ask him. And when his gorge rose and his inwards revolted, the hours became a series of ignoble misadventures and petty disgraces, strikingly lacking in privacy.

It was usually upon Wednesday that his sufferings culminated; the nervous strength accumulated during the holiday hours at the end of the week would carry him through Monday and Tuesday, but by Wednesday it seemed ultimately proven that the next Saturday actually *never* was coming, "this time," and the strained spirit gave way. Wednesday was the day averaging highest in Penrod's list of absences, but the time came when he felt that the advantages attendant upon his Wednesday "sick headache" did not compensate for its inconveniences.

For one thing, this illness had become

so symmetrically recurrent that even the cook felt that he was pushing it too far, and the liveliness of her expression, when he was able to leave his couch and take the air in the back yard at about ten o'clock, became more disagreeable to him with each convalescence. There visibly increased, too, about the whole household, an atmosphere of uncongeniality and suspicion so pronounced that every successive illness was necessarily more severe, and at last the patient felt obliged to remain bedded until almost eleven, from time to time giving forth pathetic little sounds eloquent of anguish triumphing over Stoic endurance, yet lacking a certain conviction of utterance.

Finally, his father enacted, and his mother applied, a new and distinctly special bit of legislation, explaining it with simple candor to the prospective beneficiary.

"Whenever you really *are* sick," they said, "you can go out and play as soon as you're well—that is, if it happens on Saturday. But when you're sick on a school-day, you'll stay in bed till the next morning. This is going to do you good, Penrod."

Physically, their opinion appeared to be affirmed, for Wednesday after Wednesday passed without any recurrence of the attack, but the spiritual strain may have been damaging. And it should be added that if Penrod's higher nature did suffer from the strain, he was not unique. For, confirming the effect of Wednesday upon boys in general, it is probable that, if full statistics concerning cats were available, they would show that cats dread Wednesdays, and that their fear is shared by other animals, and would be shared, to an extent, by windows—if windows possessed nervous systems. Nor must this probable apprehension on the part of cats and the like be thought mere superstition. Cats have superstitions, it is true, but certain actions inspired by the sight of a boy with a missile in his hand are better evidence of the workings of logic upon a practical nature than of faith in the supernatural.

Moreover, the attention of family physicians and specialists should be drawn to these significant though obscure phenomena; for the suffering of cats is a barometer of the nerve-pressure of boys, and it may be accepted as sufficiently established that Wednesday—after school-hours—is the worst time for cats.

After the promulgation of that parental edict, "You'll stay in bed till the next morning," four weeks went by unflawed by a single absence from the field of duty, but, when the fifth Wednesday came, Penrod held sore debate within himself before he finally rose. In fact, after rising, and while actually engaged with his toilet, he tentatively emitted a series of the little moans which were his wonted preliminary to a quiet holiday at home; and the sounds were heard (as intended) by Mr. Schofield, who was passing Penrod's door on his way to breakfast.

"All right!" said the father, making use of peculiar and unnecessary emphasis. "Stay in bed till to-morrow morning. Castor-oil, this time, too."

Penrod had not hoped much for his experiment; nevertheless, his rebellious blood was sensibly inflamed by the failure, and he accompanied his dressing with a low murmuring—apparently a bitter dialogue between himself and some unknown but powerful patron.

Thus he muttered:

"Well, they better *not*!" "Well, what can I *do* about it?" "Well, I'd show 'em!" "Well, I *will* show 'em!" "Well, you *ought* to show 'em; that's the way I *do*! I just shake 'em around, and say: 'Here! I guess you don't know who you're talkin' to, that way! You better look out!'" "Well, that's the way I'm goin' to do!" "Well, go on and *do* it, then!" "Well, I *am* goin'—"

The door of the next room was slightly ajar; now it swung wide, and Margaret, his nineteen-year-old sister, appeared.

"Penrod, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Nothin'. None o' your—"

"Well, hurry to breakfast, then; it's getting late."

Lightly she went, humming a tune, leaving the door of her room open; and the eyes of Penrod, as he donned his jacket, chanced to fall upon her desk, where she had thoughtlessly left a letter—a private missive just begun, and intended solely for the eyes of Mr. Robert Williams, a senior at a far university.

In such a fashion is coincidence the architect of misfortune. Penrod's class in English composition had been instructed, the previous day, to concoct at home and bring to class on Wednesday morning, a "model

letter to a friend on some subject of general interest." Penalty for omission to perform this simple task was definite; whosoever brought no letter would inevitably be "kept in" after school, that afternoon, until the letter was written, and it was precisely a premonition of this misfortune which had prompted Penrod to attempt his experimental moaning upon his father, for, alas! he had equipped himself with no model letter, nor any letter whatever.

In stress of this kind, a boy's creed is that anything is worth a try; but his eye for details is poor. He sees the future too sweepingly and too much as he would have it, seldom providing against inconsistencies of evidence which may damage him. For instance, there is a well-known case of two brothers who exhibited to their parents, with pathetic confidence, several imported dried herring on a string, as a proof that the afternoon had been spent, not at a forbidden circus but with hook and line upon the banks of a neighboring brook.

So with Penrod. He had vital need of a letter, and there, before his eyes, upon Margaret's desk, was apparently the precise thing he needed!

From below rose the voice of his mother urging him to the breakfast-table, warning him that he stood in danger of tardiness at school; he was pressed for time, and acted upon an inspiration which failed to prompt him even to read the letter.

Hurriedly he wrote "Dear friend" at the top of the page Margaret had partially filled. Then he signed himself, "Yours respectfully, Penrod Schofield" at the bottom, and enclosed the missive within a battered volume entitled, "Principles of English Composition." With that and other books compacted by a strap, he descended to a breakfast somewhat oppressive but undarkened by any misgivings concerning a "letter to a friend on some subject of general interest." He felt that a difficulty had been encountered and satisfactorily disposed of; the matter could now be dismissed from his mind. He

had plenty of other difficulties to take its place.

No; he had no misgivings, nor was he assailed by anything unpleasant in that line, even when the hour struck for the class in English composition. If he had been two or three years older, experience might have warned him to take at least the precaution of copying his offering, so that it would appear in his own handwriting when he "handed it in," but Penrod had not even glanced at it.

"I think," said Miss Spence, "I will ask several of you to read your letters aloud before you hand them in. Clara Raypole, you may read yours."



Penrod was bored but otherwise comfortable; he had no apprehension that he might be included in the "several," especially as Miss Spence's beginning with Clara Raypole, a star performer, indicated that her selection of readers would be made from the conscientious and proficient division at the head of the class. He listened stoically to the beginning of the first letter, though he was conscious of a dull resentment, inspired mainly by the perfect complacency of Miss Raypole's voice.

"Dear Cousin Sadie," she began smoothly, "I thought I would write you to-day on some subject of general interest, and so I thought I would tell you about the subject of our court-house. It is a very fine building situated in the center of the city, and a visit to the building after school-hours well repays for the visit. Upon entrance we find upon our left the office of the county clerk and upon our right a number of windows affording a view of the street.

stone, pressed brick, wood, and tiles, with a tower, or cupola, one hundred and twenty-seven feet seven inches from the ground. Among other subjects of general interest told by the janitor, we learn that the architect of the building was a man named Flanner, and the foundations extend fifteen feet five inches under the ground——"

Penrod was unable to fix his attention upon these statistics; he began moodily to twist a button of his jacket and to concentrate a new-born and obscure but lasting hatred upon the court-house. Miss Raypole's glib voice continued to press upon his ears, but, by keeping his eyes fixed upon the twisting button he had accomplished a kind of self-hypnosis, or mental anaesthesia, and was but dimly aware of what went on about him.

The court-house was finally exhausted by its visitor, who resumed her seat and submitted with beamish grace to praise. Then Miss Spence said, in a favorable manner,



"Yay, Penrod!" they shouted. "How's your beautiful hair?" And, "Hi, Penrod! When you goin' to get your parents' consent?"

And so we proceed, finding on both sides much of general interest. The building was begun in 1886 A.D. and it was through in 1887 A.D. It is four stories high and made of

"George Bassett, you may read your letter next."

The neat Georgie rose, nothing loath, and began: "Dear Teacher——"

There was a slight titter, which Miss Spence suppressed. Georgie was not at all discomfited.

"My mother says," he continued, reading his manuscript, "we should treat our teacher as a friend, and so I will write *you* a letter."

This penetrated Penrod's trance, and he lifted his eyes to fix them upon the back of Georgie Bassett's head in a long and inscrutable stare. It was inscrutable, and yet if Georgie had been sensitive to thought-waves, it is probable that he would have uttered a loud shriek, but he remained placidly unaware, continuing:

"I thought I would write you about a subject of general interest, and so I will write you about the flowers. There are many kinds of flowers, spring flowers and summer flowers and autumn flowers, but no winter flowers. Wild flowers grow in the woods, and it is nice to hunt them in spring-time, and we must remember to give some to the poor and hospitals, also. Flowers can be made to grow in flower-beds and placed in vases in houses. There are many names for flowers, but I call them "nature's ornaments"——"

Penrod's gaze had relaxed, drooped to his button again, and his lethargy was renewed. The outer world grew vaguer; voices seemed to drone at a distance; sluggish time passed heavily—but some of it did pass.

"Penrod!"

Miss Spence's searching eye had taken note of the bent head and the twisting button. She found it necessary to speak again.

"Penrod Schofield!"

He came languidly to life.

"Ma'am?"

"You may read your letter."

"Yes'm."

And he began to paw clumsily among his books, whereupon Miss Spence's glance fired with suspicion.

"Have you prepared one?" she demanded.

"Yes'm," said Penrod dreamily.

"But you're going to find you forgot to bring it, aren't you?"

"I got it," said Penrod, discovering the paper in his "Principles of English Composition."

"Well, we'll listen to what you've found time to prepare," she said, adding coldly, "for once!"

The frankest pessimism concerning Penrod permeated the whole room; even the eyes of those whose letters had not met with

favor turned upon him with obvious assurance that here was every prospect of a performance which would, by comparison, lend a measure of credit to the worst preceding it. But Penrod was unaffected by the general gaze; he rose, still blinking from his lethargy, and in no true sense wholly alive.

He had one idea: to read as rapidly as possible, so as to be done with the task, and he began in a high-pitched monotone, reading with a blind mind and no sense of the significance of the words.

"Dear friend," he declaimed. "You call me beautiful, but I am not really beautiful, and there are times when I doubt if I am even pretty, though perhaps my hair is beautiful, and if it is true that my eyes are like blue stars in heaven——"

Simultaneously he lost his breath and there burst upon him a perception of the results to which he was being committed by this calamitous reading. And also simultaneous was the outbreak of the class into cackinnations of delight, severely repressed by the perplexed but indignant Miss Spence.

"Go on!" she commanded grimly, when she had restored order.

"Ma'am?" he gulped, looking wretchedly upon the rosy faces all about him.

"Go on with the description of yourself," she said. "We'd like to hear some more about your eyes being like blue stars in heaven."

Here many of Penrod's little comrades were forced to clasp their faces tightly in both hands; and his dismayed gaze, in refuge, sought the treacherous paper in his hand.

What it beheld there was horrible.

"Proceed!" said Miss Spence.

"I—often think——" he faltered, "and a-a tree-more thu-thrills my bein' when I recall your last words to me that last—that last——"

"Go on!"

"That last evening in the moonlight when you—you—you——"

"Penrod," Miss Spence said dangerously, "you go on, and stop that stammering."

"You—you said you would wait for—for years to—to—to——"

"Penrod!"

"To win me!" the miserable Penrod managed to gasp. "I should not have pre—premitted—permitted you to speak so until we have our—our parents' con—consent;

but oh, how sweet it—” He exhaled a sigh of agony, and then concluded briskly, “Yours respectfully, Penrod Schofield.”

But Miss Spence had at last divined something, for she knew the Schofield family.

“Bring me that letter!” she said.

And the scarlet boy passed forward between rows of mystified but immoderately uplifted children.

Miss Spence herself grew rather pink as she examined the missive, and the intensity with which she afterward extended her examination to cover the complete field of Penrod Schofield caused him to find a remote center of interest whereon to rest his embarrassed gaze. She let him stand before her throughout a silence, equaled, perhaps, by the tenser pauses during trials for murder, and then, containing herself, she sweepingly gestured him to the pillory—a chair upon the platform, facing the school.

Here he suffered for the unusual term of an hour, with many jocular and cunning eyes constantly upon him; and, when he was released at noon, horrid shouts and shrieks pursued him every step of his homeward way. For his laughter-loving little schoolmates spared him not—neither boy nor girl.

“Yay, Penrod!” they shouted. “How’s your beautiful hair?” And, “Hi, Penrod! When you goin’ to get your parents’ consent?” And, “Say, blue stars in heaven, how’s your beautiful eyes?” And, “Say, Penrod, how’s your tree-mores?” “Does your tree-mores thrill your bein’, Penrod?” And many other facetious inquiries, hard to bear in public.

And when he reached the temporary shelter of his home, he experienced no relief upon finding that Margaret was out for lunch. He was as deeply embittered toward her as toward any other, and, considering her largely responsible for his misfortune, he would have welcomed an opportunity to show her what he thought of her.

How long he was “kept in” after school that afternoon is not a matter of record, but it was long. Before he finally appeared upon the street, he had composed an ample letter on a subject of general interest, namely “School Life,” under the supervision of Miss Spence; he had also received some scorching admonitions in respect to honorable behavior regarding other people’s letters; and Margaret’s had been returned

to him with severe instructions to bear it straight to the original owner accompanied by full confession and apology. As a measure of insurance that these things be done, Miss Spence stated definitely her intention to hold a conversation by telephone with Margaret that evening. Altogether, the day had been unusually awful, even for Wednesday, and Penrod left the schoolhouse with the heart of an anarchist throbbing in his hot bosom. It were more accurate, indeed, to liken him to the anarchist’s characteristic weapon; for, as Penrod came out to the street he was, in all inward respects, a bomb, loaded and ticking.

He walked moodily, with a visible aspect of soreness. A murmurous sound was thick about his head, wherefore it is to be surmised that he communed with his familiar, and one vehement, oft-repeated phrase beat like a tocsin of revolt upon the air: “Daw-gone ‘em!”

He meant everybody—the universe.

Particularly included, evidently, was a sparrow, offensively cheerful upon a lamp-post. This self-centered little bird allowed a pebble to pass overhead and remained unconcerned, but, a moment later, feeling a jar beneath his feet, and hearing the tinkle of falling glass, he decided to leave. Similarly, and at the same instant, Penrod made the same decision, and the sparrow in flight took note of a boy likewise in flight.

The boy disappeared into the nearest alley and emerged therefrom, breathless, in the peaceful vicinity of his own home. He entered the house, clumped up-stairs and down, discovered Margaret reading a book in the library, and flung the accursed letter toward her with loathing.

“You can take the old thing,” he said Litterly. “I don’t want it!”

And before she was able to reply, he was out of the room. The next moment he was out of the house.

“Daw-gone ‘em!” he said.

And then, across the street, his soured eye fell upon his true comrade and best friend, Sam Williams, leaning against a picket fence and holding desultory converse with Mabel Rorebeck, an attractive member of the Friday Afternoon Dancing Class, that hated organization of which Sam and Penrod were both members. Mabel was a shy little girl, but Penrod had a vague understanding that Sam considered her two brown pigtails beautiful.

Howbeit, Sam had never told his love; he was, in fact, sensitive about it. This meeting with the lady was by chance, and although it afforded exquisite moments, his heart was beating in an unaccustomed manner, and he was suffering from embarrassment, being at a loss, also, for subjects of conversation. It is, indeed, no easy matter to chat easily with a person, however lovely and beloved, who keeps her face turned the other way, maintains one foot in rapid and continuous motion through an arc seemingly perilous to her equilibrium, and confines her responses, both affirmative and negative, to "U-huh."

Altogether, Sam was sufficiently nervous without any help from Penrod, and it was with pure horror that he heard his own name and Mabel's shrieked upon the ambient air with viperish insinuation.

"Sam-my and May-bul! Oh, oh!"

Sam started violently. Mabel ceased to swing her foot, and both, encarnadined, looked up and down and everywhere for the invisible but well-known owner of that voice. It came again, in taunting mockery.

"Sammy's mad, and I am glad,
And I know what will please him:
A bottle o' wine to make him shine,
And Mabel Rorebeck to squeeze him!"

"Fresh ole thing!" said Miss Rorebeck, becoming articulate. And, unreasonably including Sam in her indignation, she tossed her head at him with an unmistakable effect of scorn. She began to walk away.

"Well, Mabel," said Sam plaintively, following, "it ain't *my* fault. I didn't do anything. It's Penrod."

"I don't care—" she began pettishly, when the viperish voice was again lifted.

"Oh, oh, oh!
Who's your beau?
Guess I know:
Mabel and Sammy, oh, oh, oh!
I caught you!"

Then Mabel did one of those things which eternally perplex the slower sex. She deliberately made a face, not at the tree behind which Penrod was lurking but at the innocent and heart-wrung Sam. "You needn't come limpin' after *me*, Sam Williams!" she said, though Sam was approaching upon two perfectly sound legs. And then she ran away at the top of her speed.

"Run, nigger, run—" Penrod began inexcusably. But Sam cut the persecutions short at this point. Stung to fury, he charged upon the sheltering tree in the Schofields' yard.

Ordinarily, at such a juncture, Penrod would have fled, keeping his own temper and increasing the heat of his pursuers by back-flung jeers. But this was Wednesday, and he was in no mood to run from Sam. He stepped away from the tree, awaiting the onset.

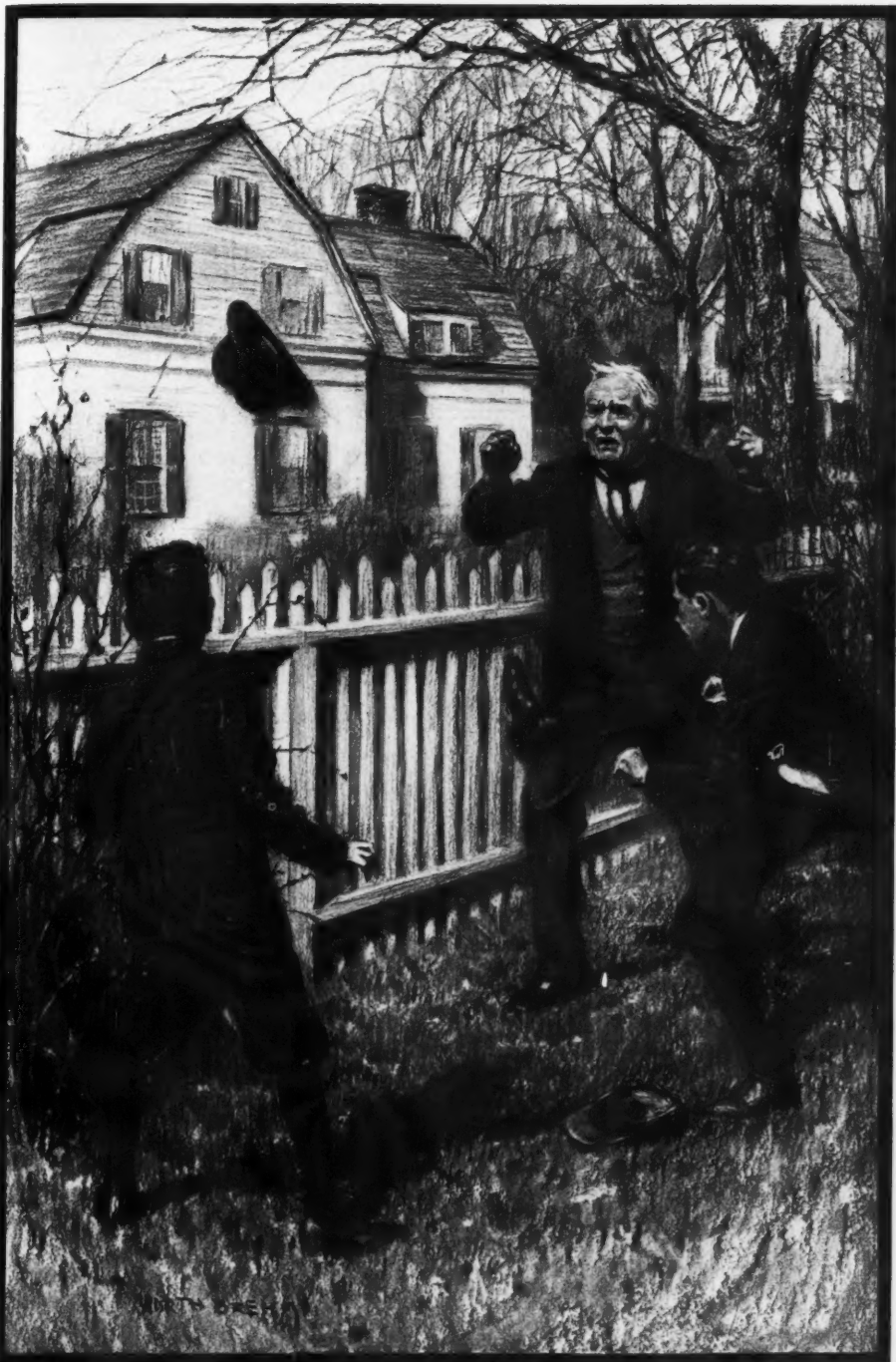
"Well, what you goin' to do so much?" he said.

But Sam did not pause to proffer the desired information. "Tcha got'ny *sense!*" was the total extent of his vocal preliminaries before flinging himself headlong upon the taunter; and the two boys went to the ground together. Embracing, they rolled, they pommelled, they hammered, they kicked. Alas, this was a fight!

They rose, flailing awhile, then renewed their embrace, and, grunting, bestowed themselves anew upon our ever too receptive Mother Earth. Once more upon their feet they beset each other sorely, dealing many great blows, oftentimes upon the air, but with sufficient frequency upon resentful flesh. Tears were jolted to the rims of eyes, but technically they did not weep. "Got'ny sense," was repeated chokingly many, many times; also, "Dern ole fool!" and, "I'll show you!"

The peacemaker who appeared upon the animated scene was Penrod's great-uncle Slocum. This elderly relative had come to call upon Mrs. Schofield, and he was well upon his way to the front door when the mutterings of war among some shrubberies near the fence caused him to deflect his course in benevolent agitation.

"Boys! Boys! Shame, boys!" he said, but, as the originality of these expressions did not prove striking enough to attract any great attention from the combatants, he felt obliged to assume a share in the proceedings. It was a share entailing greater activity than he had anticipated, and, before he managed to separate the former friends, he intercepted bodily an amount of violence to which he was wholly unaccustomed. Additionally, his attire was disarranged; his hat was no longer upon his head, and his temper was in a bad way. In fact, as his hat flew off, he made use of words which, under less extreme circum-



JOHN LY WORTH DEL. N

He kicked great-uncle Slocum's hat with such sweep and precision that it rose swiftly and, breasting the autumn breeze, passed over the fence and out into the street

stances, would have caused both boys to feel a much profounder interest than they did in great-uncle Slocum.

"You dam' boys!" he said subsequently, finally getting them apart. But their glaring eyes were fixed upon each other, seemingly unaware of great-uncle Slocum.

"I'll get you!" Sam babbled. "Don't you ever dare to speak to me again, Penrod Schofield, long as you live, or I'll whip you worse'n I have this time!"

Penrod squawked. For the moment he was incapable of coherent speech, and then, failing in a convulsive attempt to reach his enemy, his fury culminated upon an innocent object which had never done him the slightest harm. Great-uncle Slocum's hat lay upon the ground close by, and Penrod was in that state of irritation which seeks an outlet too blindly—as people say, he "had to do something!" He kicked great-uncle Slocum's hat with such sweep and precision that it rose swiftly and, breasting the autumn breeze, passed over the fence and out into the street.

Great-uncle Slocum uttered a scream of anguish, and, immediately ceasing to peace-make, ran forth to a more important rescue; but the conflict was not renewed. Sanity had returned to Sam Williams; he was awed by this colossal deed of Penrod's and filled with horror at the thought that he might be held as accessory to it. Fleetly he fled, pursued as far as the gate by the whole body of Penrod, and thereafter by Penrod's voice alone.

"You better run! You wait till I catch you! You'll see what you get next time! Don't you ever speak to me again as long as you——"

Here he paused abruptly, for great-uncle Slocum had recovered his hat and was returning toward the gate. After one glance at great-uncle Slocum, Penrod did not linger to attempt any explanation—there are times when even a boy can see that apologies would seem out of place. This one ran round the house to the back yard.

Here he was greeted by Duke, his little old dog. "You get away from me!" said Penrod hoarsely, and with terrible gestures he repulsed the faithful animal, who retired philosophic-

ally to the stable, while his master let himself stealthily out of the back gate. Penrod had decided to absent himself from home for the time being.

The sky was gray, and there were hints of coming dusk in the air; it was an hour suited to his turbulent soul, and he walked with a somber swagger. "Ran like a c'ardy-calf!" he sniffed, half aloud, alluding to the haste of Sam Williams in departure. "All he is, ole c'ardy-calf!"

And then, as he proceeded up the alley, a hated cry smote his ears: "Hi, Penrod! How's your tree-mores?" And two jovial schoolboy faces appeared above a high board fence. "How's your beautiful hair, Penrod?" they vociferated. "When you goin' to git your parents' consent? What makes you think you're only pretty, ole blue stars?"

Penrod looked about feverishly for a missile, and could find none to his hand, but the surface of the alley sufficed; he made mud balls and fiercely bombarded the vociferous fence. Naturally, hostile mud balls presently issued from behind this barricade; and thus a campaign developed which offered a picture not unlike a cartoonist's sketch of a political campaign,



wherein this same material is used for the decoration of opponents. Penrod had been unwise. He was outnumbered, and the hostile forces held the advantageous side of the fence.

It was not long before he was in condition to serve as an ideal model for the cartoonist just imagined, but he held his ground and heroically took what came.

Mud balls can be hard as well as soggy; some of those that reached Penrod were of no inconsiderable weight and substance, and they made him grunt despite himself. Finally, one, at close range, struck him in the pit of the stomach, whereupon he clasped himself about the middle silently, and executed some steps in seeming imitation of a quaint Indian dance.

His plight being observed through a knot-hole, his enemies climbed upon the fence and regarded him seriously.

"Aw, *you're* all right, ain't you, old tree-mores?" inquired one.

"I'll *show* you!" bellowed Penrod, recovering his breath; and he hurled a fat ball—thoughtfully retained in hand throughout his agony—to such effect that his interrogator dis-

appeared backward from the fence without having taken any initiative of his own in the matter. His comrade impulsively joined him upon the ground, and the battle continued.

Through the gathering dusk it went on. It waged but the hotter as darkness made aim more difficult—and still Penrod would not be driven from the field. Panting, grunting, hoarse from returning insults, fighting on and on, an indistinguishable figure in the gloom, he held the back alley against all comers.

For such a combat, darkness has one great advantage, but it has an equally important disadvantage—the combatant cannot see to aim; on the other hand, he cannot see to dodge. And all the while Penrod



"I'll *show* you!" bellowed Penrod, recovering his breath;
and he hurled a fat ball

was receiving two for one. He became heavy with mud. Plastered, impressionistic, and sculpturesque, there was about him a quality of the tragic, of the magnificent. He resembled a somber masterpiece by Rodin.

No one could have been quite sure what he was meant for.

Dinner-bells tinkled in houses. Then they were rung from kitchen doors. Calling voices came urging from the distance, calling boys' names into the darkness. They called, and a note of irritation seemed to mar their beauty.

Then bells were rung again—and the voices renewed appeals more urgent, much more irritated. They called and called and called—

Thud! went the mud balls.

Thud! *Thud!* *Blunk!*

Oof! said Penrod.

Sam Williams, having dined with his family at their usual hour, seven, slipped unostentatiously out of the kitchen door, as soon as he could, after the conclusion of the meal, and quietly betook himself to the Schofields' corner.

Here he stationed himself where he could see all avenues of approach to the house, and waited. Twenty minutes went by, and then Sam became suddenly alert and attentive, for the arc-light revealed a small grotesque figure, slowly approaching along the sidewalk. It was brown in color, shaggy and indefinite in form; and it limped excessively, and paused to rub itself, and to meditate.

Peculiar as the thing was, Sam had no doubt as to its identity. He advanced.

"Lo, Penrod," he said cautiously, and with a shade of formality.

Penrod leaned against the fence, and, lifting one leg, tested the knee-joint by swinging his foot back and forth, a process evidently provocative of a little pain. Then he rubbed the left side of his encrusted face, and, opening his mouth to its whole capacity as an aperture, moved his lower jaw slightly from side to side, thus triumphantly settling a question in his own mind as to whether or no a suspected dislocation had taken place.

Having satisfied himself on these points, he examined both shins delicately

by the sense of touch, and carefully tested the capacities of his neck-muscles to move his head in a wonted manner.

Then he responded somewhat gruffly, "Lo!"

"Where you been?" Sam said eagerly, his formality vanishing.

"Havin' a mud-fight."

"I guess you did!" Sam exclaimed, in a low voice. "What you goin' to tell your—"

"Oh, nothin'."

"Your sister telephoned to our house to see if I knew where you were," said Sam. "She told me if I saw you before you got home to tell you sumpting, but not to say anything about it. She said Miss Spence had telephoned to her, but *she* said for me to tell you it was all right about that letter, and she wasn't goin' to tell your mother and father on you, so you needn't say anything about it to 'em."

"All right," said Penrod indifferently.

"She says you're goin' to be in enough trouble without that," Sam went on. "You're goin' to catch fits about your uncle Slocum's hat, Penrod."

"Well, I guess I know it."

"And about not comin' home to dinner, too. Your mother telephoned twice to mamma while we were eatin' to see if you'd come in our house. And when they *see* you—*my*, but you're goin' to get the *dickens*, Penrod!"

Penrod seemed unimpressed, though he was well aware that Sam's prophecy was no unreasonable one.

"Well, I guess I know it," he repeated casually. And he moved slowly toward his own gate.

His friend looked after him curiously—then, as the limping figure fumbled clumsily with bruised fingers at the latch of the gate, there sounded a little solicitude in Sam's voice.

"Say, Penrod, how—how do you feel?"

"What?"

"Do you feel pretty bad?"

"No," said Penrod, and, in spite of what awaited him beyond the lighted portals just ahead, he spoke the truth. His nerves were rested, and his soul was at peace. His Wednesday madness was over.

"No," said Penrod; "I feel bully!"

The next *Penrod* story, *Penrod's Little Cousin*, will appear in the January issue.



Charles
Frohman,
in 1881, when
he joined the busi-
ness staff of the Madison
Square Theatre, New York

*The
Life of*

CHARLES FROHMAN

*by Daniel Frohman
and Isaac F. Marcossou*

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this instalment of his biography, we see Charles Frohman entering into the conduct of large theatrical affairs. He becomes a personality in the history of the New York stage, and his genial traits, his tremendous zeal and energy, and his wonderful resourcefulness send him rapidly toward the head of his chosen profession.

Launched in the New York Theatrical Whirlpool

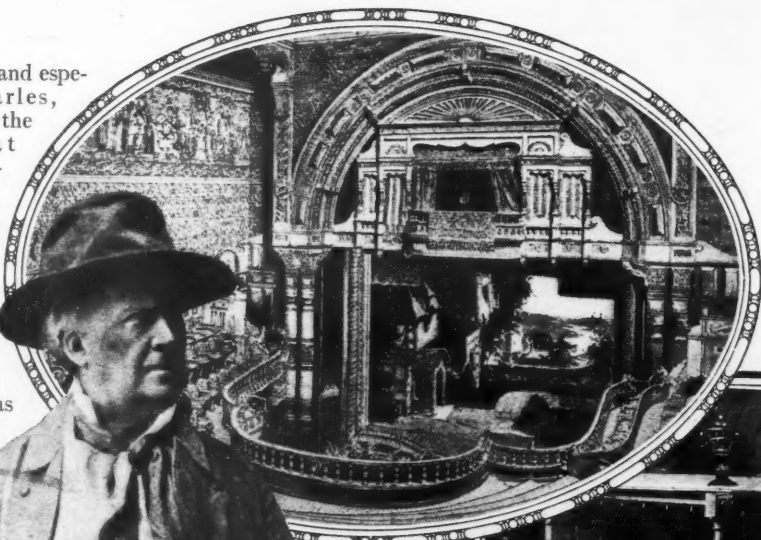
WHEN Charles Frohman went to the Madison Square Theatre, in 1881, the three Frohman brothers were literally installed for the first time under the same managerial roof. From this hour on, the affairs of Charles were bound up in large theatrical conduct.

The little Madison Square Theatre, located back of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Twenty-fourth Street near Broadway, was established at a time when a new force seemed to be needed for the New York stage. This playhouse, destined to figure so prominently in the fortunes of all the

Frohman, and especially Charles, grew out of the somewhat radical convictions of Steele Mackaye, one of the most brilliant and erratic characters of his time. He was



C. W.
Couldock as
Dunstan Kirke,
in "Hazel
Kirke"



Interior of
Madison Square
Theatre,
New York,
with stage set
for an act of
"Hazel Kirke"

actor, lecturer, and playwright, and he taught the art of acting on lines laid down by Delsarte. Doctor George Mallory, editor of *The Churchman*, became interested in his views and regarded him as a man with a distinct mission. He induced his brother, Marshall Mallory, to build the Madison Square Theatre.

Steele Mackaye was the first director, and, with the active cooperation of the Mallorys, launched its career. Doctor Mallory believed that the drama needed reform, that the way to reform it was to play reformed drama. So the place was dedicated to healthy plays. "A wholesome place for wholesome amusement," became the slogan. Contracts for plays were made only with American authors. Here were produced the earlier triumphs of Steele Mackaye, Bronson Howard, William Gillette, H. H. Boyesen, and Mrs. Burnett. In this house, in "May Blossom," De Wolf Hopper first appeared in a stock company. Among the actors seen on its boards during

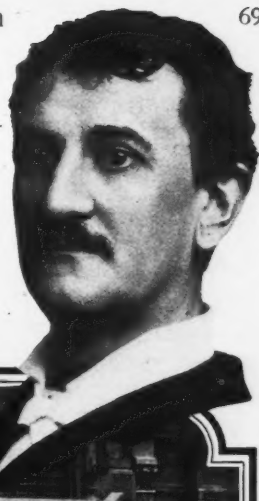


Entrance to the Madison Square

the Frohman régime were Agnes Booth, Viola Allen, Effie Ellsler, Georgia Cayvan, Mrs. Whiffen, Marie Burroughs, Annie Russell, George Clarke, Jeffreys Lewis, C. W. Couldock, Thomas Whiffen, Dominick Murray, and Eben Plympton. Rose Coghlan was also a member of the company, but had no opportunity of playing.

The house had certain unique and attractive qualities. It had been charmingly decorated by Louis C. Tiffany, and one of its principal features was a double stage, which enabled one act to be set while another was being played before the audience. Thus, long waits were avoided.

The name of Frohman was associated with this theater



Theatre, New York

from the very start, because its first manager was Daniel Frohman. It opened in February, 1880, with Steele Mackaye's play, "Hazel Kirke," which was an instantaneous success. The little theater, with its novel stage, intimate atmosphere, admirable company, and a policy that was definite



Effie Ellsler, in the rôle of Hazel Kirke

Steele Mackaye, author of "Hazel Kirke," and first director of the Madison Square Theatre

and original, became one of the most popular in America. "Hazel Kirke" ran four hundred and eighty-six nights in New York city without interruption, which was a record run up to that time. In the original cast were Effie Ellsler, Eben

Plympton, Mr. and Mrs. Whiffen, and that famous old actor, Charles W. Coughlin.

The Madison Square Theatre now became an important factor in New York dramatic life and began to rival the prestige of the Wallack, Palmer, and Daly institutions. Its fame, due to the record-breaking "Hazel Kirke" success, became nation-wide.

A NEW ERA FOR THE THEATER

Now began an activity under its auspices that established a whole new era in the conduct of the theater. It was the dawn of a "big business" development that sent the Madison Square successes throughout the country, and Charles Frohman was one of its sponsors.

Gustave Frohman had been engaged as director of the traveling companies, and he engaged Charles as an associate. The work of the Frohmans was carefully mapped out. It was Daniel's business to select the casts, organize and rehearse the companies in New York; Gustave took general charge of the road-equipment, while Charles arranged and booked the road-tours.

It was after the phenomenal first season's run of "Hazel Kirke" that Charles Frohman hung up his hat in the little "back office" of the Madison Square Theatre to begin the work that was to project his name and his talents prominently for the first time. New York sizzled through the hottest summer it had ever known. Charles sweltered in his little cubby-hole, but he was enthusiastic and optimistic about his new job.

Gustave and Charles had complete charge of all the traveling companies that developed out of the series of runs at the theater. They inaugurated a whole new and brilliant theatrical activity in towns and cities removed from theatrical centers, regarding which the other big managers in New York were ignorant.

With the organization of these Madison Square companies, the "Number Two Company" idea was born. It was a distinct innovation. A play like "Hazel Kirke," for example, was played by as many as five companies at one time, each company being adjusted financially to the type of town to which it was sent. "Hazel Kirke" appeared simultaneously in New York city at three different theaters, each with a separate and distinct type of audience.

Under the direction of Gustave and Charles, the outside business of the Madison Square Theatre spread so rapidly that, in a short time, fourteen road-companies carried the name of the institution to all parts of the United States. Despite their great youth, the three Frohmans had had very extensive theatrical experience.

In those days, the booking of road-attractions was not made through syndicates. Applications for time had to be made individually to every manager direct, even to the most obscure one-night stand. The big New York managers only concerned themselves with the larger cities in which their companies made annual appearances. The smaller towns had to trust to chance to get attractions outside the usual standard "road-shows."

PUBLICITY REFORM

Charles Frohman realized this need, and dedicated his talents and experience to remedying it. His seasons on the road with John Dillon and the Haverly Minstrels had equipped him admirably. He not only displayed remarkable judgment in routing companies, but he was now able to express his genius for publicity. He always believed in the value of big printing.

"Give them pictures," he said.

He urged a liberal policy in this respect, and the Madison Square Theatre backed his judgment to the extent of more than one hundred thousand dollars a year for picture-posters and elaborate printing of all kinds. The gospel of Madison Square Theatre art and its enterprises was thus spread broadcast, not with ordinary cheap-picture advertising but with artistic lithographs. In fact, here began the whole process of expensive and elaborate bill-posting, and Charles Frohman was really the father of it.

Under his direction, the first flash-lights ever taken of a theatrical company for advertising purposes were made at the Madison Square Theatre.

Charles was now director of nearly a score of agents who traveled about with the various companies. He vitalized them with his enthusiasm. In order to expedite their work, Charles and his brothers rented and furnished a large house on Twenty-fourth Street near the theater. It was, in reality, a sort of club, for a dining-room was maintained, and there were a number of bedrooms. When the agents came to town,

they lodged here. Charles, Gustave, and Daniel also had rooms here. A dressmaking department was established in the house, and here were made many of the costumes for the road-companies.

During these days, Charles gave frequent evidence of his tact and persuasiveness. Often, when matters of policy had to be fixed and discussed, the out-of-town managers would be called to New York. It was Charles's business to take them in hand and straighten out their troubles. They all left feeling that they had got the best time, and that they had made a friend in the chubby, optimistic little man who was then giving evidence of an uncanny instinct for road-management.

With his usual energy, Charles was interested in every phase of the Madison Square



Marc Klaw, the young Louisville lawyer, at the time he gave up his profession to enter the field of theatrical management



Georgia Cayvan, when leading woman of the Madison Square Theatre Number Two Company

Theatre. Frequently, accompanied by Wesley Sisson, who replaced Daniel Frohman during the latter's occasional absence from the theater, he would slip into the balcony and watch rehearsals. He viewed the scenes with keenest interest. More than once his sharp, swift criticism helped to smooth out a rough spot.

He impressed his personality and capacity upon all who came in contact with him. It was said of him then, as it was said later on, that he could sit in his little office and make out a forty weeks' tour for a company without recourse to a map. In fact, he carried

The Life of Charles Frohman

the whole theatrical map of the country under his hat.

Out of the strenuous life of those Madison Square days came some of Charles Frohman's closest and longest friendships.

The first was with Marc Klaw, and it grew out of the inevitable result of the theater's successes, which was play-piracy. Throughout the country, local managers began to steal the Madison Square successes and play them with "fly-by-night" companies. Since they were unable to get manuscripts of the play, they sent stenographers to the theater to copy the parts. These stenographers had to sit in the dark and write surreptitiously. In many instances, in order to keep the lines of their notes straight, they stretched strings on their note-books.

Gustave Frohman happened to be in Louisville with the Number One "Hazel Kirke" Company. He was looking about for a lawyer who could investigate and prosecute the piracy of the Madison Square plays.

He made inquiry of John T. Macauley, manager of the local theater.

"There's a young lawyer here named Marc Klaw," said Macauley, "who is itching to get into the theatrical business. Why don't you give him a chance?"

The result was that Frohman engaged Klaw to do some legal work for the Madison Square Theatre, and he successfully combated the play-pirates in the South. The copyright-laws then were inadequate,

however, and Klaw was ordered to New York where, after a short preliminary training, he was sent out as manager of the Number Two "Hazel Kirke" Company, of which Charles Frohman was advance agent. In this way the meeting between the two men came about.

Charles rather resented going out with a "Number Two" Company; so, to placate his pride and to give distinction to the enterprise, Daniel put Georgia Cayvan, leading woman of the Madison Square Theatre, at the head of the company.

There was good business method in sending Miss Cayvan on this tour, because she was a New Englander, born in Bath, Maine, and Bath was included in the route. When Charles reached Bath ahead of the

show, he rode on the front seat of the stage to the hotel. He told the driver that he was coming with a big New York show, and said, "I've got a big sensation for Bath."

"What's that?" asked the driver.

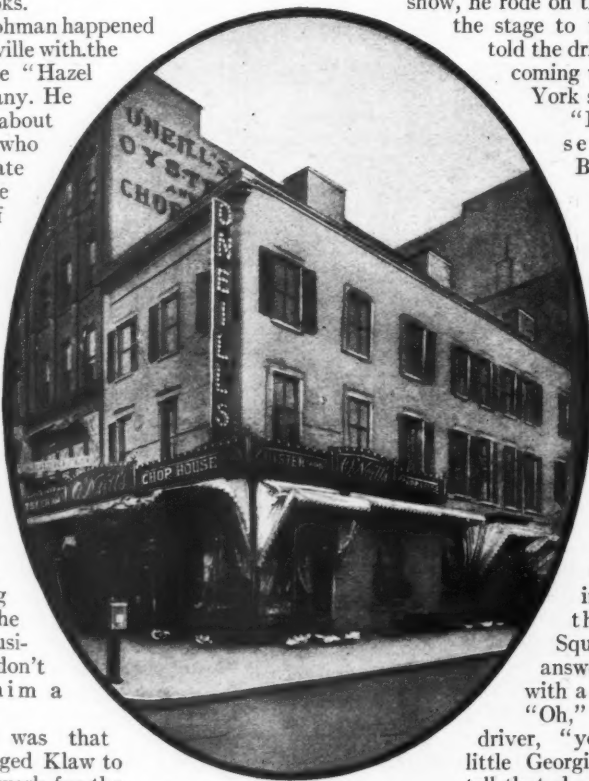
"We have Miss Cayvan as the leading lady," answered Frohman.

"Miss Who?" asked the driver.

"Miss Cayvan—Miss Georgia Cayvan, leading woman of the Madison Square Theatre," answered Frohman, with a great flourish.

"Oh," replied the driver, "you mean our little Georgie. We heard tell that she was acting on the stage, and now I guess some folks will be right glad to see her."

Charles was so much interested in Miss Cayvan's



O'Neill's Oyster- and Chop-House, Sixth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York, where Charles Frohman and David Belasco went to supper after the theater and discussed plans for the future



Henry Lee, leading man in "The Stranglers of Paris"



New Park Theatre, New York, a one-time skating-rink which Charles Frohman furnished with properties from Booth's Theatre in order to make his production of "The Stranglers of Paris," 1883

leigh, Frank Burbeck, W. H. Crompton, and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, the mother of Fanny Davenport.

While Charles Frohman was impressing his personality and talents at the Madison Square Theatre and really finding himself for the first time, Gustave Frohman met Jack Haverly on the street one day. The old magnate said with emphasis,

"Gus, I've got to have C. F. back."

"You can't have him," said Gustave.

"But I must," said Haverly.

"Well, if you pay him \$146 a week (\$125 salary and \$21 for hotel bills), you can have him for a limited time."

"All right," said Haverly.

Charles went back to the Mastodons, where he received a royal welcome. But his heart had become attuned to the real theater, to the hum of its shifting life. The excitement of the drama and all the speculation that it involved were in his blood. He heeded the call and went back to the Madison Square Theatre.

But the minstrel field was to claim him again and for the last time. Gustave conceived a plan to send the Callender Minstrels on a spectacular tour across the continent. The nucleus of the old organization, headed by the famous Billy Kersands, was playing in England under the name of Haverly's European Minstrels. Charles was sent over to get the pick of the Europeans for the new aggregation. Accompanied by Howard Spear, he sailed on June 7, 1882, on the Wyoming.

He encountered some difficulty in getting the leading members, so, with characteristic enterprise, he bought the whole company from Haverly and brought it back to the

As a matter of fact, Charles had very little to do with the company. His financial interest was trivial. Gustave used his name because Charles had been prominently associated with the Mastodonts, and he had

NEW PARK THEATRE.
Broadway, Corner 26th Street.
THEATRE OF PRODUCTIONS!
GREAT PRODUCTIONS
MAY 12

NEW PARK THEATRE
Broadway, Corner 35th Street.
THE THEATRE OF PRODUCTIONS!
GREAT
OPENING! PRODUCTS
EVENING, NOVEMBER 1
Further Notice, Every Evening
and Saturday at
piece, adapted from the
World

THE THEATRE OF PRODUCTIONS
GRAND
OPENING! PRODUCTIONS
THIS EVENING, NOVEMBER 12, 1888,
 And until Further Notice, Every Evening at 8
 o'clock.
Evenings Wednesday and Saturday at 2 o'clock.
 Dramatic Masterpieces, adapted from the French
 whose vivid pen productions are stirring the
 centres of the world.

VENIA
And until Further Notice
Houses Wednesday and
s' Male-Dramatic Masterpiece, adaptations
Absolute Baiter, whose vivid pen productions
Civilized Centres of the World.

THE
STRANGLERS OF PARIS!

America's Favorite Actress, AGNES BOOTH, the young
millionaire Actor, HENRY LEE, and Messrs. CHARL
WALDEN RANNEY and O. E. BARR, in the
CAST.
HENRY LEE
WALDEN RANNEY
O. E. BARR
CHARLES W...

THE
WRECKERS OF THE

America's Favorite Actress, **AGNES BOOTH**, the young Metropolitan contract artist, **HENRY LEE**, and Messrs. **CHARLES WATKINS**, **WALDEN RAINET** and **O. H. BARR**, in the

CAST.

HENRY LEE
WALDEN RAINET
CHARLES WATKINS

the Strangler.
HARD, a condemned Convict.
CLAUDE, Chief of Police.
CLAUDE, a young Arms Dealer.
CLAUDE, an old Sea Captain.
CLAUDE, a Japanese Detective.
CLAUDE, a Police Detective.
CLAUDE, a Convict.
CLAUDE, a Gardener.
CLAUDE, a Notary.
CLAUDE, a Senator.

Osmond
Tearle, whom
Lester Wallack
refused to let
play the leading
rôle of the ugly
Jagon in "The
Strangers of Paris"

The men took to each other instinctively and with a profound understanding. They shared the same room and had most of their meals together. Then, as throughout his whole life, Charles consumed large portions of pie (principally apple, lemon meringue, and pumpkin), and drank large quantities



Agnes Booth, leading woman in
"The Strangers of Paris"

achieved some eminence as minstrel promoter.

Having launched the Callender aggrega-



of tea or sarsaparilla. One day, Frohman said to Belasco:

"You and I must do things together. I mean to have my own theater on Broadway, and you will write the plays for it."

"Very well," replied the ever-ready Belasco; "I will make a contract with you now."

"There will never be need of a contract between us," replied Frohman, who expressed then the conviction that guided him all the rest of his life when he engaged the greatest stars in the world and spent millions on productions without a scrap of paper to show for the negotiation.

Charles was immensely interested in "American Born." It was in reality his first intimate connection with a big production. At the outset, his ingenuity saved the enterprise from threatened destruction. Harry Pettit, a local manager, announced a rival melodrama called "Taken From Life" at McVicker's Theater, and had set his opening date one night before the inaugural of "American Born."

Charles scratched his head and said,

"We must get ahead of them."

He announced the "American Born" opening for a certain night, and then rang up three nights earlier, which beat the opposition by one night.

Belasco's play was spectacular in character and included, among other things, a realistic fire scene. When the time came for rehearsal, the manager of the theater said that it could not be done because the fire-laws would be violated.

"I'll fix that," said Charles.

He went down to the city-hall, had a personal interview with the mayor, and not only got permission for the scene but a detail of real firemen to take part.

While in Chicago, Belasco accepted the offer to come to New York as stage-manager of the Madison Square Theatre. Charles and he came East together.

A PLAY-OWNER

With Belasco installed as stage-manager, began a daily contact between the two men. Belasco went to Frohman with all his troubles. In Frohman's bedroom he wrote part of "May Blossom," with which he scored his first original success at the Madison Square. Charles was enormously interested in this play, and, after it was finished, carried

a copy about in his pocket, reading it or having it read wherever he thought it would find a friendly ear. So great was Belasco's gratitude that he gave Charles half-interest in it, which was probably the first ownership that Charles Frohman ever had in a play.

During those days at the Madison Square, when both Frohman and Belasco were seeing the vision of coming things, they went at night, when the day's work was over, to O'Neill's Oyster-House on Sixth Avenue and Twenty-second Street for a bite of supper (in Frohman's case it was mostly pie and sarsaparilla), and talked about the things they were going to do.

Charles Frohman's ambition for a New York theater obsessed him. One night, as they were walking up Broadway, they passed the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A big man was standing in front of the hotel. Frohman stopped Belasco and said:

"David, there is John Stetson, manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Well, some day I am going to be as big a man as he is and have my own theater on Broadway."

BACK ON THE ROAD

Those were the crowded days. Charles not only picked and routed the companies but he kept a watchful eye on them. This meant frequent traveling. For months he lived in a valise. At noon he would say to his assistant, "We leave for Chicago this afternoon," and he was off in a few hours. At that time, "Hazel Kirke," "The Professor," "Esmeralda," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and "May Blossom" were all being played by road-companies in various parts of the United States, and it was an enormous task to keep a watchful eye on them. It was his habit to go to a town where a company was playing and not show up at the theater until the curtain had risen. The company had no warning of his coming, and he could make a good appraisal of their average work. On one of the many trips that he made about this time he gave evidence of his constant humor.

He went out to Columbus, Ohio, to see a "Hazel Kirke" company. He arrived at the theater just before matinée, and, as he started across the stage, he was met by a newly appointed stage-manager, who was full of authority.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

STAR THEATRE.
 Broadway and 19th Street.
 Sole Proprietor and Manager Mr. LESTER WALLACE
 Doors Open at 7.30. Performance Commences at 8.
 EVERY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEE,
 Mr. ROBERT GAFFIN MORRIS—
 METROPOLITAN PLAY—
The Pulse of New York
 An American Drama on an American Topic by an American Author.
 —PRODUCED UNDER THE JOINT AUSPICES OF—
 Mr. LESTER WALLACE,
 —AND—
 Messrs. GUSTAVE and CHARLES FROHMAN
DRAMATIC PERSONS.
 EDWARD LEAMING GOLDEN..... GERALD RYER
 FANNY GAINSBOROUGH..... CAROLINE HILL
 LUCY GOLDEN..... VIOLA ALLEN
 WALTER HARDING..... A. F. LIPMAN
 WALTER HARDING, JR., MR. HILL..... EDW. COLEMAN
 CHARLES HOWARD..... F. MARSH
 RANDALL FINSTOF..... FRANK LANE
 TRAMP..... RICK LONG
 DR. VAN HENDELAND..... HERBERT TALBOT
 DR. VAN HENDELAND..... W. L. DENISON
 THOMAS SMITH, THE SCOUNDREL..... JAS. MAXWELL
 JOE SIMPSON..... FRED RABBIT
 PETER HANCOCK..... C. ARNOLD
 MARTIN ADAMS..... STANLEY MACE
 PATRICK..... JOHN MARC
 YOUTH..... LIDA LACY
 MISS PHILLY.....
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.
 INSPECTOR BARNEY..... GEORGE CLARE
 SERGEANT O'MALLEY..... H. D. CLIFTON
 PETE, the Watchman..... CHAS. FRYE
 ADELINA MURPHY..... ADA DRAVES
 EDDY WOODWARD..... MAX FREEMAN
 JUDGE BRANDENBURG.....
 (By kind permission of Messrs. Hill & Son.)
 CLERE TOPPIN..... EDW. PANCOAST
 CHIEF HONOR..... GEO. MATTHEWS
 TURNKEY FARE..... RICH FOX
 DOORMAN HARDING..... FRANK GREEN
 DEPUTY REILLY..... WM. ROSE
CHATTERS IN THE DRAMA.
 ACT I.—THE DEED.
 EXTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S. The Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.
 ACT II.—THE ARREST.
 SCENE 1.—THE RESIDENCE ON MURRAY HILL. The Ketchum Party.
 SCENE 2.—POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON MULBERRY STREET. Inspector
 Barnes on the Trail.
 SCENE 3.—THE MARQUESS' HALL AT IRVING HALL. Searching for the
 Gaily.
 ACT III.—THE DEGRACE.
 THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. Handcuffed before the world. (This scene and
 incident are not in the latest copyrighted. The former is perfect facsimile of the
 office, while the latter are everyday occurrences.)
 ACT IV.—THE ACCUSATION.
 THE HALL OF JUSTICE IN THE TOMBS. Trial for Trial.
 ACT V.—THE CONSPIRACY.
 JUNCTION OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD at 34th Avenue and 134th
 Street.
 ACT VI.—THE VENDETTA.
 TRINITY CHURCH CHIMES. The Love that Endures.
 The incidents all transpire in New York City within the current
 year.
 SCENERY by..... Mr. JOHN
 MECHANICAL EFFECTS by..... Mr. BEN
 APPOINTMENTS by..... Mr.
 PROPERTIES by.....
 ILLUMINATIONS by.....
 COSTUMES by.....
 INCIDENTAL MUSIC by.....
 VOCAL BELT-TONES by.....
 CHIMES and ORGAN.....
 Mr. DAVID BELASCO.
 Mr. CHARLES MAC GRACHY.
 During the evening the Orchestra, under the direction
 of..... will perform as follows:
 OVERTURE "Scotchman"
 POTPOURRI "Valentine"
 WALTZ "The Girl of the Year"
 POLKA "The Girl of the Year"

"Why did you discharge me, Mr. Frohman?"
 Frohman smiled and said:

"Well, it was the only way that I could get
 back to see my actors. If you will promise
 to be good, I will reengage you." And he did.

It was on some of these trips that Charles
 Frohman had one of his many narrow escapes
 from death. During the spring of 1883,
 he went out to Ohio with Daniel to visit
 some of the road-companies. Daniel left him
 at Cleveland to go over and see a perform-
 ance of "The Professor" at Newcastle, while
 Charles went on to join Gustave at Cincinnati.

Charles was accompanied by Frank Guthrie,
 who was a sort of confidential secretary to
 all the Frohmans at the theater. Shortly before
 the train reached Galion, Charles, who sat at



Viola Allen, who
 acted for the first time
 under Charles Frohman's
 management in "The Pulse
 of New York," in 1884

"To Mr. Hagan's
 dressing-room."

"I'll take the mes-
 sage," said the stage-
 director.

"No; I want to see
 him personally."

"But you can't. I am
 in charge behind the
 curtain."

Frohman left without a
 word, went out to the box-
 office, and wrote a letter dis-
 charging the stage-director.
 Then he sat through the perform-
 ance. Directly the curtain fell, the
 man came to him in a great state of mind.

the aisle, asked his companion to change places. Ten minutes later the train was wrecked. Guthrie, who sat in the aisle seat, was hurled through the window and instantly killed, while Charles escaped without a scratch.

Daniel heard of the wreck, rushed to the scene on a relief-train, expecting to find his brother dead, for there had been a report that he was killed. Instead, he found Charles bemoaning the death of his secretary.

A month later, Charles Frohman and Marc Klaw were riding in the elevator at the Monongahela House in Pittsburgh, when the cable broke and the car dropped four stories. It had just been equipped with an air-cushion and the men escaped without a scratch.

Along toward the middle of 1883, there were signs of a break at the Madison Square Theatre. Steele Mackaye had quarreled with the Mallorys and had left, taking Gustave with him to launch the Lyceum Theatre, on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street; Daniel was becoming ambitious to strike out for himself, while Charles was chafing under being a subordinate. He yearned to be his own master. "I must have a New York production," he said. The wish, in his case, meant the deed, for he now set about to produce his first play.

Naturally, he turned to Belasco for advice and cooperation.

FROHMAN'S FIRST PRODUCTION

In San Francisco, Charles had seen a vivid melodrama called "The Stranglers of Paris," which Belasco had written from Adolphe Belot's story and produced with some success. Osmond Tearle, then leading man for Lester Wallack and New York's leading *matinée* idol, had played the part of Jagon, who was physically one of the ugliest characters in the play.

"The Stranglers of Paris" is the play for me," said Frohman to Belasco.

"All right," said David; "you shall have it."

The original dramatization was a melodrama without a spark of humor. In rewriting it for New York, Belasco injected considerable comedy here and there.

Frohman, whose vision and ideas were always big, said:

"We've got to get a great cast. I will not be satisfied with anybody but Tearle."

To secure Tearle, Frohman went to see Lester Wallack for the first time. He was then the enthroned theatrical king and one of the most inaccessible of men. Frohman got to him and made the proposition for the release of Tearle. Ordinarily, Wallack would have treated such an offer with scorn. Frohman's convincing manner, however, led him to explain, for he said:

"Mr. Tearle is the handsomest man in New York, and if I loaned him to you to play the ugliest man ever put on the stage, he would lose his drawing power for me. I am sorry I can't accommodate you, Mr. Frohman. Come and see me again."

Out of that meeting came a friendship with Lester Wallack that developed big activities for Charles, as will be seen later on.

Unable to get Tearle, Belasco and Frohman secured Henry Lee, a brilliant and dashing leading actor, who succeeded Eben Plympton in the cast of "Hazel Kirke." The leading woman was Agnes Booth, a prominent actress of her time. She was the sister-in-law of Edwin Booth, and an actress of splendid quality.

A MAKESHIFT THEATER

Unfortunately for young Frohman, the principal theaters were all occupied. There were comparatively few playhouses in New York then, a mere handful compared with the number that exist to-day. But the scarcity did not disturb Charles Frohman.

Up at the northwest corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway was an old barn-like structure that had been successively aquarium, menagerie, and skating-rink. It had a roof and four walls, and at one end was a rude stage.

One night, at midnight, Charles Frohman, accompanied by Belasco, went up to look at the sorry spectacle. It was about the most untheater-looking structure in New York.

"This is all I can get, David," said Charles, "and it must do."

"But, Charley, it is not a theater," said Belasco.

"Never mind," said Frohman; "I will have it made into one."

The old building was under the control of Hyde & Behman, who were planning to convert it into a vaudeville house. Frohman went to see them and persuaded them to turn it into a real theater. Just about this

made his fall a part of the regular business. His ability got him a few lines, which were taken from another actor. This fat-faced, comical boy was John Bunny, who became the best known male moving-picture star in the United States, and who never, to the end of his days, forgot that he appeared in Charles Frohman's first production, and often spoke of it with pride.

"THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS"

The autumn of 1883 was a strenuous one for Charles Frohman. He had staked a good deal on "The Strangers of Paris," yet, when the curtain rose on the evening of November 12, 1883, he was the same smiling, eager, but imperturbable boy who, years before, had uttered the wish that some day he would put on a play himself in the great city and had seen that dream come true. He was just twenty-three.

"The Strangers of Paris" made quite a sensation. The scenic effects were highly praised and especially the ship scene, which showed convicts in their cages, their revolt, the sinking of the vessel, Jagon's struggle in the water, his escape from death, and his dramatic appeal to heaven. Lee scored a great success and dated his popularity from this appearance.

Many of the lines in the piece were widely quoted, one of them in particular. It was, in substance: "Money has power to open prison gates and no questions asked."

It was the time of sensational graft revelations, and theatergoers thought that it fitted the New York situation.

"The Strangers of Paris" ran at the New Park Theatre until December 9th, when it was taken on the road. It continued on tour for a considerable period, playing most of the principal cities of the East, but the production was so expensive that it made no money. In fact, Charles lost on the enterprise, but it did not in the least dampen his spirits. He was supremely content because at last he had produced a play.

He was still enthusiastic about the melodrama, so he secured a vivid piece by R. G. Morris, a New York newspaper man, called "The Pulse of New York," which he produced at the Star Theatre, Thirteenth Street and Broadway (originally Wallack's Theatre).

In the cast was a handsome, painstaking young woman named Viola Allen, whom Charles Frohman had singled out because of her admirable work in a play that he had seen, and who was headed for a big place in the annals of the American theater. Charles encouraged her and did much to aid her. "The Pulse of New York" was produced May 10, 1884, but ran only three weeks. Once more Charles Frohman faced a loss, but he met this as he met the misfortunes of later years, with smiling equanimity.

Now came a characteristic act. He was still in the employ of the Madison Square Theatre and had a guarantee of one hundred dollars a week. Although he had devoted considerable time to his two previous productions, he was an invaluable asset to the establishment. He now felt that the time had come for him to choose between remaining at the Madison Square under a guarantee and striking out for himself in the precarious sea of independent theatrical management. He chose the latter.

In his wanderings about New York theaters, Charles saw a serious-eyed young actress named Minnie Maddern. He said to Daniel: "I have great confidence in that young woman. Will you help me put her out in a piece?"

"All right," replied his brother. The result was Miss Maddern in "Caprice."

SOME FUTURE STARS

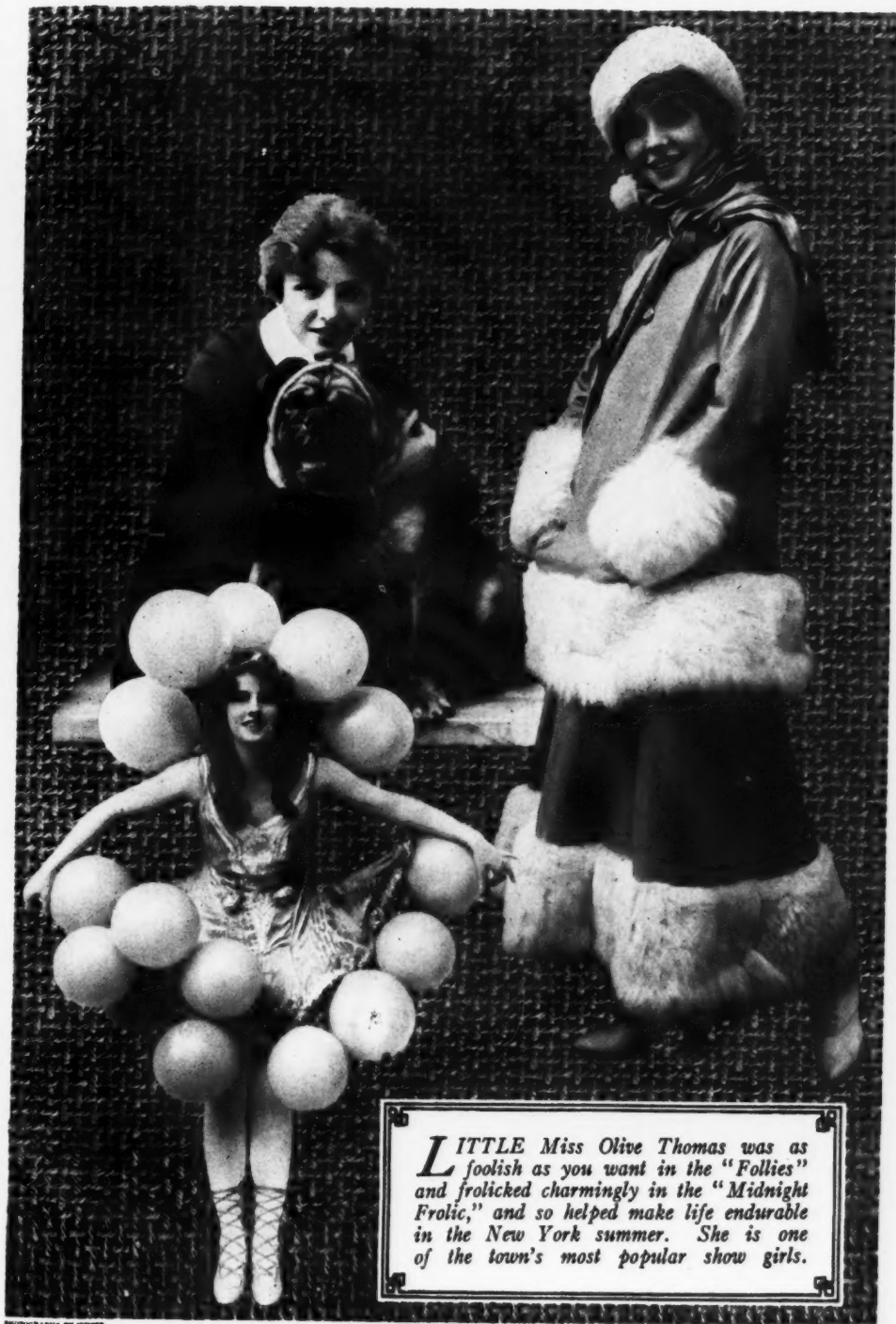
In view of subsequent stage history, this company was somewhat historic. Miss Maddern's salary was seventy-five dollars a week. Her leading man, who had been a general-utility actor at the Lyceum, and who also received seventy-five dollars a week, was Henry Miller. A handsome young lad named Cyril Scott played a very small part and got fifteen a week. The total week's salary of the company amounted to only six hundred and ninety dollars. "Caprice" opened in Indianapolis, November 6, 1884, and subsequently played Chicago, St. Louis, Evansville, Dayton, and Baltimore, with a week at the Grand Opera House, in New York, where its season closed. It made no money, but it did a great deal toward advancing the career of Miss Maddern, who afterward became known to theatergoers as Mrs. Fiske.

In next month's instalment, Charles Frohman's name is linked for the first time with large enterprises. Frohman now establishes his first independent offices, lays the foundation of the whole modern scientific booking-system.



***T**HIS is the question that is perplexing Peggy Wood since she has made a real success as the leading woman in "Young America," for she had been working for a high place in musical comedy. Will she strive to be a dramatic star or continue her studies for the operatic stage?*





LITTLE Miss Olive Thomas was as foolish as you want in the "Follies" and frolicked charmingly in the "Midnight Frolic," and so helped make life endurable in the New York summer. She is one of the town's most popular show girls.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

Jane Cowl's



JANE COWL quickly justified David Belasco's judgment of her abilities, as he observed them in a small part in "The Rose of the Rancho," when she got the chance to play the heroine in "The Gamblers." Her first big triumph she won as the crusading shop-girl in "Within the Law." This season she is both successful and happy sharing with John Mason the stellar honors of "Common Clay," an excellent medium for displaying her rather vivid personality.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

l's Conquests



PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE



Franklin

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD is about to discard forever the smart habiliments of the male, in which she has been a vaudeville favorite. Thus transformed, she will play the leading rôle in "The Heart of a Child."





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KITTY GORDON is the latest queen of musical comedy self from her native heath—in this case, Great Britain—Land of Opportunity. While waiting for the new opera, in which she will star, to be ready, she has transferred her for the time being, to the season's offering at the Winter

to transplant her-
to the soil of the
"Queen and Clown,"
talents and her charms,
Garden, New York.

The Girl Philippa

A Strange Adventure in Love and War

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Business of Life," "Athalie," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

SYNOPSIS—Halkett and Gray, of the British Military Intelligence Department, have trailed from New York to Belgium two German agents who have stolen a set of plans and formulae of the Harkness shell just as the American government had agreed to deliver them to Great Britain. Arriving at Antwerp, the Englishmen recover the stolen papers and, dividing them between them, leave immediately—Gray on a motor-cycle and Halkett by train. Their destination is London, but they take separate roundabout routes. Halkett has several narrow escapes from assassination before he arrives, on the morning of July 31, 1914, in the town of Ausone in northern France. He has decided that he must give his documents into the temporary keeping of some one, so closely is he pursued by German spies, and he approaches a stranger whom he believes he can trust.

This man is James Warner, an American painter living in Paris, who has a summer art school of women in the near-by village of Sals. He is young and not averse to exciting adventure, so when Halkett, without entering into explanation, makes his request, he agrees to take charge of the envelope.

The two men visit a café and cabaret kept by one Con Wildresse, a man of shady reputation who has been forced into the French secret service, but is in reality a German spy. He has received word from Paris to look out for two men carrying stolen papers who may appear in his vicinity. The cashier of the café is a young girl who passes as his daughter—although she is not. Philippa, for that is her name, knows nothing of her origin. She is very attractive and is used to good purpose by Wildresse in his work of espionage—a business which she loathes. Warner makes her acquaintance and the two spend part of the afternoon together. The painter finds the girl to be frank and ingenuous, and he is satisfied that she is virtuous. He promises to make a sketch of her sometime.

After their return to the café, where Warner rejoins Halkett, the latter is suddenly set upon by two men who try to rifle his pockets, but Warner is now carrying the envelope they are evidently seeking. Halkett shakes off his assailants, and he and Warner start for Sals in a dog-cart. On the way they are fired upon from a touring car, which, pursuing them, becomes mired in a swamp into which Warner drives. Arrived at Sals, Halkett talks with some one over the telephone. The next morning, he tells Halkett that the friend with whom he has talked is on his way to join him. (But that night this man, riding a motor-cycle, is shot by four men in a touring car.) The postman brings a letter for Halkett. It is in cipher and conveys the information that war is certain, and advises Halkett to hide.

In Sals, two Sisters of Charity keep a school for poor children. One of them is Sister Ella, a beautiful Irishwoman who has been brought up in France. Warner takes Halkett to visit the school. Halkett discovers a poster intended to convey military information to an invading army. He dictates a letter about this to the chief of the General Staff of the French army (which Sister Ella signs). Scarcely is the letter finished when a shot is fired at Halkett, who is standing in the doorway. Guided by Sister Ella, he escapes to the Inn of the Golden Peach, where he is staying. He requests the Sister, if anything should happen to him, to get the envelope from Warner and give it to one of the British officers, who, he says, will be in France before long.

That afternoon, while Warner is painting, he is surprised by the sudden appearance of Philippa. She has run away from Wildresse. She brings a letter which was dropped by one of the men who attacked Halkett in the café. It contains a report of German secret agents who have been following Halkett and Gray. When Halkett sees it, he tells the whole story to Warner. Philippa refuses to go back, and Warner says he can use her as a model. After dinner, Halkett is informed that some gentlemen on motor-cycles are asking for him. He goes through the garden door, thinking to meet Gray, but dashes back immediately and bolts the door. "Keep Philippa out of range of the door!" he shouts to Warner.

A VOLLEY of pistol-shots cut Halkett short.

The green door in the garden wall had been perforated by a dozen bullets from outside before the first heavy crash came, almost shaking it from its hinges. Warner had already whipped out his own automatic; Halkett pushed him aside across a flower-bed.

"Keep out of this!" he said. "It's my affair."

"I'm damned if it is!" retorted Warner. "I'll settle that question once for all!"

And he leveled his automatic and sent a stream of lead through the green door in the wall.

No more blows fell on it, but all over it, from top to bottom, white splinters flew, while bullets poured through it from outside.

"You are wrong to involve yourself," insisted Halkett, raising his voice to dominate the racket of the automatics. "They want only me."

"So do I, Halkett. And I've got you and mean to keep you. Blood is the thicker, you know."

Philippa came from the arbor, carrying the badly frightened cat with difficulty.

"Is it really war?" she asked calmly, while Ariadne alternately cowered and struggled.

"Just a little private war," said Halkett. "And you had better go into the house at once."

"You and I should go, also," added Warner, "if there are more than two men out there."

"I saw at least half a dozen beyond the wall. You are quite right, Warner: we couldn't hope to hold this garden. But I dislike to go into a strange house and invite assault on other people's property just to save my own hide—"

"Keep out of range!" interrupted Warner sharply, taking him by the arm and following Philippa around the garden toward the rear of the house.

The back door was iron, armed with thick steel bolts, the neighborhood of the quarry rendering such defenses advisable. Warner shot all three bolts, then passed rapidly through the kitchen to the front door and secured it, while Halkett went to the telephone. The nearest gendarmes were at Ausone.

Linette, the chambermaid and waitress, and Magda, the cook, had followed Halkett and Philippa from the pantry through the kitchen to the front hallway. They had heard the noisy fusillade in the garden. Curiosity seemed to be their ruling emotion, and even that was under control.

"Is it the Prussians, *messieurs?*" asked Linette calmly. "Has the war really begun?" Her face, and Magda's too, seemed a trifle colorless in the failing evening light, but her voice was steady.

"Magda," said Warner, "the men outside our garden who fired at Mr. Halkett are certainly Germans. He and I mean to keep them out of this house if they attempt to enter it. So you and Linette had better go very quietly to the cellar and remain there, because there may be some more firing."

"I? The cellar—when Prussians are outside!" exclaimed Magda. "*Ma foi!* I think Linette and I can be of better use than hiding in the cellar. Linette, set water to boil in both kettles! I have my dishes to wash. The Prussians had better not interfere with me when I have dishes to wash!"

"Keep away from the windows," added

Warner to Linette. "There are iron bars on all the lower windows, aren't there?"

"Yes, Monsieur Warner. If the front door holds, they cannot get in."

Halkett, at the telephone, called back through the dim hallway to Warner:

"Somebody has cut the telephone-wire. I can't do anything with the instrument."

Philippa, still clasping Ariadne, had betrayed no sign of fear or excitement.

"If somebody would tell me what to do—" she began; but Warner quickly drew her into the office of the inn, which was really the inner café and bar.

"Stay here," he said. "Those men outside might open fire on us at any moment. Don't go near a window. Do you promise?"

The girl seated herself obediently and began to stroke the cat, her eyes serenely fixed on Warner. Halkett had gone to the floor above to lurk by one of the windows giving on the garden. When Warner came up with a box of cartridge-clips, the Englishman, filling his pockets, remarked quietly:

"They're over the wall already, and dodging about among the fruit-trees—four of them. There were two others. Perhaps you had better keep an eye on the front door, if you really insist on being mixed up with this mess I'm in."

"Do you suppose those fellows will be silly enough to attack the house?" asked the American incredulously.

Halkett nodded.

"They are desperate, you see. I can understand why. They know that war is likely to be declared within the next few hours. If they don't get me now, they won't stand much chance later. That's why I'm prepared for anything on their part."

Warner walked swiftly back toward the front, cutting the cords of the latticed window-blinds in every room, so that they fell full-length.

"No lights in the house," he called, over the banister; "and keep away from the windows, everybody! Philippa, do you hear me?"

"I understand. I shall tell them to light no candles," came the untroubled voice of Philippa.

"Are you all right down there?"

"Yes, I am. But the cat is still quite frightened, poor darling!"

In spite of his anxiety, Warner laughed as he reloaded.

Outdoors, there still remained sufficient light to see by. Flat against the wall, pistol in hand, he cautiously reconnoitered the dusky roadway in front of the house; then, leaning farther out, he ventured to look down between lattice and sill at the door-step below. A mound of dry hay had been piled against the door.

"Get out of there!" he shouted, catching a glimpse of two shadowy figures skulking toward the doorway arch.

His reply was a red flash which split the dusk, another, and another. The window-glass above him flew into splinters under the shower of bullets; the window-blinds jerked and danced. But the men who stood pouring bullets in his direction had been obliged to drop double armfuls of faggots. One of these men, still firing as he ran, took cover behind a poplar tree across the road; the other man flattened himself against the wall of the house, so far under the door-arch that no shot could reach him from an upper window unless the marksman exposed himself.

Standing so, he lighted a chemical match and tossed it, flaring, onto the heap of hay piled high against the door; and almost the same instant a boilerful of hot water splashed through the bars of the lower window beside him, singeing and soaking him; and he bounded out into the road with a yell of astonishment and pain. The hay, instantly on fire, sent a cloud of white, thick smoke billowing along the façade of the house, then burst into flame; but Linette and Magda dashed water on it from the lower windows, and the red blaze leaped and died.

Then, from the rear of the house, the dry rattle of Halkett's automatic broke out, and the pattering racket of pistol-shots redoubled when other automatics crackled from the garden. Thick as hailstones pelting a tin roof, the bullets clanged on the iron rear door, filling the house with deafening dissonance.

Halkett, peering out through his lattice into the dusk, ceased firing. A few moments longer the door reechoed the bullets' impact; then all sound ceased, the silence still vibrating metallic undertones. Prowling from window to window, Warner, pistol lifted, peered warily from the shelter of the lowered lattice-blinds. One man still crouched behind the poplar tree; the other, he thought, was lying in the long grass of the roadside ditch.

"Are you all right, Halkett?" he called back, through the stinging fumes of the smokeless powder which filled the hallway.

"Quite fit, thanks. How is it with you?"

"Still gaily on the job. I didn't hit anybody. I didn't try to."

"Nor I. Did you ever see such obstinacy and determination? Very German, isn't it?"

"Perfectly. They're keeping rather too quiet to suit me. What do you suppose they're up to?"

But neither he nor the Englishman could discover any movement or hear any sound around the house. And it had now become too dark to see anything very clearly.

Philippa appeared, mounting the stairs, looking for Ariadne, who had scrambled out of her arms during the fusillade. Warner nodded to her from where he was standing guard. She came up quietly behind him, stood for a moment with both hands around his left arm—a silent figure in the dusk, friendly as a well-bred dog, and as winningly unconscious of self. Her cheek, resting lightly against her hands where they clasped his arm, pressed a trifle closer before she went away. And while he stood there, perplexedly conscious of this youthful affection, and listening to every slightest sound, suddenly he heard her voice, startled, calling out to him from a bedroom on the east side of the house.

As he entered the room, running, a man outside on a garden ladder kicked in the window-panes, drew back his heavy foot, sent it crashing again through the wooden frame, and lurched forward across the sill, only to be held there, fighting, in the grasp of Philippa. Behind him, another man on the ladder was already struggling to fling his leg over the sill; the head and shoulders of a third appeared just behind him, menacing any interference with uplifted pistol.

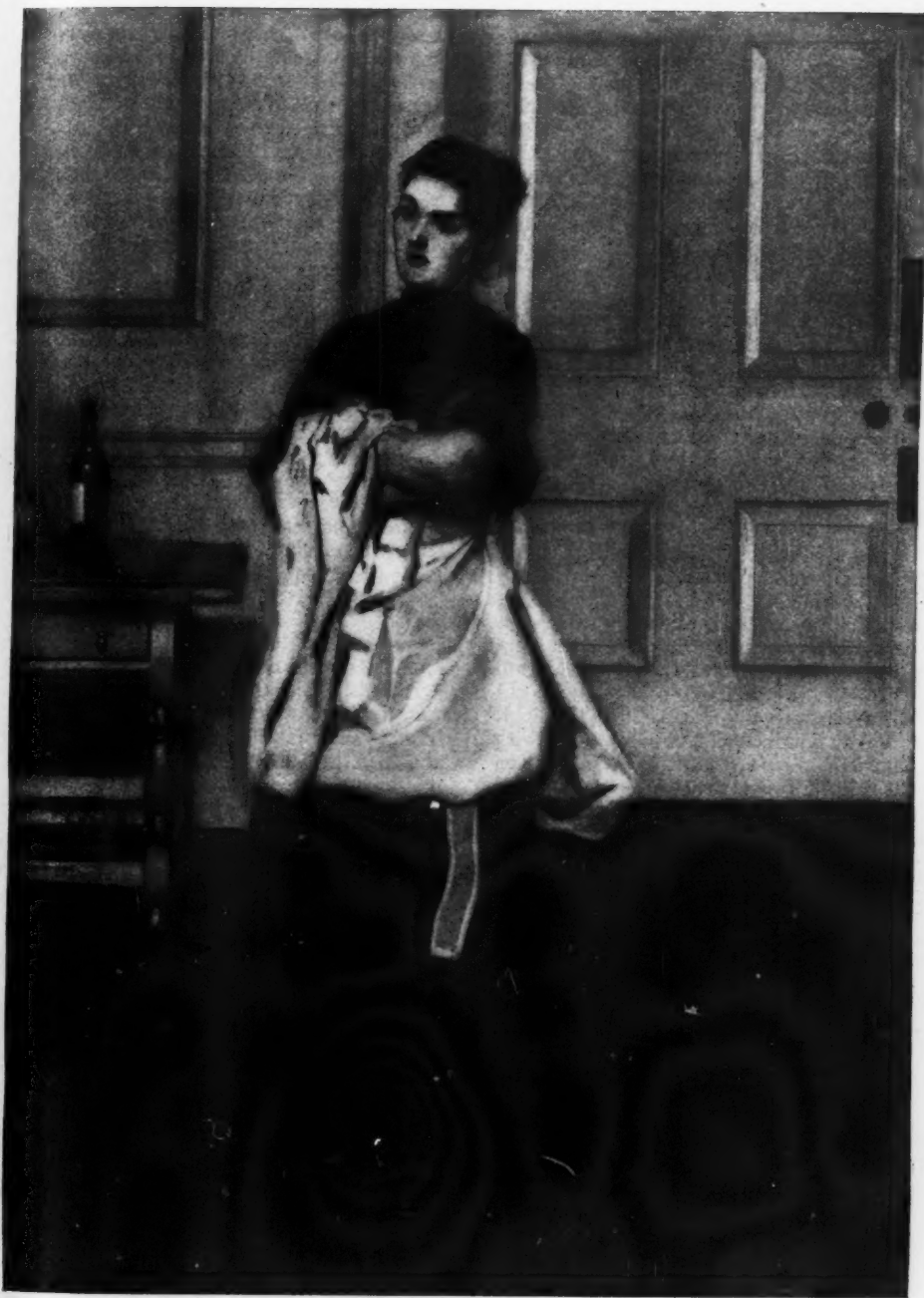
Already Philippa had been dragged, headlong, half-way through the shattered window, and the man whom she had seized was endeavoring to fling her into the flower-bed below, when Warner, leaping forward, hit him heavily in the face and caught the girl's shoulders, jerking her back into the room as her assailant's grasp on her waist relaxed.

The man with the pistol had not been able to use it. He staggered; his weapon fell, and he clung with both hands to the rungs



DRAWN BY FRANK CHADU

"I? The cellar—when Prussians are outside!" exclaimed Magda. "Mo



foi I think Linette and I can be of better use than hiding in the cellar"

as Philippa's assailant went tumbling down the ladder, carrying with him the man directly behind him. And the next moment Warner had upset the ladder, sprung back, and pulled Philippa with him down on the floor.

A hurricane of bullets swept through the shattered window above them; Halkett, from his latticed vantage, was firing, too.

The girl lay panting beside him, silent, her head across his arm.

"Are you hurt?" he whispered.

"Are *you*?"

"No; answer me!" he repeated impatiently.

"He was—very rough. I don't think I am hurt," she breathed.

"You plucky little thing!"

She pressed her cheek against his arm.

"Are you contented with me?" she whispered.

The shots had ceased. After a long interval of quiet, Warner ventured to creep to the window and look through a corner of the ragged lattice-blind. Little by little he raised himself to his knees, peered out, and finally over. The ladder lay there, just below in the garden path; the men were gone. And, even as he looked, the staccato noise of departing motor-cycles broke out like a startling volley of rifle-fire in the night.

For an hour he stood on guard there, with the girl Philippa crouching beside him on the floor. From time to time he called cautiously,

"All well here!"

And the Englishman, from the front windows, always answered,

"All well here!" Finally,

"Halkett!" Warner called. "I believe they've cut away for good!"

Halkett presently appeared in the hallway, coming from the front of the house, as Philippa rose to her knees and stood up, a trifle dazed.

"Warner," he whispered, "a dozen horsemen have just ridden up in front of our house. They look like French gendarmes to me, but it's so dark outside that I am not quite certain. Will you take a look at them?"

Warner ran to the front and gazed out. The road below was filled with mounted gendarmes, their white aiguillettes plainly visible in the dark.

Two had already descended from their horses, and while one held an electric torch,

the other was busily nailing a big placard to the front door of the inn. His hammer-strokes rang out sharply in the darkness. It took only a moment for him to complete his business; the electric torch shifted, flashed upward, was extinguished.

"Mount!" came the quick order from the shadowy group of horsemen. Up onto their high saddles popped the two troopers; there came a trample of hoofs, the dull clank of sabers, and away they galloped into the darkness.

Warner turned slowly, looked hard at Halkett, who merely nodded in reply to the silent question. Philippa slipped downstairs in front of them and began to unlatch the door, as Linette and Magda appeared from the kitchen, carrying lighted candles.

Then, when the front door had swung open, the little group gathered in front of it and read on the placard, by flickering candle light, the decree of the government of republican France.

It was the order for general mobilization. The nation was already at war.

XV

A PALE streak of daybreak along the eastern hills, a blackbird piping, then that intense stillness which heralds the sun.

In mid-heaven, the last star-drops melted, washed out in the gray silver of the sky; a light breeze sighed through the trees, and, sighing, died.

Then, above earth, a sudden misty glory of gold and rose; and through it, as through a veil, the sword-edge of the celestial scimitar curved up, glittering.

Thus dawned the year of war on Saïs.

But the awakening world of summer did not seem to comprehend; the yellow-haired lad who drove his cows to pasture halted to read the placard on the door of the inn, then, whistling his dog to heel, ran forward after his slowly moving herd.

The miller of Saïs drove by on his way to the mill, drew rein to read the placard, looked up at the bullet-shattered window above, then jogged on, his furrowed features unaltered, his aged eyes fixed on his horse's ears.

One or two washerwomen on the way to the meadow pool stood gracefully regarding the poster, flat baskets of clothes balanced on their heads, then moved on through the golden sunrise, still graceful, unhurried,

exchanging leisurely comments on life and death as they walked.

In the kitchen of the Golden Peach, Magda was astir, and presently Linette appeared, very sleepy. As they went about the routine business to which they had been bred, they, too, exchanged tranquil views concerning emperors and kings and the mortality of all flesh. Also, they took counsel together regarding the return of Madame Arlon, the ultimate necessity of summoning a glazier from Ausone, the damage done in the garden by the ladder.

The door of Philippa's bedroom remained closed; Warner's door, also. But Halkett, his hands in his pockets, was out at sunrise, pacing the road in front of the inn, sometimes looking up at the shot-riddled windows, or at the placard on the front door, or at the telephone-wires along the road, which appeared to be intact, as far as he could see. But somewhere they had been cut, and communication still remained interrupted.

Deeply worried over the non-appearance of Gray, the cutting of the telephone-wires now became a matter of serious concern to him. He scarcely knew how to act in his sudden isolation, and, though his instructions held him at Saïs until further orders, the decree for general mobilization would have started him off for Paris except for one thing. That was the continued absence of Gray and the possibility that something alarming had happened to him.

He could not take his envelop and start for England until he had met Gray or some authorized messenger from Gray. He had not explained this to Warner.

But the truth was that what plans he carried were useless without the interlocking plans carried by Gray. All the eggs had not been entrusted to a single basket. And, viceversa, the information carried by Gray was of no practical account until supplemented by the contents of the long, thin envelop.

Gray's papers and his, taken together, were of vital importance to England or to any enemy of England; separate, they could be of no use to anybody, enemy or ally.

The determined attack on him the night before proved that others besides himself understood this. And it also made him realize the more clearly that since he had parted from Gray in Antwerp, the latter had been as open to such attacks as had he.

The question now was: Had they caught Gray? If so, it must have occurred within the last thirty-six hours, because he had talked over the telephone to Gray the evening of his own arrival at Saïs.

But since that conversation, which ended with the understanding that Gray should set out on his motor-cycle for Saïs, not a word had he heard concerning his colleague, except that his cap had been found on the road south of Saïs, and that the condition of the roadside bank and a few drops of blood gave evidence of an accident—if, indeed, it had been an accident.

Nor had Halkett any idea who it was that had called him up on the telephone to tell him this.

As he stood there, looking down the road, terribly perplexed and filled with keenest apprehensions concerning his colleague, far away through the vista of poplars and telephone-poles something white glimmered in the sunlit road.

It was the white cornette of a Sister of Charity. After a few minutes, Halkett recognized the advancing figure and walked forward to meet her. The color of early morning freshened her youthful cheeks, framed by the snowy wimple. She extended a friendly hand to him in salutation as he came up and uncovered.

"At such an hour, *monsieur*, only birds and Sisters of Charity are supposed to be on the wing. Is it curiosity that has awakened you to see how the sun really looks when it rises?"

But, as she spoke, she detected the deep anxiety which his smile masked, and her own face became responsively serious.

"Have you had bad news?" she asked gently.

"Worse—I have had no news at all. Are you going to the inn?"

"Yes."

"May I help you gather your flowers?" he asked.

"Thank you—if you care to."

They walked on in silence, skirted the garden wall westward, then north to the bullet-splintered green door.

Immediately she noticed the scars of the fusillade, gazed at them curiously for a moment, then laid a questioning forefinger across a bullet-hole.

And while she stood so, he told her in a few words what had occurred the night before—told her everything, including the

affixing of the notice ordering a general mobilization. She listened, her finger still resting over the shot-hole, her calm face raised to his. And, when he ended,

"Then it is war already," she said quietly.

"War has not been declared. Yes; it is virtually war. Why not say so?"

She nodded; he pushed open the heavy little door, and Sister Eila bent her white-coiffed head and stepped lightly into the garden. For a while she moved slowly along the flower-bordered paths, as though uncertain what to choose from among the perfumed thickets; then, setting her osier basket on the edge of the walk, she knelt down before the white clove-pinks, and Halkett dropped on his knees beside her. They worked there together, exchanging scarcely a word, slowly filling the basket which lay between them.

Ariadne came up with a cheery mew of greeting, and after marching around and rubbing herself against Halkett, mounted to his shoulders and settled down, purring like a teakettle beside his ear.

When the basket was filled, Sister Eila stood up and straightened her shoulders, and Halkett rose, too, the cat still perched on his shoulder.

He lifted the flower-heaped basket and set it in the shade of the arbor; Sister Eila seated herself, and Halkett sat down on the stone steps at her feet.

After a silence, made resonant with Ariadne's loudly cadenced purring, Sister Eila clasped her hands in her lap and looked steadily down at the heap of flowers in the green osier basket.

"What is going to happen?" she asked, in a low voice. "If there is to be a war, it will come here, I suppose."

"I am afraid so."

"Yes; Saïs cannot escape."

"The Vosges are too near," he nodded. "So is Ausone. So is the Rhine, for that matter." He glanced up at her from where he sat caressing Ariadne. "Belgium also is too near, Sister Eila."

"You believe *they* will arrive that way?"

"I feel very certain of it. And this means that England moves."

"Where?"

"To the firing-line."

"With France?"

"Yes, Sister."

She said quietly:

"That is as it should be, Mr. Halkett.

The two great wardens of European liberty should stand together in its defense."

"They've got to stand for *each other*," he said, "whatever else they stand for."

"Alsace—Lorraine; I think this is to be a very holy war—for France," she murmured to herself.

He said nothing. He was not very clear concerning the exact amount of holiness involved, but he knew that war had now become a necessity to England, if she meant to retain the autocracy of the seas.

"We're bound to go in," he remarked, stroking Ariadne; "there's nothing else left for us to do. And if they don't give us an excuse by invading Belgium, we'll go in, anyway. That's the meaning of all this. It has only one real meaning. The 'Day' they've been drinking to so long is—To-day! This entire matter has got to be settled once and for all. And that's the truth, Sister Eila."

He sat for a while silent, gazing out across the quiet garden. Then, again,

"As for Saïs, if there is an invasion of France, it must pass this way; if the Vosges are to be defended, Saïs will see war."

"That will be very sad for us," she said. "It seems as though there were already enough violence and misery in the quarries—enough of wretchedness and poverty. If the quarrymen are called to the colors with their classes, and if the quarries and cement-works close, I don't know what is to become of our school."

"You said that it is a free school."

"Yes; but the children live elsewhere, and are clothed and fed elsewhere. Except at noontime, we do not feed them. If we had money to provide beds and food, the school is large enough to shelter the children. However, I suppose we shall hear from the Rue du Bac—the mother-house, you know."

She rose, picked up her basket of flowers, and Halkett also stood up.

"Good-by," she said. "Thank you for helping. I—I suppose you do not remain very long in Saïs?"

"I don't know how long."

She inclined her young head gravely. They walked together to the green door in the wall, and again her eyes became riveted on the bullet-marks.

"Perhaps," she said, "you will have time to—to come to the school again before you leave Saïs—unless you think it dangerous—"

He looked up, then away from her.

"I'll come to the school."

"Then—it is *au revoir*, I hope."

He stood uncovered, holding open the door, and, as she passed in front of him, he took from her basket a white clove-pink. She saw what he did, and halted instinctively to give him his choice. Suddenly, without any reason, her cheeks flushed brightly; she bent her head and stepped quickly through the archway, leaving him standing there with the dull color deepening in his sun-tanned face.

Warner discovered him still standing where she had left him, the white blossom hanging from his clenched fist.

"Well," he said, "how did you sleep after that villainous business of last night?"

"Thanks; I slept," replied Halkett, rousing himself.

They went into the arbor together, and presently Linette came out of the house carrying their coffee.

"Where is your little friend Philippa?" inquired the Englishman, with an effort.

"In bed, I fancy. Linette has just taken up her *café au lait*. I think the child is feeling the reaction."

"No wonder. Plucky little thing!"

"Yes. But what on earth am I going to do with her, Halkett? Ought I to wait until that old scoundrel, Wildresse, comes here or telephones? Ought I to try to persuade her to go back to that cabaret? Ought I to telephone that she is safe here?"

"The wires are cut."

"I know. Somebody will fix them, though. Do you think I'd better try to persuade Philippa to let me drive her over to Ausone in the trap? If I'm to keep her, I ought to have an interview with Wildresse, or she and I will get into trouble."

"O Lord!" said Halkett. "That's your affair. Listen, Warner: I'm that worried about Gray I can't think of anything else. Something serious certainly has happened to him. And until those wires are repaired, I shan't know what to do. Is there any other way we can communicate with Ausone?"

"None that I know of, unless somebody goes over there. I can do that, if you like. I can drive over in the trap. Of course, the telephone people already know that there's a break on the line, and no doubt they're out now looking for it. We'll

be in communication with Ausone by noon, I expect."

For a little while they exchanged views concerning the attack of the previous night, and Halkett was of the opinion that the order for mobilization would now restrain any further violence on the part of those who had been following him, if, indeed, it did not entirely clear them out of France. And he expressed a desire for the envelop.

So Warner went into the house, lifted the partly hardened skin of white lead from the canvas, disinterred the envelop, wiped it clean, and brought it out to Halkett. The Englishman put it into his breast-pocket.

"It was perfectly safe where it was," remarked the other. "It's an invitation to murder where it is now."

"Yes; but it's no good to anybody unless Gray turns up. I wish to God I knew what had become of that man! I think I'll try the telephone again."

He rose and walked swiftly toward the house, Ariadne trotting at his heels. Even as he approached, he heard the telephone-bell ringing, and hastened his steps toward the house.

But, as he entered, the girl Philippa stepped into the hallway, and he caught a glimpse of a slim, barefooted figure, holding with one hand the folds of a shabby chamber-robe around her, and with the other the receiver.

"What?" she cried, in answer to a question. "Yes; I am Philippa. Oh, it's *you*! I thought so. What do you desire of me?"

What Wildresse desired of the girl, Philippa, intimately concerned Halkett. He coolly remained to listen.

"No," she said, in her clear, emotionless voice; "I shall not come back. . . . Very well; if the government agents want me, they can find me here. . . . You may threaten me with arrest by the government if you choose, but I know that you are more afraid of the government than I am. . . . *Why* shouldn't I say it? . . . Yes; I know quite well that we are going to have war. . . . You say that the Germans are already across the duchy? Skirmishing before Longwy? Very well; why don't you inform *one* of your governments? . . . No; I won't keep quiet! No, no, no! What you say does not frighten me. I refuse to return. . . . Because I am now in an honest business for myself.

... Yes; it *is* an honest business. I am permitted to pose for an artist of great distinction. . . . What you *say* does not frighten me; but what you *are* does cause me some apprehension. And knowing as much as I do know about you, I seriously advise you to leave France. . . . No; I haven't said such a thing to anybody else; but I am likely to, so you had better hasten to leave for America. Yes; I will tell you why, if you wish. It is because there are always *two* millstones when anything is to be crushed. War is now beginning to bring those two stones together. The mill-wheel already is turning. When the two millstones meet, the little meal-worm that has remained between them so long in safety is going to be crushed. . . . Oh, yes; you *do* know what I mean! You also know *who* I mean. Very well, then, if you don't I'll tell you this much: Double wages never are paid by a single master. I learned that yesterday when you gave me the *wrong* paper to forward to Paris with the others. Fortunately for you, I read it. I then burnt it to ashes and took my clothes and my punt and my departure. I might have continued to endure what you had accustomed me to. But *two* masters! Faugh! The horror of it! . . . Fear? If you really think *that* of me, then you have never really known me. It was disgust and shame that drove me toward liberty. . . . Yes; this that I say is final. You *dare* not interfere! . . . Then I'll say this: If you do not leave France now, *at once*, in this moment of her peril, I *will* tell what I know to the first soldier of France who crosses my path! I am not afraid of you, I tell you. . . . Believe me, you are well rid of me. I warn you, in God's name, to let me alone!"

She hung up the receiver, turned, and mounted the stairs with flying feet, but, at the top landing, Halkett's quiet voice halted her.

"I was listening, Philippa. What that man says or does may cost me dear. What did he want of you?"

"Mr. Halkett"—leaning swiftly toward him over the hand rail above—"he is the most ignoble of creatures! And after five years I learned only yesterday that he sells his filthy secrets in *two* markets—three, perhaps; I don't know how many. And I no longer care. It ceases to interest me."

"Wait! It interests *me*!"

"But I can't say any more to you than I have——"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. *Can* I? You know better than I. But I don't wish to betray anybody, even such a man as—as——"

"Wildresse?"

"Yes."

"Is he also betraying France?"

"I—I don't know. I suppose it is that. I haven't yet tried to comprehend it."

"What was the paper you started to forward, then read, and finally burnt?"

"It was a letter directed to a Mr. Esser. He is a German."

"The head of the Esser cement-works?"

"Yes."

"What was in the letter?"

"A list of the guns in the Ausone fort, and a plan of the emplacements on tissue-paper. Perhaps I am stupid; but I could guess what a German wanted with a plan of a French fort. It was enough for me. I took my punt and my effects, and I departed."

"You burnt the letter?"

"In my candle. Also, I wrote on a piece of paper, 'You damned traitor!' and I pinned it on *his* door. Then I went out by the garden door with my leather trunk on my head!"

"Come down when you are dressed," said Halkett, and walked back through the hallway to the garden.

"Warner," he said, "this old spider, Wildresse, is certainly a bad lot. I'd have him arrested by French gendarmes if I were certain that England is going in. But I dare not chance it until I'm sure. Perhaps I dare not chance it at all, because if he has had anything to do with Gray's disappearance, as I am beginning to suspect, it would not do to have the French authorities examine my papers."

"Why?"

"Because—if they have already seized Gray's papers, they will secure military information which perhaps my government might not care to have even an ally possess. I don't know whether Gray is living or dead; I don't know *who* has Gray's papers at this instant. That's the trouble. And I'm hanged if I know what to do! I'm stumped, and that's the devilish truth!"

He took a few quick, uncertain steps along the flower-beds, turned, came back to the arbor, where Warner was seated.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"Take them to Sister Eila! Hurry, Philippa——"

"It's a mess," he said. "Even if agents employed by Wildresse have robbed Gray—murdered him, perhaps, to do it—I don't know what Wildresse means to do with Gray's papers."

"What!"

Halkett nodded:

"Yes; he's *that* kind! Pleasant, isn't it? If he has Gray's papers, it may be France that will pay him for them; it may be that Germany has already bought and paid him for them. In either case, carrying the papers I carry, I hesitate to ask for his arrest. Do you understand?"

"Very clearly. If there is any way you can think of to get hold of this scoundrel, I'll be glad to help. Shall we drive over to Ausone and try?"

"You're very kind, Warner. I don't know; I want to think it over——"

He turned and walked back to the house, entered the hallway, unhooked the telephone, and finally was given his connection—not the one he had asked for.

A voice said curtly,

"During mobilization no private messages are transmitted." Click! And the connection was severed. Again and again he made the attempt; no further attention was paid to his ringing. Finally, he hung up the receiver and started to go out through the front doorway. As he crossed the threshold, a young man in tweeds rode up on a bicycle, stepped off, and, lifting his cap to Halkett, said politely:

"Monsieur Halkett, if you please? Is he still residing here at the Golden Peach?"

Halkett's right hand dropped carelessly into the side pocket of his coat. When he had cocked his automatic, he said pleasantly,

"I am Mr. Halkett."

The young man said smilingly, in perfect English,

"Do you expect a friend, Mr. Halkett?"

"Perhaps."

"Possibly you expect a Mr. Reginald Gray?"

"Possibly."

"He has been injured."

"Really?"

"Yes; rather seriously. He lost control of his motor-cycle two nights ago. He was on his way to join you here."

"Indeed?"

"So he told me before he became unconscious."

"Is he still unconscious?"

"No; but he is too weak to move."

"Where is he?"

"At my house in Bois d'Avril. I was motoring that evening, and I found him in the road, insensible. So I lifted him into my car, slung his motor-cycle on behind, and went top speed for home. He's in my own house in Bois d'Avril. The physician thinks he will recover."

"What is your telephone number?" asked Halkett bluntly.

The young man gave it, adding that the transmission of private messages had, unfortunately, been suspended during mobilization. Which Halkett knew to be true.

"Very well," he said; "I shall go to Bois d'Avril at once——"

"It is not necessary. I have a message for you, and some papers from Mr. Gray."

"Really?"

The young man smiled, drew from his inner pocket a long, thin envelop, and handed it to Halkett. The latter held it in his hand, looking steadily into the stranger's pleasant face for a full minute, then he coolly opened the envelop.

Inside were the missing papers concerning the Harkness shell, complete.

There could be no doubt concerning their identity; he recognized them at a glance. A deep sigh of relief escaped him. Halkett said,

"There's no use trying to thank you."

"It's quite all right," interrupted the young man smilingly. "If you don't mind offering me a drink—the road over was rather dusty."

"Leave your wheel there and come in!" exclaimed Halkett cordially, stepping aside in the doorway.

The young man laid his bicycle against the steps, turned with a smile, and entered the doorway. As he passed, he turned like lightning and struck Halkett full between the eyes with his clenched fist.

XVI

THE terrific impact of the blow sent Halkett reeling across the threshold. Partly stunned, he caught at the banister, groping instinctively for the pistol. And already he had contrived to drag it clear of his side pocket when another blow sent him staggering back against the stair-rail; the pistol flew out of his hand and went spinning down the hallway over the polished floor.

As Halkett crashed into the banister and fell full-length, Philippa, in her red skirt and bodice, appeared on the stairs above. The young man, who had dropped on his knees beside Halkett, and who had already torn open his coat, caught sight of the girl as she flew past him down the stairs, and he leaped to his feet to intercept her.

On the newel-post stood a tall, wrought-iron lamp. As he blocked her way, she hesitated an instant, then threw all her weight against the heavy metal standard, pushing with both hands; and the iron lamp swayed forward and fell.

As the young man leaped clear of the falling fixture, Philippa vaulted the stair-rail into the hallway below. He saw instantly what she was after; both sprang forward to snatch the pistol. As she stooped for it and seized it, he caught her arm; and she twisted around on him, beating his head and breast with her free hand while he strove desperately to master the outstretched arm which still clutched Halkett's pistol. To and fro they swayed over the slippery floor of the hallway, until he forced back her arm to the breaking-point. Then the pistol clattered to the floor.

Instantly she kicked it under a tall secretary, where the register was kept. Holding her at arm's length with one hand, he managed to drag the heavy piece of furniture on its casters away from the wall, far enough to uncover the pistol.

As he stooped for the weapon, she wrenched herself free, kicked it away from beneath his fingers, which already touched it, and, wrenching a framed engraving from the wall behind her, hurled it at him with both hands.

He leaped nimbly aside to avoid it, but another picture followed, and then a mantel-clock and two vases went smashing against the secretary behind which he had taken shelter. And suddenly she seized the secretary itself, and with one supreme effort tipped it over toward him, driving him again from cover and from the vicinity of the weapon they both were fighting to secure.

As the big oak secretary fell and the glass doors crashed into splinters, she stooped, snatched Halkett's pistol from the floor, and crept forward along the base of the staircase. But the young man had whipped out a revolver of his own, and was

now standing astride of Halkett's body, panting, speechless, but menacing her with gesture and weapon.

She shrank aside and crouched low under the staircase, resting there, disheveled, bleeding, half naked, struggling for breath, but watching his every movement out of brilliant, implacable eyes. Every time he ventured to bend down over Halkett or make the slightest motion toward the fallen man's breast-pockets, Philippa stopped his operations with leveled pistol, forcing him to spring to his feet again.

Suddenly, behind him in the doorway, appeared Magda and Linette, coming from the meadow across the road, carrying between them a basket of freshly washed linen. Like a flash he turned on them and drove them back and out of doors at the point of his weapon, then whirled about, aimed full at Philippa, slammed and bolted the front door behind him, and, covering her with his revolver, ran forward to the foot of the stairs, where his victim still lay unconscious. Catching the senseless man by the sleeve, he strove desperately to rip the coat from the inert body, while keeping his revolver pointed at Philippa's hiding-place under the stairs.

As he stood there, tugging furiously at the fallen man's coat, into the rear of the hallway ran Warner, his automatic lifted. Both men fired at the same instant, and the intruder dropped Halkett's arm. Then he ran for the stairway. Up the stairs he leaped, shooting back at Warner as he mounted to the landing above; and the American sped after him, followed by Philippa, as far as the foot of the stairway.

Here Warner hesitated for a few moments; then he began cautiously to negotiate the stairway, creeping step by step with infinite precaution. When, at last, he had disappeared on the landing above, Philippa, listening breathlessly below, heard Halkett stir and then groan. As she turned, the Englishman lifted himself on one elbow, fumbled instinctively in his breast-pockets, and drew out two envelopes.

"Take them to Sister Eila! Hurry, Philippa—" He passed a shaking hand across his eyes, swayed to a sitting posture, caught at the stair-rail, and dragged himself to his feet.

"Give me that pistol," he muttered. She handed it to him; he groped in his pockets for a few moments, found a clip, reloaded,

The Girl Philippa

and, reeling slightly, walked, with her aid, as far as the front door. Philippa opened it for him.

"Where is this man?" he asked vaguely.

"Mr. Warner followed him up-stairs."

He pressed his hand over his battered head, nodded, extended the two envelopes to her.

"Sister Eila," he repeated.

Philippa took the papers; he straightened his shoulders with a visible effort; then, steadying himself by the hand-rail, he started to ascend the stairs.

The girl watched him mount slowly to the landing above, saw him disappear, stood listening a moment longer. Magda and Linette came stealing into the hallway. Philippa pointed to the telephone.

"Call the gendarmes at Ausone!" she whispered. "I must go to—"

A shot from above cut her short. All three women stood gazing up at the landing, in startled silence.

"Quick—the telephone! The *gendarmerie*!" cried Philippa.

Magda ran to the box; and, at the same instant, a man swung over the stair-well, dropped to the hallway below, swung around on Magda, pushed her violently from the telephone, and seizing the receiver ripped it out by the roots.

Philippa had already turned and slipped through the doorway, both envelopes tightly clutched in her hand. Directly in her path stood the intruder's bicycle; and she seized the handles, righted it, and leaped into the saddle before he could reach the front door.

He ran up the road behind her for a little distance, but she had already found her balance and was increasing her speed over the smooth white highway. Then the young man halted, carefully leveled his revolver, steadied his aim with his left elbow, and, standing in mid-road, he deliberately directed a stream of lead after the crouching fugitive.

The last bullet from his magazine sent her veering widely from her path; the machine sheered in a half-circle, staggered, slid down into the grassy ditch, flinging the girl off sideways among the weeds.

Philippa got up slowly, as though dazed or hurt. The young man hurried forward, reloading his weapon as he ran, but a shot from behind warned him away from the trail of the limping girl, who was now trying to escape on foot.

Whirling in his tracks, he stood for a second glaring at Halkett and Warner, who were advancing, shooting as they came on; then, with a savage glance at Philippa, he fired at her once more, turned, mounted the roadside bank in a single leap, and ran swiftly along the hedge, evidently looking for an opening into the field beyond.

When he found one, he wriggled through and was off like a hare, across the fields and headed for the river, before Halkett and Warner could discover his avenue of escape. Checked for a few moments, they ranged the thorny hedge up and down like baffled beagles. They had overrun the trail.

Warner was already within hailing-distance of Philippa when the girl called to him.

"Are you hurt?" he called across to her, where she stood knee-deep among the roadside weeds, trying to draw together the points of her torn bodice to cover her throat and shoulders.

"The tire burst. I have a few scratches."

"Did he get the papers?" shouted Halkett.

She drew both envelopes from her bosom, and shook them high with a gesture of defiance. Then, replacing them, she made a funnel of her hands and called out to them:

"He crawled under the hedge by that third telephone-pole behind you! You have come too far this way! No; the *other* pole! Wait a moment, Mr. Warner—"

Still calling out her directions in her clear, calm voice, she started to limp down the road toward them, and Warner glanced back at her for a moment; then he suddenly flung up his arm and shouted:

"Philippa! Look out for that car behind you!"

The girl turned, saw the automobile coming, stepped aside into the ditch as cloud of white dust obscured her.

Before she realized that the car had stopped, three men jumped out into the ditch and caught hold of her.

Warner heard her cry out, started to run toward her, saw her flung struggling into the car, saw Wildresse rise and strike her with his great fist and knock her headlong across the back seat, where she lay, her disheveled head hanging down over the rear of the tonneau. Then the car started. As she hung there, blood dripping from her mouth, she reached blindly toward her



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"Will you do this for—France, Sister Eila?" "Yes"—she lifted her
grave young eyes—"for France"

The Girl Philippa

breast, drew out the envelops, and dropped them in the wake of the moving car.

They fluttered along behind it for a moment, drawn into the dusty suction; then they were whirled away, right and left, into the roadside ditch.

Evidently nobody in the car except Philippa knew what she had done, for the car, at top speed, dashed on toward the north.

Halkett ran up and found Warner gazing vacantly after the receding machine, pistol leveled but not daring to shoot. Then they both saw Wildresse jerk the half-senseless girl upright, saw him strike her again with the flat of his huge hand so heavily that she crumpled and dropped back into the corner of the seat.

"God!" whispered Halkett, at Warner's elbow. "Did you see that?"

Warner, as white as death, made no reply. The car had vanished, but he still stood there staring at the distant cloud of dust settling slowly in the highway. Presently Halkett walked forward, picked up the two envelops, pocketed them, and returned swiftly to where the American still stood, his grim features set, the red stain from his bitten lip streaking his chin.

"Warner?"

"Yes?" he answered steadily.

"We'd better start after that man at once."

"Certainly."

Halkett said:

"Have your horse hooked up as soon as you can. I think"—his voice trembled, but he controlled it—"I am horribly afraid for that child. He would cut her throat if he dared."

Warner turned a ghastly visage to his companion.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she knows enough about him to send him before a firing squad," said Halkett. "That's the trouble, Warner."

They turned and walked rapidly toward the inn.

Warner spoke presently in an altered voice but with the mechanical precision of a man afraid of emotion and any wavering of self-control.

"I'm going to Ausone at once to find her. Wherever I find her, I shall take her. It makes no difference to me who objects.

She is going to have her chance in life. I shall see to that."

Halkett drew a deep breath.

"Did you ever hear of such a plucky battle as she gave that rascal after he got me? I never shall forget what she has done."

They entered the front door of the inn, almost running; Warner continued on toward the garden and the stable beyond; Halkett halted at the telephone, gazed grimly at the ruined instrument, realized that he was again isolated, and called impatiently to Linette, who, with Magda, was gathering up and sweeping aside the debris of the wrecked furniture.

"Linette," he said, "would you do something to help me?"

"Willingly, *monsieur*."

"Go to the school. Say to Sister Eila that I am in real need of her. Ask her if she could come here at once, because I cannot go to her."

The girl nodded, turned, and went out rapidly by the front way. Halkett hastened up-stairs to his room.

When again he returned, the dog-cart had just driven up, and Warner sat waiting in silence, reins and whip in hand.

But Halkett had a letter to write before he could start; and it was slow work, because the letter must be written in a cipher, the key to which was the solar spectrum and the three metallic symbols. He had scarcely completed his letter when Sister Eila and Linette entered the hallway together.

The Sister of Charity caught sight of him through the doorway as he rose from his seat in the empty dining-room, and she instantly went to him.

He thanked Linette, closed the door, and turned to Sister Eila.

"There's nobody else I can trust," he said. "Will you help me?"

"You know I will."

He drew the two envelops from his breast-pocket and handed them to her in silence. Then he laid on the table the letter which he had just written.

"I am obliged to go to Ausone," he said. "It will take me several hours, I suppose, to go, attend to my business, and return. Could you remain here at the inn until I can get back?"

"Yes; Sister Félicité is with the children."

"Then this is what you must know and prepare for: If, while I am away, a man should come here and ask for me, you shall show him this letter lying on the table, and you shall say to him that I left it here for a man whom I have been expecting. You will stand here and watch him while he is reading this letter. If he really *can* read it, then he will ask for pen and ink, and he will change the punctuation of what I have written on the envelop: '*This, redibis non, morieris in bello.*' As I have punctuated it, it means: 'Thou shalt go; thou shalt *not* return; thou shalt die in battle!'"

"But if he *can* read what is inside the envelop, he will erase the comma after the word '*non,*' and insert a comma after the word '*redibis.*' And the translation will then read: 'Thou shalt go; thou shalt return; thou shalt *not* die in battle!' Is all this quite clear to you, Sister?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, if a man comes here and asks for me, and if you see that he really has understood the letter which is written in cipher, then, after he has repunctuated what I have written, give him the other two envelops which I have entrusted to you."

"Will you do this for—France, Sister Eila?"

"Yes"—she lifted her grave young eyes—"for France."

Through the open dining-room window Sister Eila watched his departure, smiling her *adieux* as the two men turned toward her and uncovered.

Then she seated herself by the window-sill and rested her cheek on her palm, gazing out at the blue sky with vague, enraptured eyes that saw a vision of beatitude perhaps, perhaps the glimmering aura of an earthly martyrdom in the summer sunshine.

And possibly a vision less holy invaded her tranquil trance, for she suddenly straightened her young shoulders, picked up the crucifix at her girdle, and gazed upon it rather fixedly.

The color slowly cooled in her cheeks till they were as white as the spotless wimple that framed them in its snowy oval.

After a while, rosary and crucifix fell between her relaxing hands, and she looked up at the blue foothills of the Vosges with bluer eyes.

The next moment she sprang to her feet, startled. Over the sparkling hills came sailing through the summer sky a gigantic bird—the most enormous winged creature she had ever beheld. A moment later, the clatter of an aeroplane became audible.

The next instalment of *The Girl Philippa* will appear in the January issue.

Beginning serially in January Cosmopolitan

The Woman Gives

A Story of Regeneration

By Owen Johnson

Author of "*The Varmint*," "*Stover at Yale*," "*The Sixty-first Second*," "*The Salamander*," and "*Making Money*"

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

‘She was almost crying as she blurted out: “But it was only the next day that he was found dead in his stateroom. I never saw him alive after I overheard that talk”

(The Voodoo Mystery)

The Voodoo Mystery

Of all the strangely persistent remnants of primitive culture that still enslave the human mind, none is so potent as the belief in the evil-bringing practises of voodoo which prevails in the West Indies. It is true that in enlightened America we often hear of "hoodoo," which is the same word, but we venture to assume that the idea has no real terrors for any Cosmopolitan reader. Here Craig Kennedy encounters, in New York city, a strange lot of people from the voodoo-infested island of Haiti—a novel experience even for one who has learned so much of the waywardness of human motives. It is an extraordinary situation upon which he has to exercise his genius, and one that, but for his great scientific knowledge, must have had disastrous consequences for several innocent people concerned.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Demon Engine," "The Social Gangster," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"EVERYBODY'S crazy, Kennedy! The whole world's going mad!" Our old friend Burke, of the secret service, scowled at the innocent objects in Craig's laboratory. "And the secret service is as bad as the rest," he went on, still scowling and not waiting for any comment from us. "Why, what with these European spies and agitators, strikers and dynamiters, we're nearly dippy! Here, in less than a week, I've been shifted off war-cases to Mexico, and now to Haiti. I don't mean that I've been away, of course—oh, no! You don't have to go to them. They come to us. Confound it, New York is full of plots and counter-plots!"

Craig listened with sympathy mixed with amusement.

"Can I help you out?" he asked.

"If you don't, I'll be dippy, too," returned Burke, with a whimsical grimace.

"What's the trouble with Haiti, then?" encouraged Kennedy seriously.

"Trouble enough," answered Burke. "Why, here's that Caribbean liner, Haitien, just in from Port au Prince. She's full of refugees—government supporters and revolutionists. You never saw such a menagerie since the ark!"

I watched Burke keenly as he cut loose with his often picturesque language. Somehow, it seemed rather fascinating to have the opera-bouffe side of the Black Republic

presented to us. At least, it was different from anything we had had lately—and perhaps not all opera bouffe, either. Kennedy, at least, thought so, for, although he was very busy at the time, he seemed prepared to lay aside his work to aid Burke.

"You haven't heard about it yet," continued the secret-service man, "but on the Haitien was a man—black, of course—Guillaume Léon. He was a friend of the United States—at least, so he called himself, I believe—wanted a new revolution down there, more American marines landed to bolster up a new government that would clean things up, a new deal all around." Burke paused, then added, by way of explanation of his own attitude in the matter: "That may be all right, perhaps—may be just what they need down there—but we can't let people come here and plot revolutions like that right in New York." "Quite right," agreed Kennedy. "About Léon?"

"Yes; Léon," resumed Burke, getting back to the subject. "Well, I was told by the chief of the service to look out for this fellow. And I did. I thought it would make a good beginning to go down the bay on a revenue tug to meet the Haitien at Quarantine. But, by jingo, no sooner was I over the side of the ship than what do you suppose I ran up against?" He did not pause long enough to give us a guess,

The Voodoo Mystery

but shot out dramatically, "Léon was dead—yes, dead!"

"He died on the voyage up," continued Burke, "just after passing the Gulf Stream, suddenly, and from no apparent cause. At least the ship's surgeon couldn't find any cause, and neither could they down at Quarantine. So, after some time, they let the ship proceed, and placed the whole thing in the hands of the secret service."

"Is there anyone you suspect?" I asked.

"Suspect?" repeated Burke. "I suspect them all. The Haitien was full of niggers—as superstitious as they make 'em. The ship's surgeon tells me that after the body of Léon was discovered, there was such a scene as he had never witnessed. It was more like bedlam than a group of human beings. Some were for putting the body over into the sea immediately. Others threatened murder if it was done. Then, there was a woman there. She seemed to be nearly crazy——"

There came a knock at the door.

"If you'll just go into the next room with Walter," said Craig to Burke, "I'll see you in a few minutes."

I went in with him, and Burke dropped into a chair beside my typewriter. The laboratory door opened. From where we were sitting we could see in a mirror on the opposite wall that it was a girl, dark of skin, perhaps a mulatto, but extremely beautiful, with great brown eyes and just a trace of kinkiness in her black hair. But it was the worried almost hunted look on her face that attracted one's attention most.

I happened to glance at Burke to see whether he had noticed it. I thought his eyes would pop out of his head.

Just then, Kennedy walked across the laboratory and closed our door.

"What's the matter?" I whispered.

But before Burke could reply, a draft opened the door just a bit. He placed his finger on his lips. We could not close the door, and we sat there in our corner unintentional but no less interested eavesdroppers.

"Mademoiselle Collette aux Cayes is my name," she began, with a strangely French accent which we could just understand. "I've heard of you, Professor Kennedy, as a great detective."

"I should be glad to do what I can for you," he returned. "But you mustn't ex-

pect too much. You seem to be in some great trouble."

"Trouble—yes," she replied excitedly. "My name isn't really aux Cayes. That is the name of my guardian, a friend of my father's. Both my father and mother are dead—killed by a mob during an uprising, several years ago. I was in Paris at the time, being educated in a convent, or I suppose I should have been killed, too."

She seemed to take it as a matter of course, from which I concluded that she had been sent to Paris when she was very young and did not remember her parents very well.

"At last the time came for me to go back to Haiti," she resumed. "There is nothing that would interest you about that—except that, after I got back, in Port au Prince, I met a young lawyer—Guillaume Léon."

She hesitated and looked at Craig as though trying to read whether he had ever heard the name before; but Kennedy betrayed nothing. There was more than that in her tone, though. It was evident that Léon had been more than a friend to her.

"Haiti has been so upset during the past months," she went on, "that my guardian decided to go to New York, and, of course, I was taken along with him. It happened that on the ship—the Haitien—Monsieur Léon went also. It was very nice until——" She came to a full stop. Kennedy encouraged her gently, knowing what she was going to tell. "One night, after we had been out some time," she resumed unexpectedly, "I could not sleep, and I went out on the deck to walk and watch the moonlight. As I walked softly up and down, I heard voices, two men in the shadow of one of the cabins. They were talking, and now and then I could catch a word. It was about Guillaume. I heard them say that he was plotting another revolution, that that was the reason he was going to New York. There was something about money, too, although I couldn't get it very clearly. It had to do with an American banking house, Forsythe & Company, I think—money that was to be paid to Guillaume to start an uprising. I think they must have heard me, for I couldn't hear any more and they moved off from the deck, so that I couldn't recognize them. You see, I am not a revolutionist. My guardian belongs to the old order." She stopped

again, as though in doubt just how to go on. "Anyhow," she continued finally, "I determined to tell Guillaume. It would have made it harder for us—but it was he, not his politics, I loved." She was almost crying as she blurted out: "But it was only the next day that he was found dead in his stateroom. I never saw him alive after I overheard that talk."

It was some moments before she had calmed herself so that she could go on.

"You know our people, Professor Kennedy," she resumed, choking back her sobs. "Some said his dead body was like Jonah, and ought to be thrown off to the sea. Then others didn't want to do that. Some said that it ought to be embalmed. And others didn't want it done."

"What do you mean? Who were they?" asked Craig.

"Oh, there was one man—Castine," she replied, hesitating over the name.

"He wanted it thrown overboard?"

"N-no; he didn't want that, either," she replied. "He urged them not to touch it—just to leave it alone."

She was very much frightened, yet something seemed to impel her to go on.

"Oh, Professor Kennedy," she exclaimed, in a sudden burst of renewed feeling, "don't you understand? I—I loved him—even after I found out about the money and what he intended to do with it. I could not see his dear body thrown in the ocean."

She shivered all over at the thought, and it was some time before she said anything more. But Kennedy let her do as she pleased, as he often did when deep emotion was wringing the secrets from people's hearts.

"He is dead!" she sobbed wildly. "Was he poisoned? Oh, can't you find out? Can't you help me?" Suddenly her voice, in wild appeal, sank almost to a hoarse whisper. "You must not let anybody know that I came to you," she implored.

"Why not?"

"Oh—I—I am just afraid—that's all."

There was real fear in her tone and face now, fear for herself.

"Where is the body?" asked Kennedy, to get her mind off whatever hung like an incubus over it.

"Down on the Haitien, at the pier, over in Brooklyn," she replied. "They kept us all interned there. But my guardian had enough influence to get off for a time and,

while he is arranging for quarters for our stay after we are released, I slipped away."

"You must go back to the boat?"

"Oh, yes; we agreed to do that."

"Then I shall be down immediately," Craig promised. "If you will go ahead, I will see you there. Perhaps, at first you had better not recognize me. I will contrive some way to meet you."

"Thank you," she murmured, as she rose to go, now in doubt whether she had done the best thing to come to Craig, now glad that she had some outside assistance.

He accompanied her to the door, bidding her keep up her courage, then closed it, waiting until her footsteps down the hall had died away. Then he opened our door and caught sight of Burke's face.

"That's strange, Burke," he began, before he realized what the expression on his face meant. "There's a woman—what? You don't mean to tell me that you knew her?"

"Why, yes," hastened Burke; "there was a rich old planter, Henri aux Cayes, aboard, too. She's his ward, Mademoiselle Collette."

"That's right," nodded Craig, in surprise.

"She's the woman I was telling you about. She may be a little dark, but she's a beauty, all right. I heard what she said. No wonder she was so frantic, then."

"What do you know of the bankers, Forsythe & Company?" asked Craig.

"Forsythe & Company?" considered Burke. "Well, not much, perhaps. But for a long time, I believe, they've been the bankers and promoters of defunct Caribbean islands, reaping a rich harvest out of the troubles of those decrepit governments."

"H-m," mused Kennedy. "Can you go over to Brooklyn with me now?"

"Of course," agreed Burke, brightening up; "that was what I hoped you'd do."

Kennedy and I were just about to leave the laboratory with Burke when an idea seemed to occur to Craig. He excused himself and went back to a cabinet where I saw him place a little vial and a hypodermic needle in his vest pocket.

Our trip over to the other borough was uneventful, except for the toilsome time we had to get to the docks where South and Central American ships are moored. We boarded the Haitien at last, and Burke led us along the deck toward a cabin. I

The Voodoo Mystery

looked about curiously. There seemed to be the greatest air of suppressed excitement. Everyone was talking, in French, too. Yet everything seemed to be in whispers, as if they were in fear.

We entered the cabin after our guide. There, in the dim light, lay the body of Léon in a bunk. There were several people in the room already, among them the beautiful Mademoiselle Collette. She pretended not to recognize Kennedy until we were introduced, but I fancied I saw her start at finding him in company with Burke. Yet she did not exhibit anything more than surprise, which was quite natural.

Burke turned the sheet down from the face of the figure in the bunk. Léon had been a fine-looking specimen of his race. Kennedy bent over and examined the body carefully.

"A very strange case," remarked the ship's surgeon, whom Burke beckoned over a moment later.

"Quite," agreed Craig absently, as he drew the vial and the hypodermic from his pocket, dipped the needle in, and shot a dose of the stuff into the side of the body.

"I can't find out that there is any definite cause of death," resumed the surgeon.

Before Craig could reply, some one else entered the darkened cabin. We turned and saw Collette run over to him and take his hand.

"My guardian, Monsieur aux Cayes," she introduced, then turned to him with a voluble explanation of something in French.

Aux Cayes was a rather distinguished-looking Haitien, darker than Collette, but evidently of the better class and one who commanded respect among the natives.

"It is quite extraordinary," he said, with a marked accent, taking up the surgeon's remark. "As for these people"—he threw out his hands in a deprecating gesture—"one cannot blame them for being perplexed when you doctors disagree."

Kennedy had covered up Léon's face again, and Collette was crying softly.

"Don't, my dear child!" soothed aux Cayes, patting her shoulder gently.

It was evident that he adored his beautiful ward and would have done anything to relieve her grief. Kennedy evidently thought it best to leave the two together, as aux Cayes continued to talk to her in familiar phrases from the French.

"Were there any other people on the boat who might be worth watching?" he asked, as we rejoined Burke, who was looking about at the gaping crowd.

Burke indicated a group.

"Well, there was an old man, Castine, and the woman he calls his wife," he replied. "They were the ones who really kept the rest from throwing the body overboard."

"Oh, yes," assented Kennedy; "she told me about them. Are they here now?"

Burke moved over to the group and beckoned some one aside toward us. Castine was an old man with gray hair, and a beard which gave him quite an appearance of wisdom, besides being a matter of distinction among those who were beardless. With him was Madame Castine, much younger and not unattractive for a negress.

"You knew Monsieur Léon well?" asked Kennedy.

"We knew him in Port au Prince—like everybody," replied Castine.

"Do you know of any enemies of his on the boat?" cut in Burke. "You were present when they were demanding that his body be thrown over, were you not? Who was foremost in that?"

Castine shrugged his shoulders in a deprecatory manner.

"I do not speak English very well," he replied. "It was only those who fear the dead."

There was evidently nothing to be gained by trying on him any of Burke's third-degree methods. He had always that refuge that he did not understand very well.

I turned and saw that Collette and aux Cayes had come out of the cabin to the deck together, he holding her arm while she dabbed the tears away from her eyes.

At the sight of us talking to Castine and the other woman, she seemed to catch her breath. She did not speak to us, but I saw the two women exchange a glance of appraisal, and I determined that "Madame" Castine was at least worth observing.

By the attitude of the group from which we had drawn them, Castine, it seemed, exercised some kind of influence over all—rich and poor, revolutionist and government supporter.

The appearance of Collette occasioned a buzz of conversation and glances, and it was only a moment before she retreated into the cabin again. Apparently she did



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"But, by jingo, no sooner was I over the side of the ship than what do you suppose I ran up against?"

The Voodoo Mystery

not wish to lose anything as long as Kennedy and Burke were about.

Kennedy did not seem to be so much interested in quizzing Castine just yet, now that he had seen him, as he was in passing the time profitably for a few minutes. He looked at his watch, snapped it back into his pocket, and walked deliberately into the cabin again.

There he drew back the cover over Léon's face, bent over it, raised the lids of the eyes, and gazed into them.

Collette, who had been standing near him, watching every motion, drew back with an exclamation of horror and surprise.

"The voodoo sign is on him!" she cried. "It must be that!"

Almost in panic she fled, dragging her guardian with her.

I, too, looked. The man's eyes were actually green now. What did it mean?

"Burke," remarked Kennedy decisively, "I shall take the responsibility of having the body transferred to my laboratory where I can observe it. I'll leave you to attend to the formalities with the coroner. Then I want you to get in touch with Forsythe & Company. Watch them, and watch their visitors particularly."

A private ambulance was called, and the body of Léon was carried on a stretcher, covered by a sheet, down the gangplank and placed in it. We followed closely in a taxi-cab, across the bridge and up-town.

For some days, I may say, Kennedy had been at work in his laboratory in a little anteroom, where he was installing some new apparatus. It was a very complicated affair, one part of which seemed to be a veritable room within the room. Into this chamber, as it were, he now directed the men to carry Léon's body and lay it on a sort of bed, or pallet, that was let down from the side wall of the compartment.

Outside the small chamber I have spoken of, in the room itself were several large pieces of machinery, huge cylinders with wheels and belts, run by electric motors. No sooner had the body been placed in the little chamber and the door carefully closed than Kennedy threw a switch, setting the apparatus in motion.

"How could Léon have been killed?" I asked, as he rejoined me in the outside laboratory. "What did Collette mean by her frightened cry of the 'voodoo sign'?"

The incident had made a marked impres-

sion on me, and I had been unable quite to arrive at any sensible explanation.

"Of course, you know that 'voodoo' means anything that inspires fear," remarked Kennedy, after a moment's thought. "The god of voodoo is the snake. I cannot say now what it was that she feared. But to see the eyeballs turn green is uncanny, isn't it?"

"I should say so," I agreed. "But is that all?"

He shook his head.

"No; I don't believe it is. Haiti is the hotbed of voodoo worship. The cult has inaugurated a sort of priesthood—often a priest and priestess, called *papaloi* and *mammaloi*—papa and mamma, probably with a corruption of the French word, *roi*, king. They are, as it were, heads of the community, father and mother, king and queen. Some of the leading men of the communities in the islands of the Caribbean are secret voodooists and leaders. As to just what is going on under the surface in this case, I cannot even hazard a guess. But there is some deviltry afoot."

Just then the telephone-bell rang.

"It was from Burke," Craig said, as he hung up the receiver. "No one from the ship seems to have been down to see Forsythe, but Forsythe has had people over at the ship. Burke says some one is sending off great bunches of messages to Haiti—he thinks the powerful wireless apparatus of the Haitien is being used."

For a moment, Kennedy stood in the center of the laboratory, thinking. Then he appeared to make up his mind.

"Has that taxi-cab gone?" he asked, opening a cabinet from which he took several packages.

I looked out of the window. The ambulance had gone back; but the driver of the car had evidently waited to call up his office for instructions. I beckoned to him, and together Kennedy and I placed the packages in the car.

Thus we were able quickly to get back again to the wharf where the Haitien was berthed. Instead of going aboard again, however, Kennedy stopped just outside, where he was not observed, and got out of the car, dismissing it.

In the office of the steamship company, he sought one of the employees and handed him a card, explaining that we were aiding Burke in the case. The result of the parley

was that Kennedy succeeded in getting to the roof of the covered pier on the opposite side from that where the ship lay.

There he set to work on a strange apparatus, wires from which ran up to a flagpole on which he was constructing



The laboratory door was flung open, and Collette aux Cayes rushed in, wildly excited

what looked like a hastily improvised wireless aerial. That part arranged, Kennedy followed his wires down again and took them in by a window to a sort of lumber-room back of the office.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "Installing a wireless plant?"

"Not quite," he smiled quietly. "This is a home-made wireless photo-recording set. Of course, wireless aerials of amateurs don't hum any more since war has caused the strict censorship of all wireless. But there is no reason why one can't re-

ceive messages, even if they can't be sent by everybody.

This is a fairly easy and inexpensive means by which automatic records can be taken. It involves no delicate instruments, and the principal part of it can be made in a few hours from materials that I have in my laboratory. The basis is the capillary electrometer."

"Sounds very simple," I volunteered, trying not to be sarcastic.

"Well, here it is," he indicated, touching what looked like an ordinary soft-glass tube of perhaps a quarter of an inch diameter, bent U-shaped, with one limb shorter than the other. "It is filled nearly

to the top of the shorter limb with chemically pure mercury," he went on. "On the top of it, I have poured a little twenty-per-cent. sulphuric acid. Dipping into the acid is a small piece of capillary tube drawn out to a very fine point at the lower end." He filled the little tube with mercury also. "The point of this," he observed, "is fine enough to prevent the mercury running through of its own weight—about as fine as a hair."

He dipped the point and held it in the sulphuric acid and blew through the capillary tube. When the mercury bubbled through the point in minute drops, he stopped blowing. It drew back for a short distance by capillary attraction, and the acid followed it up.

"You can see that connections are made to the mercury in the arm and the tube by short pieces of platinum wire," he continued. "It isn't necessary to go into the theory of the instrument. But the most minute difference of potential between the two masses of mercury will cause the fine point at the junction of the liquids to move up and down. Connected to the aerial and the earth, with a crystal detector in series, it is only a matter of applying an ordinary photo-recording drum, and the machine is made."

He had been setting up a light-tight box, inside of which was a little electric lamp. Opposite was a drum covered with bromide paper. He started the clockwork going, and, after a few moments' careful observation, he went away and left the thing, trusting that no one was the wiser.

The time was shortening during which Burke could keep the passengers of the *Haitien* under such close surveillance, and it was finally decided that on the next morning they should be released, while all those suspected were to be shadowed separately by secret-service agents, in the hope that, once free, they would commit some overt act that might lead to a clue.

It was early the next morning, about half an hour after the time set for the release of the passengers, that the laboratory door was flung open, and Collette aux Cayes rushed in, wildly excited.

"What's the matter?" asked Kennedy.

"Some one has been trying to keep me on the boat," she panted, "and all the way over here a man has been following me."

Kennedy looked at her a minute calmly.

We could understand why she might have been shadowed, though it must have been a bungling job of Burke's operative. But who could have wanted her kept on the boat?

"I don't know," she replied, in answer to Kennedy's question. "But, somehow, I was the only one not told that we could go. And when I did go, one of the secret-service men stopped me."

"Are you sure it was a secret-service man?"

"He said he was."

"Yes; but if he had been, he would not have done that, or let you get away, if he had. Can't you imagine any one who might want you detained longer?"

She looked at us, half frightened.

"N-not unless it is that man—or the woman with him," she replied.

"You mean Castine?"

"Yes," she replied, avoiding the use of his name; "ever since you had the body removed, he has been in great fear. I have heard him ask fifty times, 'Where have they taken him?' and, 'Is he to be embalmed?'"

"That's strange," remarked Kennedy. "Why that anxiety from him? I remember that it was he who wanted the body left alone. Is it for fear that we might discover something?"

Kennedy disappeared into the anteroom, and I heard him making a great fuss as he regulated the various pieces of machinery. Some minutes later, he emerged.

"Meet us here in an hour," he directed Collette, "with your guardian."

Quickly Craig telephoned for a tank of oxygen to be sent over to the laboratory, then got Burke on the wire, and asked him to meet us down at the dock.

We arrived first, and Craig hurried into the lumber-room, where, fortunately, he found everything undisturbed. He tore off the strip of paper from the drum and held it up. On it was a series of marks, which looked like dots and dashes of a peculiar kind, along a sort of base line. Carefully he ran his eye over the strip. Then he shoved it into his pocket in great excitement.

"Hello!" greeted Burke, as he came up puffing from the hurried trip over from the custom-house, where his office was. "What's doing now?"

"A great deal, I think," returned Ken-

nedy. "Can you locate Castine and that woman and come up to the laboratory?"

"I can put my finger on them in five minutes, and be there in half an hour," he returned, not pausing to inquire further.

Together, Craig and I returned to the laboratory to find that Collette aux Cayes was already there with her guardian, as solicitous as ever for her comfort, and breathing fire and slaughter against the miscreants who had tried to detain her.

Some minutes later Castine and "Madame" Castine arrived. At sight of Collette, she seemed both defiant and restless—as though sensing trouble, I thought. Few words were spoken now by anyone as Burke and I completed the party.

"Will you be so kind as to step into the little anteroom with me?" invited Craig, holding open the door for us.

We entered and he followed, then, as he led the way, stopped before a little glass window in the compartment which I have described. Collette was next to me, and I could imagine the tenseness of her senses as she gazed through the window at the body on the shelf-like pallet inside.

"What is this thing?" asked aux Cayes, as Collette drew back and he caught her by the arm.

For the moment, Kennedy said nothing, but opened a carefully sealed door and slid the pallet out, unhinging it, while I saw Castine trembling and actually turning ashen about the lips.

"This," Kennedy replied, at length, "is



"Seize that man—it is his name signed to the wireless messages!" shouted Kennedy

what is known as a respiration calorimeter, which I have had constructed after the ideas of Professors Atwater and Benedict, of Wesleyan, with some improvements of my own. It is used, as you may know, in studying food-values, both by the government and by other investigators. A man could live in that room for ten or twelve days. My idea, however, was to make use of it for other things than that for which it was intended."

He took a few steps over to the complicated apparatus which had so mystified me, now at rest as he turned the switch when he opened the carefully sealed door.

"It is what is known as a closed-circuit calorimeter," he went on. "For instance, through this tube air leaves the chamber. Here is a blower. At this point, the water in the air is absorbed by sulphuric acid. Next, the carbon dioxide is absorbed by soda-lime. Here a little oxygen is introduced to keep the composition normal, and, at this point, the air is returned to the chamber." He traced the circuit as he spoke, then paused and remarked: "Thus, you see, it is possible to measure the carbon dioxide and the other respiration-products. As for heat, the walls are constructed so that the gain or loss of heat in the chamber is prevented. Heat cannot escape in any other way than that provided for carrying it off and measuring it. Any heat is collected by this stream of water, which keeps the temperature constant, and in that way we can measure any energy that is given off. The walls are of concentric shells of copper and zinc with two of wood, between which is 'dead air,' an effective heat insulator. In other words," he concluded, "it is like a huge thermos bottle."

It was all very weird and fascinating. But what he could have been doing with a dead body, I could not imagine. Was there some subtle, unknown poison which had hitherto baffled science but which now he was about to reveal to us? He seemed to be in no hurry to overcome the psychological effect his words had on his auditors, for, as he picked up and glanced at a number of sheets of figures, he went on:

"In the case of live persons, there is a food-aperture here, a little window with air-locks arranged for the passage of food and drink. That large window through which you looked admits light. There is also a telephone. Everything is arranged so that all that enters, no matter how minute, is weighed and measured. The same is true of all that leaves. Nothing is too small to take into account." He shook the sheaf of papers before us. "Here I have some records which have been made by myself and, in my absence, by one of my students. In them the most surprising thing that I have discovered is that in the body of Léon metabolism seems still to be going on."

I listened to him in utter amazement, wondering toward what his argument was tending.

"I got my first clue from an injection of fluorescin," he resumed. "You know there are many people who have a horror of being buried alive. It's a favorite theme of the creepy-creep writers. As you know, the heart may stop beating, but that does not necessarily mean that the person is dead. There are on record innumerable cases where the use of stimulants has started again the beating of a heart that has stopped."

"Still, burial alive is hardly likely among civilized people, for the simple reason that the practise of embalming makes death practically certain. At once, when I heard there had been objections to the embalming of this body, I began to wonder why they had been made."

"Then it occurred to me that one certain proof of death was the absolute cessation of circulation. You may not know, but scientists have devised this fluorescin test to take advantage of that. I injected about ten grains. If there is any circulation, there should be an emerald-green discoloration of the cornea of the eye. If not, the eye should remain perfectly white."

"I tried the test. The green eyeball gave me a hint. Then I decided to make sure with a respiration calorimeter that would measure whatever heat, what breath, no matter how minute they were."

Collette gave a start as she began to realize vaguely what Craig was driving at.

"It was not the voodoo sign, *mademoiselle*," he said, turning to her. "It was a sign, however, of something that suggested at once to me the connection of voodoo practises."

There was something so uncanny about it that my own heart almost skipped beating, while Burke, on my other side, muttered something which was not meant to be profane.

Collette was now trembling violently, and I took her arm so that, if she should faint, she would not fall either on my side or on that of her guardian, who seemed himself on the verge of keeling over. Castine was mumbling. Only his wife seemed to retain her defiance.

"The skill of the voodoo priests in the concoction of strange drafts from the native herbs of Haiti is well known," Kennedy began again. "There are among them fast and slow poisons, poisons that will kill almost instantly and others that are gaged

in strength to accumulate and resemble wasting away and slow death.

"I know that, in all such communities to-day, no one will admit that there is such a thing still as the human sacrifice, 'the lamb without horns.' But there is on record a case where a servant was supposed to have died. The master ordered the burial, and it took place. But the grave was robbed. Later, the victim was resuscitated and sacrificed.

"Most uncanny of the poisons is that which will cause the victim to pass into an unconscious condition so profound that it may easily be taken for death. It is almost cataleptic. Such is the case here. My respiration calorimeter shows that from that body there are still coming the products of respiration. It must have been that peculiar poison of the voodoo priests that was used."

Racing on now, not giving any of us a chance even to think of the weird thing except to shudder instinctively, Kennedy drew from his pocket and slapped down on a table the photographic records that had been taken by his home-made wireless recording apparatus.

"From Mr. Burke," he said, as he did so, "I received the hint that many messages were being transmitted by wireless, secretly perhaps, from the Haitien. I wanted to read those messages that were being flashed so quietly and secretly through the air. How could it be done? I managed to install down at the dock an apparatus known as the capillary electrometer. By the use of this almost unimaginably delicate instrument, I was able to drag down literally out of the air the secrets that seemed so well hidden from all except those for whom they were intended. Listen!" He took the roll of paper from the drum

and ran his finger along it hastily, translating to himself the Morse code as he passed from one point to another. "Here," cried Craig excitedly: "Léon out of way for time safely. Revolution suppressed before Forsythe can make other arrangements. Conspiracy frustrated." Just a moment—here's another: "Have engaged bridal suite at Hotel La Coste. Communicate with me there after to-morrow."

Still holding the wireless record, Kennedy swung about to Burke and myself.

"Burke, stand over by the door!" he shouted. "Walter—that tank of oxygen!"

I dragged over the heavy tank which he had ordered, as he adjusted a sort of pulmotor breathing-apparatus over Léon.

Castine was now on his knees, his aged arms outstretched.

"Before God, Mr. Kennedy—I didn't do it! I didn't give Léon the poison!"

Kennedy, however, engrossed in what he was doing, paid no attention to the appeal.

Suddenly I saw what might have been a faint tremor of an eyelid on the pallid body before us.

I felt Collette spring forward from my side.

"He lives! He lives!" she cried, falling on her knees before the still cataleptic form. "Guillaume!"

There was just a faint movement of the lips, as though, as the man came back from another world, he would have called, "Collette!"

"Seize that man—it is his name signed to the wireless messages!" shouted Kennedy, extending his accusing forefinger at aux Cayes, who had plotted so devilishly to use his voodoo knowledge both to suppress the revolution and, at the same time, to win his beautiful ward for himself from her real lover.

A new *Craig Kennedy* story, *The Treasure-Train*, will appear in the January issue.

Twelve Christmas Gifts in One

What present can you give some of your friends, this Christmas, more suitable than one which will remind them of your regard not simply once, when received, but every month for twelve months to come?

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Theodore E. Burton is distinctly upon the Republican list for the next presidential nomination



OHIO'S SCHOLARLY STATESMAN

By John Temple Graves

WHILE that long, lazy filibuster on the Wilson Shipping Bill dragged itself for so many weeks across the Senate calendar last winter at Washington, there were many speeches to sustain it—some of them to advocate the merits of the bill, but most of them to kill time and prevent a vote on it.

There were a dozen senators who consumed hours of time in mere obstruction. One of them read thirty columns from the pages of a morning newspaper; another incorporated into his remarks the entire Book of Ecclesiastes.

There was one senator who spoke for seventeen hours in square and honest opposition. There was not a wasted moment in that time. Solid argument, vital information, and fervent appeal, enriched with the glory of history and the flavor of the classics, distinguished each of the seventeen hours of one of the most remarkable speeches ever made upon the floor of the Senate of the United States.

The speaker was Theodore E. Burton, senator from Ohio—scholar in politics, student, and thinker, and held at this time distinctly upon the eligible list of the Republican party for the nomination in 1916 to the presidency of the United States.

If Senator Burton had chosen to do so, he could have made his speech in Latin or Greek after he had finished it in English. If he had chosen to incorporate the Book of Ecclesiastes, he could have read the text in the original Hebrew.

The Senate had no greater scholar. It is doubtful if the Senate ever had.

For nineteen years, since he was elected to Congress from the Cleveland district in 1888, Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, has been a stalwart, reliable, steady-growing and powerful figure in American legislation. During his service in the House he was for thirteen years a member, and for ten years the chairman, of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. When he left that committee to take his seat in the Senate, not one of his colleagues would have denied him the distinction of knowing more about rivers and harbors than any man in the United States.

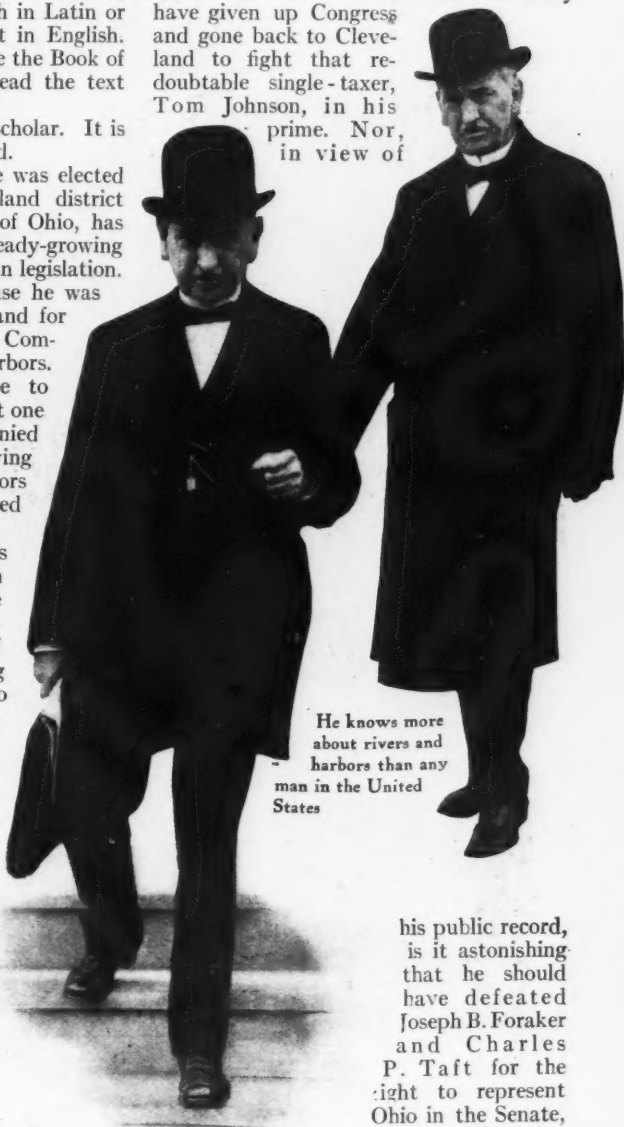
Behind the deep-dug trenches of his superb equipment, Burton has fought and won some of the most memorable battles of recent Congressional years. If he had never done anything else, the senator from Ohio would be famous for the magnificent and almost single-handed filibuster by which he defeated the pork-barrel politicians and appropriation grabbers in the last Rivers and Harbors Bill.

Many senators have consumed the republic's time and money in empty talk, but by that single seventeen-hour speech, with its wealth of fact and flood of solid argument, Burton saved the national Treasury some thirty million dollars of unnecessary expenditure.

Scarcely less signal was the service rendered the country

and the Treasury in preventing the astonishing waste and extravagances on the Indian Appropriation Bill some years ago.

It was not astonishing, after such a substantial and prolific Congressional career, that Theodore Burton should have been called home and that he should voluntarily have given up Congress and gone back to Cleveland to fight that redoubtable single-taxer, Tom Johnson, in his prime. Nor, in view of



He knows more about rivers and harbors than any man in the United States

his public record, is it astonishing that he should have defeated Joseph B. Foraker and Charles P. Taft for the right to represent Ohio in the Senate, from which he has recently retired.

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The Senate never had a greater scholar



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

A fancy came to her, and she turned the laughing face to the wall, and glanced from the blankness of the back of the frame to the bed and back again

(The Little Lady of the Big House)

THE LITTLE LADY OF THE BIG HOUSE

A STORY OF THREE PEOPLE IN A REAL WORLD

By Jack London

Author of "The Valley of the Moon," "Smoke Bellew," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS—Dick Forrest is the owner of a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-acre farm and ranch in the Sacramento valley, California, which, through his genius for organization and his scientific knowledge of agriculture and stock-raising, has become famous the country over for the quality of its products. His father died when he was thirteen, leaving him a fortune of twenty million dollars; and the orphaned boy, resenting the restraint of his guardians, runs away from home. In three years he is back, having learned much of life and human nature. He then turns with great diligence to his studies, chiefly directed, in accordance with his bent, toward farming. At twenty-one, he buys the great tract of land, stocks it with the finest blooded animals, and builds the Big House for a home. Experts are installed in every department of the farm, and leaving affairs in their hands, Dick spends four years in travel, having many remarkable adventures. At thirty, he returns with a wife—"The Little Lady of the Big House." She is Paula Desten, daughter of a comrade of Dick's father in the "gold days" of California.

Ten years pass at home, with intervals of travel. Is Paula completely happy? A suspicion begins to take form in Dick's mind that, so absorbed is he in the management of the ranch, he does not give her all her passionate nature craves. But he does not believe she can be lonely. Her half-sisters, Ernestine and Lute, spend much time with her. The Big House has always guests. It is a gathering-place for all who live in the neighborhood. Among these are four eccentric characters who talk, read, and dream, but won't work, calling themselves the "Jungle-birds," and whom Dick practically takes care of. They are Terrence McFane, an epicurean anarchist; Aaron Hancock, an amateur anthropologist and philologist; Theo Malken, a shiftless poet, and Dar Hval, a Hindu philosopher and revolutionist. Staying in the house just now is Evan Graham, an American of roving disposition, whom Dick and Paula had met in South America two years before. He has just returned from a trip across South America and is to write a book about it. A great admiration for Paula immediately takes hold of Graham. She is indeed an extraordinary woman with great social gifts. A talented pianist and the possessor of a well-cultivated voice, she also excels in many sports; in horsemanship and at swimming she is a match for any man. She has a knowledge of stock-breeding that is based as much on instinct as upon study. Her vigor and energy are tremendous, although she has long suffered from insomnia. Graham is only one of many men who have fallen victims to her charms, but she has always treated all except her husband as comrades.

The attraction of Paula for Graham does not pass unnoticed by Dick, but he dismisses any uneasy feeling that arises with the thought that he and Paula had been happily married for ten years. Moreover, he feels that there is no fairness or satisfaction in holding a woman one loves a moment longer than she loves to be held. Graham, with a strong feeling of loyalty toward Dick, feels that he ought to leave the Big House, but cannot tear himself away. He realizes that whenever he and Paula look into each other's eyes, it is with a mutual knowledge of unsaid things. Paula, too, appears to want to fight something off. She seeks distraction by filling the house with guests. She tries to spend more time with her husband; but he is very busy with his plans and projects. One day, while out riding, Graham meets Paula, also on horseback. They ride together when, suddenly, Graham, unable to resist the impulse, draws her to him and kisses her ardently. She returns the kiss with equal passion, but the next moment tears herself loose and, with blazing eyes and bloodless face, dashes away. That evening, however, she gives no sign of the momentous happening, and acts toward Graham as usual.

Graham is called away on business for a few days. It appears to Dick as if Paula does not wish to be alone in the Big House with him. She tries to get Mrs. Wade, a friend, to come with her children for a visit. Dick begins to be troubled over the situation; but he says to himself that whatever the game is he will have to play it.

When Graham returns, Paula tells him that although Dick has not spoken, she is sure that he either knows or guesses their love. Graham says something must be done, and wants to go straight to Dick, who, if he lives up to his theories, will give his wife her freedom. But Paula objects. She declares that she loves both the men (which Graham says is impossible) but in Dick's case she may have mistaken the fondness of affection for love; Graham has swept her as Dick never had. One night, Dick is positive that Paula and Graham have embraced in his presence in the dark. When she goes to his room before retiring, he manages so that she leaves without a good-night kiss.

A DOZEN times the next morning, dictating to Blake, Dick had been on the verge of saying to let the rest of the correspondence go.

"Call up Hennessy and Mendenhall," he told Blake, when, at ten, the latter gathered up his notes and rose to go. "Tell them not to come this morning but to-morrow morning."

Bonbright entered, prepared to short-

hand Dick's conversations with his managers for the next hour.

"And—oh, Mr. Blake," Dick called, "ask Hennessy about Alden Bessie! The old mare was pretty bad last night," he explained to Bonbright.

"Mr. Hanley must see you right away, Mr. Forrest," Bonbright said.

Dick surrendered, and for an hour discussed ranch business with his foremen and managers. Once, in the middle of a

hot discussion over sheep-dips with Wardman, he left his desk and faced over to the window. The sound of voices and horses and of Paula's laugh had attracted him.

"Take that Montana report—I'll send you a copy to-day," he continued, as he gazed out. "They found the formula didn't get down to it. It was more a sedative than a germicide. There wasn't enough kick in it."

Four horses, bunched, crossed his field of vision. Paula, teasing the pair of them, was between Martinez and Froelig, old friends of Dick, a painter and sculptor respectively, who had arrived on an early train. Graham, on Selim, made the fourth. So the party went by, but Dick reflected that quickly enough it would resolve itself into two and two.

Shortly after eleven, restless and moody, he wandered out with a cigarette into the big patio, where he smiled grim amusement at the various telltale signs of Paula's neglect of her goldfish. The sight of them suggested her secret patio in whose fountain-pools she kept her selected and more gorgeous blooms of fish. Thither he went.

This had been Dick's one great gift to Paula. It was love-lavish as only a king of fortune could make it. He had given her a free hand with it and insisted on her wildest extravagance.

It bore no relation to the scheme and architecture of the Big House, and, for that matter, so deeply hidden was it that it played no part in jar of line or color. A show-place of show-places, it was not often shown. Outside Paula's sisters and intimates, on rare occasions some artist was permitted to enter and catch his breath. Graham had heard of its existence, but not even him had she invited to see.

It was round, and small enough to escape giving any cold hint of spaciousness. The Big House was of sturdy concrete, but here was marble in exquisite delicacy. The arches of the encircling arcade were of fretted white marble that had taken on just enough tender green to prevent any glare of reflected light. Palest of pink roses bloomed up the pillars and over the low flat roof they upheld, where Puck-like, humorous, and happy faces took the place of grinning gargoyles. Dick let the beauty of the place slowly steal in upon him and gentle his mood.

The heart and key of the fairy patio was

the fountain, consisting of three related shallow basins at different levels, of white marble and delicate as shell. Over these basins rollicked and frolicked life-sized babies wrought from pink marble by no mean hand. Some peered over the edges into lower basins; one reached arms covetously toward the goldfish; one, on his back, laughed at the sky; another stood with dimpled legs apart, stretching himself; others waded; others were on the ground among the roses white and blush, but all were of the fountain and touched it at some point. So good was the color of the marble, so true had been the sculptor, that the illusion was of life.

Dick regarded the rosy fellowship pleasantly and long, finishing his cigarette and retaining it dead in his hand. That was what she had needed, he mused—babies, children. It had been her passion. Had she realized it? He sighed, and, struck by a fresh thought, looked to her favorite seat with certitude that he would not see the customary sewing lying on it in a pretty heap. She did not sew these days.

He did not enter the tiny gallery behind the arcade, which contained her chosen paintings and etchings, and copies in marble and bronze of her favorites of the European galleries. Instead, he went up the stairway, past the glorious Winged Victory on the landing where the staircase divided, and on and up into her quarters that occupied the entire upper wing. But first, pausing by the Victory, he turned and gazed down into the fairy patio. The thing was a cut jewel in its perfectness and color, and he acknowledged, although he had made it possible for her, that it was entirely her own creation—her one masterpiece. And yet now, he meditated, it meant nothing to her. She was not mercenary, that he knew; and if he could not hold her, mere baubles such as that would weigh nothing in the balance against her heart.

He wandered idly through her rooms, scarcely noting at what he gazed, but gazing with fondness at it all. Like everything else of hers, it was distinctive, different, eloquent of her. But when he glanced into the bathroom with its sunken Roman bath, for the life of him he was unable to avoid seeing a tiny drip and making a mental note for the ranch plumber.

As a matter of course, he looked to her easel with the expectation of finding no

new work, but was disappointed; for a portrait of himself confronted him. He knew her trick of copying the pose and lines from a photograph and filling in from memory. The particular photograph she was using had been a fortunate snap-shot of him on horseback. No portrait-photographer could have caught a better likeness. The head and shoulders Paula had had enlarged, and it was from this that she was working. But the portrait had already gone beyond the photograph, for Dick could see her own touches.

With a start, he looked more closely. Was that expression of the eyes, of the whole face, his? He glanced at the photograph. It was not there. He walked over to one of the mirrors, relaxed his face, and led his thoughts to Paula and Graham. Slowly the expression came into his eyes and face. Not content, he returned to the easel and verified it. Paula knew. Paula knew that he knew. She had learned it from him, stolen it from him, sometime, when it was unwittingly on his face, and carried it in her memory to the canvas.

Paula's Chinese maid, Oh Dear, entered from the wardrobe-room, and Dick watched her unobserved as she came down the room toward him. Her eyes were down, and she seemed deep in thought. Dick remarked the sadness of her face, and that the little, solicitous contraction of the brows that had led to her naming was gone. She was not solicitous, that was patent. But cast down, she was in heavy depression.

"Good-morning, Oh Dear!" he startled her.

And, as she returned the greeting, he saw compassion in her eyes as they dwelt on him. She knew—the first outside themselves. Trust her, a woman, so much in Paula's company when Paula was alone, to divine Paula's secret.

Oh Dear's lips trembled, and she wrung her trembling hands, nerving herself, as he could see, to speech.

"Mr. Forrest," she began haltingly, "maybe you think me fool, but I like say something. You very kind man. You very kind me long, long time—" She hesitated, moistening her frightened lips with her tongue, then braved her eyes to his and proceeded. "Mrs. Forrest, she, I think—"

But so forbidding did Dick's face become that she broke off in confusion and blushed.

"Very nice picture Mrs. Forrest make," he put her at her ease.

The Chinese girl sighed, and the same compassion returned into her eyes as she looked long at Dick's portrait. She sighed again, but the coldness in her voice was not lost on Dick as she answered,

"Yes; very nice picture Mrs. Forrest make." She looked at him with sudden, sharp scrutiny, studying his face, then turned to the canvas and pointed at the eyes. "No good!" she condemned. Her voice was harsh, touched with anger. "No good!" she flung over her shoulder, more loudly, still more harshly, as she continued down the room and out of sight.

Dick stiffened his shoulders, unconsciously bracing himself to face what was now soon to happen. Well, it was the beginning of the end. Oh Dear knew. Soon more would know, all would know. And, in a way, he was glad of it, glad that the torment of suspense would endure but little longer.

But when he started to leave, he whistled a merry jingle to advertise to Oh Dear that the world wagged very well with him, so far as he knew anything about it.

The same afternoon, while Dick was out and away with Froelig and Martinez and Graham, Paula stole a pilgrimage to Dick's quarters. Out of his sleeping-porch she looked over his rows of press-buttons, his switchboard that, from his bed, connected him with every part of the ranch and most of the rest of California, his phonograph on the hinged and swinging bracket, the orderly array of books and magazines and agricultural bulletins waiting to be read, the ash-tray, scribble-pads, and thermos bottle.

Her photograph, the only picture on the porch, held her attention. It hung under his barometers and thermometers, which, she knew, was where he looked oftenest. A fancy came to her, and she turned the laughing face to the wall, and glanced from the blankness of the back of the frame to the bed and back again. With a quick, panic movement, she turned the laughing face out. It belonged, was her thought; it did belong.

The big automatic pistol in the holster on the wall, handy to one's hand from the bed, caught her eye. She reached to it and lifted gently at the butt. It was as she had expected—loose—Dick's way. Trust him,



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Paula bent her head forward, and, nicely directed from the



indented crown of her hat, canted a glassful of water into his face

no matter how long unused, never to let a pistol freeze in its holster.

Back in the workroom, she wandered solemnly about, glancing now at the prodigious filing-system, at the chart and blue-print cabinets, at the revolving shelves of reference-books, and at the long rows of stoutly bound herd-registers. At last she came to his books. She read the titles painstakingly: "Corn in California," "Silage Practise," "Farm Organization," "Farm Bookkeeping," "The Shire in America," "Humus Destruction," "Soilage," "Alfalfa in California," "Cover Crops for California," "The Shorthorn in America"—at this last she smiled affectionately with memory of the great controversy he had waged for the beef cow and the milch cow as against the dual-purpose cow.

She caressed the books of the books with her palm, pressed her cheek against them, and leaned with closed eyes. "Oh, Dick; Dick—" A thought began that faded to a vagueness of sorrow and died, because she did not dare to think it.

The desk was so typically Dick. There was no litter. Clean it was of all work save the wire tray with typed letters waiting his signature, and an unusual pile of the flat yellow sheets on which his secretaries typed the telegrams relayed by telephone from Eldorado. Carelessly she ran her eyes over the opening lines of the uppermost sheet and chanced upon a reference that puzzled and interested her. She read closely, with indrawn brows, then went deeper into the heap till she found confirmation. Jeremy Braxton was dead—big, genial, kindly Jeremy Braxton. A Mexican mob of pulque-crazed peons had killed him in the mountains through which he had been trying to escape from the Harvest into Arizona. The date of the telegram was two days old. Dick had known it for two days and never worried her with it. And it meant more. It meant money. It meant that the affairs of the Harvest group were going from bad to worse. And it was Dick's way.

And Jeremy was dead! The room seemed suddenly to have grown cold. She shivered. It was the way of life—death always at the end of the road. And her own nameless dread came back upon her. Doom lay ahead. Doom for whom? She did not attempt to guess. Sufficient that it was doom. Her mind was heavy with it, and

the quiet room was heavy with it as she passed slowly out.

XXIX

"'Tis a birdlike sensuousness that is all the Little Lady's own," Terrence was saying, as he helped himself to a cocktail from the tray Ah Ha was passing around.

It was the hour before dinner, and Graham, Theo, and Terrence McFane had chanced together in the stag-room.

Terrence emptied the glass and paused to turn the cocktail reminiscently on his tongue.

"'Tis women's drink," he shook his head in condemnation. "It likes me not. It bites me not. And devil a bit of a taste is there to it. Ah Ha, my boy," he called to the Chinese, "mix me a high-ball in a long, long glass—a stiff one."

He held up four fingers horizontally to indicate the measure of liquor he would have in the glass, and, to Ah Ha's query as to what kind of whisky, answered, "Scotch or Irish, Bourbon or rye—whichever comes nearest to hand."

"But Terrence, you were saying—about Mrs. Forrest?" Theo begged. "It sounded as if it were going to be nice."

"As if it could be otherwise," Terrence censured. "But as I was saying, 'tis a birdlike sensuousness—oh, not the little, hoppy, wagtail kind, nor yet the sleek and solemn dove, but a merry sort of bird, like the wild canaries you see bathing in the fountains, always twittering and singing, flinging the water in the sun, and glowing the golden hearts of them on their happy breasts. 'Tis like that the Little Lady is. I have observed her much."

"Everything on the earth and under the earth and in the sky contributes to the passion of her days—the untoward purple of the ground-myrtle when it has no right to aught more than pale lavender, a single red rose tossing in the bathing wind, one perfect Duchesse rose bursting from its bush into the sunshine, as she said to me, 'pink as the dawn, Terrence, and shaped like a kiss.'

"'Tis all one with her—the Princess's silver neigh, the sheep-bells of a frosty morn, the pretty Angora goats making silly pictures on the hillside all day long, the drifts of purple lupins along the fences, the long hot grass on slope and roadside,

the summer-burnt hills tawny as crouching lions—and even have I seen the sheer sensuous pleasure of the Little Lady while bathing her arms and neck in the blessed sun.”

“She is the soul of beauty,” Theo murmured. “One understands how men can die for women such as she.”

“And how men can live for them and love them, the lovely things,” Terrence added. “Listen, Mr. Graham, and I’ll tell you a secret: We philosophers of the madroño grove, we wrecks and wastages of life here in the quiet backwater and easement of Dick’s munificence are a brotherhood of lovers. And the lady of our hearts is all the one—the Little Lady. We, who merely talk and dream our days away, and who would lift never a hand for God or country or the devil, are pledged knights of the Little Lady.”

“We would die for her,” Theo affirmed.

“Nay, lad; we would live for her and fight for her, dying is that easy.”

Graham missed nothing of it. The boy did not understand, but in the blue eyes of the Celt, peering from under the mop of iron-gray hair, there was no mistaking the knowledge of the situation.

Voices of men were heard coming down the stairs, and as Martinez and Dar Hyal entered, Terrence was saying,

“’Tis fine weather they say they’re having down at Catalina now, and I hear the tunny-fish are biting splendid.”

Ah Ha served cocktails around, and was kept busy, for Hancock and Froelig followed along. Terrence impartially drank stiff high-balls of whatever liquor the immobile-faced Chinese elected to serve him, and discoursed in a fatherly manner to Theo on the iniquities and abominations of the flowing bowl. Oh My entered, a folded note in his hand, and looked about in doubt as to whom to give it.

“Hither, wing-heeled Celestial!” Terrence waved him up.

“’Tis a petition, couched in very proper terms,” Terrence explained, after a glance at its contents. “And Ernestine and Lute have arrived, for ’tis they that petition. Listen”—and he read: “‘O noble and glorious stags, two poor and lowly meek-eyed does, wandering lonely in the forest, do humbly entreat admission, for the brief time before dinner, to the stamping-ground of the herd!’”

“The metaphor is mixed,” said Terrence.

“Yet have they acted well. ’Tis the rule—Dick’s rule—and a good rule it is: No petticoats in the stag-room save by the stags’ unanimous consent. Is the herd ready for the question? All those in favor will say, ‘Aye.’ Contrary minded? The ayes have it. Oh My, fleet with thy heel’s and bring in the ladies.”

“With sandals beaten from the crowns of kings,” Theo added, murmuring the words reverently, loving them with his lips as his lips formed them and uttered them.

“Shall he tread down the altars of their night?” Terrence completed the passage. “The man who wrote that is a great man. He is Theo’s friend, and Dick’s friend, and proud am I that he is my friend.”

“And that other line,” Theo said. “From the same sonnet,” he explained to Graham. “Listen to the sound of it: ‘To hear what song the star of morning sings.’ Oh, listen,” the boy went on, his voice hushed low with beauty-love for the words: “‘With perished beauty in his hands as clay, shall he restore futurity its dream—’”

He broke off as Paula’s sisters entered, and rose shyly to greet them.

Dinner, that night, was as any dinner at which the madroño sages were present. Dick was as robustly controversial as usual, locking horns with Aaron Hancock on Bergson.

“Your Bergson is a charlatan philosopher, Aaron,” Dick concluded. “He has the same old medicine-man’s bag of metaphysical tricks, all decked out and frilled with the latest ascertained facts of science.”

“’Tis true,” Terrence agreed. “Bergson is a charlatan thinker. ’Tis why he is so popular—”

“I deny—” Hancock broke in.

“Wait a wee, Aaron. ’Tis a thought I have glimmered. Let me catch it before it flutters away into the azure. Dick’s caught Bergson with the goods on him. His very cocksureness is filched from Darwin’s morality of strength based on the survival of the fittest. And what did Bergson do with it? Touched it up with a bit of James’s pragmatism, rosied it over with the eternal hope in man’s breast that he will live again, and made it all ashine with Nietzsche’s ‘Nothing succeeds like excess’—”

“Wilde’s, you mean—” corrected Ernestine.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Glowing with appreciation, he stood and watched his wife and Graham finish the dance, while



he knew that Lottie, beside him, stealing side glances at him, was having her suspicions allayed

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"Heaven knows I should have filched it for myself had you not been present," Terrence sighed, with a bow to her. "Some day the antiquarians will decide the authorship. Personally I would say it smacked of Methuselah. But, as I was saying, before I was delightfully interrupted—"

"Who more cocksure than Dick?" Aaron was challenging a little later, while Paula glanced significantly to Graham.

"I was looking at the herd of yearling stallions but yesterday," Terrence replied, "and with the picture of the splendid beasties still in my eyes I'll ask: And who more delivers the goods?"

"But Hancock's objection is solid," Martinez ventured. "It would be a mean and profitless world without mystery. Dick sees no mystery."

"There you wrong him," Terrence defended. "I know him well. Dick recognizes mystery, but not of the nursery-child variety. No cock-and-bull stories for him, such as you romanticists luxuriate in."

"Terrence gets me," Dick nodded. "The world will always be mystery. To me, man's consciousness is no greater mystery than the reaction of the gases that make a simple drop of water. Grant that mystery, and all the more complicated phenomena cease to be mysteries. That simple chemical reaction is like one of the axioms on which the edifice of geometry is reared. Matter and force are the everlasting mysteries, manifesting themselves in the twin mysteries of space and time. The manifestations are not mysteries—only the stuff of the manifestations, matter and force, and the theater of the manifestations, space and time."

"And there you are!" Terrence was triumphing. "'Tis the perfect joy of him—never up in the air with dizzy heels. Flat on the good ground he stands, four-square to fact and law, set against all airy fancies and bubbly speculations."

And as at table, so afterward, that evening, no one could have guessed from Dick that all was not well with him. He seemed bent on celebrating Lute's and Ernestine's return, refused to tolerate the heavy talk of the philosophers, and bubbled over with pranks and tricks. Paula yielded to the contagion, and aided and abetted

him in his practical jokes, which none escaped.

Choicest among these was the kiss of welcome. No man escaped it. To Graham was accorded the honor of receiving it first, so that he might witness the discomfiture of the others, who, one by one, were ushered in by Dick from the patio.

Hancock, Dick's arm guiding him, came down the room to confront Paula and her sisters standing in a row on three chairs in the middle of the floor. He scanned them suspiciously. But there seemed nothing unusual about them, save that each wore a man's felt hat.

"Looks good to me," Hancock announced, as he stood on the floor before them.

"And it is good," Dick assured him. "As representing the ranch in its fairest aspects, they are to administer the kiss of welcome. Make your choice, Aaron."

Aaron, with a quick whirl to catch some lurking disaster at his back, demanded, "They are all three to kiss me?"

"No; make your choice which is to give you the kiss."

"The two I do not choose will not feel that I have discriminated against them?" Aaron insisted. "Whiskers no objection?" was his next query.

"Not in the way at all," Lute told him. "I have always wondered what it would be like to kiss black whiskers."

"Here's where all the philosophers get kissed to-night; so hurry up," Ernestine said. "The others are waiting. I, too, have yet to be kissed by an alfalfa field."

"Whom do you choose?" Dick urged.

"As if, after that, there were any choice about it," Hancock returned jauntily. "I kiss my lady—the Little Lady."

As he put up his lips, Paula bent her head forward, and, nicely directed from the indented crown of her hat, canted a glassful of water into his face.

When Theo's turn came, he bravely made his choice of Paula, and nearly spoiled the show by reverently bending and kissing the hem of her gown.

"It will never do," Ernestine told him. "It must be a real kiss."

"Let the last be first and kiss me, Theo," Lute begged, to save him from his embarrassment.

He looked his gratitude, put up his lips, but without enough tilt of his head, so

that he received the water from Lute's hat down the back of his neck.

"All three shall kiss me, and thus shall paradise be thrice multiplied," was Terrence's way out of the difficulty; and simultaneously he received three crowns of water for his gallantry.

Dick's boisterousness waxed apace. His was the most care-free seeming in the world as he measured Froelig and Martinez against the door to settle the dispute that had arisen as to which was the taller.

"Knees straight and together, heads back!" Dick commanded.

And as their heads touched the wood, from the other side came a rousing thump that jarred them. The door swung open, revealing Ernestine with a padded gong-stick in either hand.

Dick, a high-heeled satin slipper in his hand, was under a sheet with Terrence, teaching him "Brother Bob, I'm bobbed" to the uproarious joy of the others, when the Masons and all their Wickenberg following entered upon the scene.

Whereupon Dick insisted that the young men of their party receive the kiss of welcome. Nor did he miss, in the hubbub of a dozen persons meeting as many more, Lottie Mason's: "Oh, good-evening, Mr. Graham! I thought you had gone."

And Dick, in the midst of the confusion of settling such an influx of guests, still maintaining his exuberant, jolly pose, waited for that sharp scrutiny that women have only for women. Not many moments later he saw Lottie Mason steal such a look, keen with speculation, at Paula, as she chanced face to face with Graham, saying something to him.

Not yet, was Dick's conclusion. Lottie did not know. But suspicion was rife, and nothing, he was certain, under the circumstances, would gladden her woman's heart more than to discover the unimpeachable Paula as womanly weak as herself.

Lottie Mason was a tall, striking brunette of twenty-five, undeniably beautiful, and, as Dick had learned, undeniably daring. In the not remote past, attracted by her, and, it must be submitted, subtly invited by her, he had been guilty of a philandering that he had not allowed to go as far as her wishes. The thing had not been serious on his part. Nor had he permitted it to become serious on her side. Nevertheless, sufficient flirtatious passages had taken place to

impel him, this night, to look to her, rather than to the other Wickenberg women, for the first signals of suspicion.

"Oh, yes; he's a beautiful dancer," Dick, as he came up to them half an hour later, heard Lottie Mason telling little Miss Maxwell. "Isn't he, Dick?" she appealed to him, with innocent eyes of candor through which disguise he knew she was studying him.

"Who? Graham, you must mean," he answered, with untroubled directness. "He certainly is. What do you say we start dancing and let Miss Maxwell see? Though there's only one woman here who can give him full swing to show his paces."

"Paula, of course," said Lottie.

"Paula, of course. Why, you young chits don't know how to waltz. You never had a chance to learn." Lottie tossed her fine head. "Perhaps you learned a little before the new dancing came in," he amended. "Anyway, I'll get Evan and Paula started—you take me on, and I'll wager we'll be the only couples on the floor."

Half through the waltz, he broke it off with:

"Let them have the floor to themselves. It's worth seeing."

And, glowing with appreciation, he stood and watched his wife and Graham finish the dance, while he knew that Lottie, beside him, stealing side glances at him, was having her suspicions allayed.

The dancing became general, and, the evening being warm, the big doors to the patio were thrown open. Now one couple, and now another danced out and down the long arcades where the moonlight streamed, until it became the general thing.

"What a boy he is!" Paula said to Graham, as they listened to Dick descanting to all and sundry on the virtues of his new night-camera. "You heard Aaron complaining of at table, and Terrence explaining his sureness. As Terrence said, it has always delivered the goods. He does know; he does know; and yet he is so sure of himself, so sure of me."

Graham taken away to dance with Miss Maxwell, Paula continued her train of thought to herself. Dick was not suffering so much after all. And she might have expected it. He was the cool-head, the philosopher. He would take her loss with the same equanimity as he would take the loss of the Mountain Lad, as he had taken

The Little Lady of the Big House

the death of Jeremy Braxton and the flooding of the Harvest mines. It was difficult, she smiled to herself, aflame as she was toward Graham, to be married to a philosopher who would not lift a hand to hold her. And it came to her afresh that one phase of Graham's charm for her was his humanness, his flamingness. They met on common ground. At any rate, even in the heyday of their coming together in Paris, Dick had not so inflamed her. A wonderful lover he had been, too, with his gift of speech and lover's phrases, with his love-chants that had so delighted her; but, somehow, it was different from this she felt for Graham and that Graham must feel for her. Besides, she had been most young in experience of love when Dick had burst so magnificently upon her.

And so thinking, she hardened toward him and recklessly permitted herself to flame toward Graham. The crowd, the gaiety, the excitement, the closeness and tenderness of contact in the dancing, the summer-warm of the evening—all fanned her ardency, and she looked forward eagerly to the at least one more dance she might dare with Graham.

"No flash-light is necessary," Dick was explaining. "It's a German invention. Half a minute exposure under the ordinary lighting is sufficient. Of course, the drawback is one cannot print from the plate."

"But if it's good, an ordinary plate can be copied from it from which prints can be made," Ernestine amplified.

She knew the huge, twenty-foot, spring snake coiled inside the camera and ready to leap out like a jack-in-a-box when Dick squeezed the bulb. And there were others who knew and who urged Dick to get the camera and make an exposure.

He was gone longer than he expected, for Bonbright had left on his desk several telegrams concerning the Mexican situation that needed immediate replies. Trick-camera in hand, Dick returned by a short cut across the house and patio. The dancing couples were ebbing down the arcade and disappearing into the hall, and he leaned against a pillar and watched them go by. Last of all came Paula and Evan, passing so close that he could have reached out and touched them. But, though the moon shone full on him, they did not see him. They saw only each other.

The last preceding couple was already

inside when the music ceased. Graham and Paula paused, and he was for giving her his arm and leading her inside, but she clung to him in sudden impulse. Manlike, cautious, he resisted slightly for a moment, but, with one arm around his neck, she drew his head willingly down to the kiss. It was a flash of quick passion. The next instant, they were passing in, and Paula's laugh was ringing merrily and naturally.

Dick clutched at the pillar and eased himself down abruptly until he sat flat on the pavement. Accompanying violent suffocation, or causing it, his heart seemed rising in his chest. He panted for air. The cursed thing rose and choked and stifled him until, in the grim turn his fancy took, it seemed to him that he chewed it between his teeth and gulped it back and down his throat along with the reviving air. He felt chilled, and was aware that he was wet with sudden sweat.

"And who ever heard of heart-disease in the Forrests?" he muttered, as, still sitting, leaning against the pillar for support, he mopped his face dry.

It was not as if Graham had kissed her, he pondered. It was Paula who had kissed Graham. That was love—and passion. He had seen it. With a sharp effort of will, he controlled himself and got to his feet.

"By God, it came up in my mouth and I chewed it!" he muttered. "I chewed it!"

Returning across the patio by the roundabout way, he entered the lighted room jauntily enough, camera in hand, and unprepared for the reception he received.

"Seen a ghost?" Lute greeted.

"Are you sick?" "What's the matter?" were other questions.

"What *is* the matter?" he countered.

"Your face—the look of it!" Ernestine said.

And while he oriented himself, he did not fail to note Lottie Mason's quick glance at the faces of Graham and Paula, or to note that Ernestine had observed Lottie's glance and followed it up for herself.

"Yes," he lied; "bad news. Just got the word. Jeremy Braxton is dead—murdered."

"Old Jeremy, God love him for the fine man he was!" Terrence said, tucking his arm in Dick's. "Come on, old man; 'tis a stiffener you're wanting."

"Oh, I'm all right," Dick smiled, shaking his shoulders and squaring himself as if gathering himself together. "It did hit me



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Manlike, cautious, he resisted slightly for a moment, but, with one arm around his neck, she drew his head willingly down to the kiss

hard for the moment. I hadn't a doubt in the world but Jeremy would make it out all right. But they got him, and two engineers with him. Oh, well, all flesh is grass, and there is no grass of yesteryear. Terrence, your suggestion is a good one. Lead on!"

After a few steps, he turned his head over his shoulder and called back:

"Now, this isn't to stop the fun. I'll be right back to take that photograph. You arrange the group, Ernestine, and be sure to have them under the strongest light."

Terrence pressed open the concealed buffet at the far end of the room and set out the glasses, while Dick turned on a wall light and studied his face in the small mirror inside the buffet door.

"It's all right now, quite natural," he announced.

"'Twas only a passing shade," Terrence agreed, pouring the whisky. "And man has well the right to take it hard—the going of old friends."

They toasted and drank silently. And Dick was grateful for the offer of all his heart that he read in Terrence's eyes.

Back in the middle of the hall, Ernestine was gaily grouping the victims, and privily, from the faces of Lottie, Paula, and Graham, trying to learn more of the something untoward that she sensed. Why had Lottie looked so immediately and searchingly at Graham and Paula? she asked herself. And something was wrong with Paula now. She was worried, disturbed, and not in the way to be expected from the announcement of Jeremy Braxton's death. From Graham, Ernestine could glean nothing. He was quite his ordinary self, his facetiousness the cause of much laughter to Miss Maxwell and Mrs. Mason.

Paula was disturbed. What had happened? Why had Dick lied? He had known of Jeremy's death for two days. And she had never known anybody's death so to affect him. She wondered if he had been drinking unduly. In the course of their married life she had seen him several times in liquor. He carried it well, the only noticeable effects being a flush in his eyes and a loosening of his tongue to whimsical fancies and extemporized chants. Had he, in his trouble, been drinking with the iron-headed Terrence down in the stag-room? She had found them all assembled there just before dinner. The real cause for Dick's strangeness never crossed her mind,

if, for no other reason, that he was not given to spying.

He came back, laughing heartily at a joke of Terrence's, and beckoned Graham to join them while Terrence repeated it. And when the three had had their laugh, he prepared to take the picture. The burst of the huge snake from the camera and the genuine screams of the startled women served to dispel the gloom that threatened, and next Dick was arranging a tournament of peanut carrying.

From chair to chair, placed a dozen yards apart, the feat was with a table-knife to carry the most peanuts in five minutes. After the preliminary try-out, Dick chose Paula for his partner, and challenged the world, Wickenberg and the madroño grove included. Many boxes of candy were wagered, and, in the end, he and Paula won out against Graham and Ernestine, who had proved the next best couple. Demands for a speech changed to clamor for a peanut-song. Dick complied, beating the accent, Indian fashion, with stiff-legged hops and hand-slaps on thighs.

"I am Dick Forrest, son of Richard the Lucky, son of Jonathan the Puritan, son of John, who was a sea-rover, as his father, Albert, before him, who was the son of Mortimer, a pirate who was hanged in chains and died without issue.

"I am the last of the Forrests, but first of the peanut-carriers. Neither Nimrod nor Sandow has anything on me. I carry the peanuts on a knife, a silver knife. The peanuts are animated by the devil. I carry the peanuts with grace and celerity, and in quantity. The peanut never sprouted that can best me.

"The peanuts roll. The peanuts roll. Like Atlas who holds the world, I never let them fall. Not every one can carry peanuts. I am God-gifted. I am master of the art. It is a fine art. The peanuts roll. The peanuts roll. And I carry them on forever.

"Aaron is a philosopher. He cannot carry peanuts. Ernestine is a blonde. She cannot carry peanuts. Evan is a sportsman. He drops peanuts. Paula is my partner. She fumbles peanuts. Only I, I, by the grace of God and my own cleverness, carry peanuts.

"When anybody has had enough of my song, throw something at me. I am proud. I am tireless. I can sing on forever. I shall sing on forever.

"Here beginneth the second canto. When I die, bury me in a peanut patch. While I live—"

The expected avalanche of cushions quenched his song but not his ebullient spirits, for he was soon in a corner with Lottie Mason and Paula, concocting a conspiracy against Terrence.

And so the evening continued to be danced and joked and played away. At midnight, supper was served, and not till two in the morning were the Wickenbergers ready to depart. While they were getting on their wraps, Paula was proposing, for the following afternoon, a trip down to the Sacramento River to look over Dick's experiment in rice raising.

"I had something else in view," he told her. "You know the mountain pastures above Sycamore Creek. Three yearlings have been killed there in the last ten days."

"Mountain lions!" Paula cried.

"Two at least—strayed in from the north," Dick explained to Graham. "They sometimes do that. We got three, five years ago. Moss and Hartley will be there with the dogs waiting. They've located two of the beasts. What do you say all of you join me? We can leave right after lunch."

"Let me have Mollie?" Lute asked.

"And you can ride Altadena," Paula told Ernestine.

Quickly the mounts were decided upon, Froelig and Martinez agreeing to go, but promising neither to shoot well nor ride well.

All went out to see the Wickenbergers off, and, after the machines were gone, lingered to make arrangements for the hunting.

"Good-night, everybody," Dick said, as they started to move inside. "I'm going to

take a look at Alden Bessie before I turn in. Hennessy is sitting up with her. Remember, you girls, come to lunch in your riding-togs, and curses on the head of whoever's late."

The ancient dam of the Fotherington Princess was in a serious way, but Dick would not have made the visit at such an hour save that he wanted to be by himself and that he could not nerve himself for a chance moment alone with Paula so soon after what he had overseen in the patio.

Light steps in the gravel made him turn his head. Ernestine caught up with him and took his arm.

"Poor old Alden Bessie!" she explained. "I thought I'd go along."

Dick, still acting up to his night's rôle, recalled to her various funny incidents of the evening, and laughed and chuckled with reminiscent glee.

"Dick," she said, in the first pause, "you are in trouble." She could feel him stiffen, and hurried on. "What can I do? You know you can depend on me. Tell me."

"Yes; I'll tell you," he answered. "Just one thing." She pressed his arm gratefully. "I'll have a telegram sent you to-morrow. It will be urgent enough, though not too serious. You will just bundle up and depart with Lute."

"Is that all?" she faltered.

"It will be a great favor."

"You won't talk with me?" she protested, quivering under the rebuff.

"I'll have the telegram come so as to rout you out of bed. And now, never mind Alden Bessie. You run along in. Good-night."

He kissed her, gently thrust her toward the house, and went on his way.

The conclusion of *The Little Lady of the Big House* will appear in the January issue.

This Month's Cover-Picture,

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Listen to him, Henry!" says Ham. "He says we're going back to the bushes. Are we? Tell me about it"

The Official Angora

We know how thousands of devotees of our national game are going to devour this spirited and humorous baseball yarn, and we can tell beforehand what they will say about it. But there are others, especially among our fair readers, to whom we wish to remark that here is a tale with many qualities that will make a strongly sympathetic appeal to them. The story of Ham Cotton and his little mascot has a rare touch of the best that is in humanity, which is charmingly brought out by the unusual and interesting setting of his daily life.

By Charles E. Van Loan

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

EVERY so often, Joe Fish has to have a new human peg to hang his humor on, because Joe's humor is the wearing kind and the old peg wears out. The serious business of Joe's life is being the club comedian, but he is paid for pitching a little baseball now and then.

I like Joe first rate, but I can't say as much for his comedy. It is too heavy and old-fashioned for me—1902 model, personal-contact type, and nothing delicate about it. Last season, Joe hung so much of his humor on Irish O'Shay that Irish jumped to the Federal League—and blacked both of Joe's eyes before he left—but the only way to cure a humorist is to kill him, and, in the springtime, Joe picked Ham Cotton as O'Shay's successor, picked him without any help from us, picked him the minute he stumbled out of the hotel 'bus and exposed himself to the gang of us sitting on the steps.

"Here is the bird I have been waiting for all these days," says Josephus. "Here is the official Angora. I speak for him. I saw him first. The simple rustic with the mail-order pants and the badger hair-cut is mine, all mine. I choose him."

Tacks McKee, our short-stop, who was chased out of three colleges into professional baseball but grabbed off some theories on the fly, as you might say, argues that all the really important things in a man's life happen to him sort of casually and without warning, because what is going to be will be anyway, and a man can't dodge it or pull away from the plate. I don't subscribe

to that statement. I believe in looking 'em over first, ducking the bean balls, and passing up the ones that don't look good to me. What I am trying to get at is this: If Joe Fish had let some one else choose Ham Cotton, it would have been a lot better for him in the long run, and a lot better for Ham and Henry, too—but I haven't got around to Henry yet. But Joe made his selection on sight, without the slightest suspicion that he was monkeying with his own destiny to a certain extent.

"Mine," says he; "all mine. I saw him first."

I have seen a lot of bushers come and go—mostly go—but this same Ham Cotton was the bushiest looking busher of them all, from his dinky little cloth hat to the tips of his bulldog shoes. I saw him as soon as Joe did. Ham came flopping out of the depot 'bus, loaded down like a fat man on the way to a picnic. He had an openwork rattan suitcase, an umbrella, an overcoat, a paper bag full of oranges, a lunch-basket, and a wooden box about a foot square with a wire netting over the top of it. And clothes? You've seen those advertisements, haven't you, where it says, "Measure yourself with a string and send us five seventy-five; we do the rest?" Well, that was the sort of a suit he had on, only more so, with half-moon pockets and dewdads, and little buttons sewed all over it. You can see pictures of suits like it in any respectable poultry journal, and until I got a look at Ham, I thought all that sort of advertising was wasted. His hat was shoved over on the back of his head, and his hair

was parted in the middle and slicked down to his ears. The style in wearing the hair has changed at least twice since the days of the middle parting, and maybe the news will reach Ham's section of the country some day. The poor boy was doing his best to appear easy and confident, and convey the impression that a first-class winter-tourist hotel was no novelty to him, but his face gave him dead away. He was scared half to death. He must have known we were ball-players and that he was under inspection, for he stumbled coming up the steps and his face got as red as a beet. Joe watched him bump through the swinging doors into the lobby. Then he began to snicker.

"Gosh all hemlock!" says he. "Even money the rube is from Iowa!"

That was a crack at Mike Gilson, the catcher. Mike lives in Des Moines winter-times—if his money gives out.

"Where do you get that stuff?" says Mike, smoking up immediately. "Iowa! Why, the biggest yaps on earth hail from Nebraska—where they got you!"

After that they began to get personal in their remarks, and I left. If there is anything that makes me tired, it is an argument to prove that latitude and longitude produce a rube. The way I look at it, a rube is just a rube, no matter where he comes from or where he's going.

I took another look at Ham in the lobby. He was humped up in a chair, with all his stuff piled in front of him except the wire-covered box, and that was in his lap. One of the bell-hops was trying to persuade him to go to the desk and register.

"No-o," says Ham; "I better wait here. Mr. Holmes said for me to report to him the first thing I did."

"You mean the manager of the ball club?" says the bell-hop. "He's not in just now, but you might as well go to your room—"

"If it's all the same to you," says Ham, "I'll wait here."

Well, I might have given him some advice; but it's my theory that a busher ought to work out his own salvation in fear and trembling, as Tacks says. I haven't got anything against bushers as a class, but there's always the chance that if you do one of 'em a kindness, he'll come to you with all his troubles, and the first thing you know you've got a steady job sitting up nights to

sympathize with him. Nobody sympathized with me when I was a busher.

I was shaving for dinner when Joe Fish came in. For some reason or other, Fatty Holmes has roomed me with Joe for four seasons. I never have found out what the boss had against me.

"What are you laughing at?" says I.

"That yap down-stairs," says Joe.

"What do you think he's got in that box?"

"I don't care what he's got in it," says I.

"But give a guess."

"I'm a poor guesser, but, just to please you, Mister Bones, what has he got in the box?"

"Mister Interlocutor," says Joe, "he has got a white rat in the box."

"No!"

"As I live, a white rat! He calls him Henry. Can you see what will happen to him around here?"

"To the rube or the rat?" says I.

"Either or both," says Joe.

II

WELL, at that, I guess Ham Cotton could have brought an elephant or an anaconda with him and still been welcome as the flowers in spring. He was a ball-player, Ham was, and it didn't take him long to prove it. Every so often a rube drifts in from a town that nobody ever heard of and puts it on the map by delivering the goods. That's why we call baseball our national game. No section of the country has any monopoly on it.

Ham was an outfielder from a semi-pro league somewhere out in the tall grass, and by the end of the week, Ernie Jessen, Bigfoot McCarty, and Dale Martin were finding fault with the way he stood up to the plate and arguing that his swing was all wrong, which was just the same as admitting that he was a sweet free hitter. Dale Martin knocked Ham the hardest, which was natural, for Dale was about through as a big leaguer and knew it, and he hated to see anybody edging in between him and his pay-check. You can bet that Ham showed class, or the regular outfielders wouldn't have taken the pains to criticize him.

Talk all you want to about brains in baseball, it's the free hitter that catches the manager's eye every time. A kid who can bat can be taught everything else, but there is no school where they learn to hit the ball

on the nose. That has to be born in a man. Ham's big black bat was all the pass-key he needed. It would have opened any door in the league, and, in addition to his hitting, he was a good judge of a fly ball, had a throwing arm like braided rawhide, and was fast on his feet. I don't mind saying that if I had been in Dale Martin's shoes, that kid would have worried me, too.

Joe Fish wasn't worrying any, being a pitcher, and he spent most of his spare time introducing Ham to the seven hundred and fifty-two training-camp jokes. Seven hundred and forty-eight of 'em are based on physical violence, and Joe went down the line without getting a real rise out of the boy. Ham stood for everything with the same patient grin—in fact, I think he sort of enjoyed it. It was better than being ignored entirely. Ham was an innocent, confiding sort of a cuss, glad to have somebody to talk to, and he got to making our room his hang-out. He would read us his letters from home, and he told us all about his private affairs—about Henry, for instance. Ham had an idea that the white rat was his mascot. He explained it to us.

"It ain't that I'm a nut about animals," says Ham; "I never did care much for 'em, and rats especially. This here Henry rat was wished onto me by my little sister Emmeline. Henry was her pet. As soon as she found out I was coming down here to break into the big league—"

"You're not in yet," says Joe, interrupting. Ham looked at him, sort of surprised.

"But I will be as soon as the season starts," says he, and went on about Henry. "Emmeline wanted to give me a farewell present," says he, "and this Henry rat was all she had. I kicked like a steer at first, because I wasn't stuck on the notion of lugging a white rat all over kingdom come, but Emmeline's heart was set on it, and nothing would do but I must have Henry. She's all the sister I've got, Emmeline is—only five years old and kind of sickly. I hated to hurt her feelings, but I hated worse to take that white rat. I wouldn't say 'Yes' and I didn't say 'No.' I stalled along, wondering how I was going to get out of it, until finally Emmeline says to me, 'Hammy, you take him—for luck!' Now, I ask you, where on earth would a five-year-old kid get the idea that a white rat was lucky? She never heard of a mascot in her life. Well, you know, I got to studying on

it, and the more I studied the more it struck me that Emmeline might have hit the nail on the head without knowing it—the way kids do sometimes. Darned if I didn't get sort of superstitious.

"They had a ball game in town the day before I left—it was a send-off for me—and I made up my mind that the best way to find out if Henry was lucky was to give him a try-out. I smuggled him into the dressing-room at the park, and hid him in my locker and left him there to root for me."

"And he ate up all your cigarettes," says Joe.

Ham was so much in earnest that he didn't even hear him.

"You can believe me or not," says he, "but that afternoon I played the best game of my life. I got four hits out of five times up—two doubles and a triple in the bunch. I stole four bases, and I dragged down two catches with my back turned to the grand stand and running a mile a minute. What do you think of that?"

"I suppose the rat was out there, tipping the signs to you," says Joe.

"I'm not asking you to believe it," says Ham. "I don't expect you boys to have the same confidence in Henry that I've got; it ain't natural that you should. And I'll tell you something else that goes to prove he's lucky, and baseball ain't his limit. I had him with me on the train coming down here—that is, I had him with me until the brakeman spotted him and made him ride in the baggage-car. One day I let him loose on the floor, just to see what he'd do. He went nosing around under my seat and pretty soon out he came, dragging a five-dollar bill behind him. Oh, laugh if you want to; it's the truth! If it ain't, I hope to die. He found it on the floor, and it would have laid there till doomsday for all of me."

"Lend him to me," says Joe. "I want him to frisk this room for five-dollar bills. If he finds any, I'll split with him."

"Kid me if you want to," says Ham, "but nobody can tell me that Henry hasn't brought me luck already, and he'll bring me a lot more. If he keeps his health, he'll go up to the big league with me and get some real experience in fast company. He'll be the wisest rat in the world when I take him back to Emmeline."

After Ham had gone to his room, Joe looked at me and tapped himself on the forehead.

The Official Angora

"Not necessarily," says I. "Ham ain't the only ball-player with superstitious notions by a long shot! Don't you remember the lucky necktie that Leon Ames used to wear? Frank Chance always slept in lower thirteen, didn't he? Take yourself, for instance: you hate to pitch an opening game in Philadelphia, don't you?"

"Or any other game with that fellow Cravath in it," says Joe. "Old Wooden Shoes certainly picks that slow ball of mine off his ear and lams it clear out of the league. I wonder, now, what would happen to this bush-marvel if Henry did a disappearing act? I think I'll tip Dale Martin that the best way to hold his job is to steal that white rat!"

"Don't you do it," says I. "Stick to physical humor, Joe, but, whatever you do, don't go monkeying with psychology."

"Cy who?" says Joe. "What league does he play in?"

"He plays in all of 'em, and he's a bigger factor than you think. Psychology is—well, it's anything that you can't explain offhand; it's something that you can't hear or see or touch, but you know it's there, just the same. Do you get me?"

"Sure!" says Joe, grinning. "You're talking about the cat that went and died under our dressing-room floor last summer. You've been listening to Tacks McKee again. That sounds like the bunk he hands out."

"Call it bunk if you want to," says I, "but here's a tip you can play across the board. Feed Ham the slap-stick if you must have fun with him, but let his beliefs alone. He'll forgive you for the one, but he'll never forgive you for the other. What difference does it make to you what a man *thinks*, so long as he gets any good out of it? If he thinks that white rat can make him hit—"

"Aw, go soak your head!" says Joe. "How can a white rat *make* a man do anything?"

"He can't—unless the man *thinks* he can," says I. "Now listen: You don't understand the proposition—"

"I understand this, though," says Joe: "This boy Ham is a nut, and you're catching it from him!"

"Have it your own way," says I, "but when you're in there, pitching your head off to win a tight game, you'll be mighty thankful that Ham Cotton is hitting for our

side and not locked up in a padded cell somewhere."

Two or three nights after that, Ham



"He's your mascot, is he? A swell

brought Henry around to our room and introduced him to us. Anyone could see that Ham thought a lot of that rat personally, and aside from sentimental and business reasons. Henry sat up on the wash-stand and wiggled his whiskers at us, as friendly as could be. Speaking for myself, I never had much use for a rat of any color, but as white rats stack up, I guess Henry was a big leaguer all right enough. He didn't force himself on us or make the first advances, and he attended strictly to his own business, which is all you can rightly expect of a rat. Take him all around, he could have been considerably more of a nuisance without straining himself. I've seen grown men not half as well behaved as Henry.

"Look at him!" says Ham, proud as a peacock. "He'll be a credit to this ball club, won't he?"

"You're taking a lot for granted," says Joe. "The boss is liable to farm both of you out to some minor league for a couple of seasons."

"Listen to him, Henry!" says Ham. "He says we're going back to the bushes. Are we? Tell me about it." He bent his head down and pretended to listen. Then he laughed. "Henry says we're going to



swell mascot, he is! Why didn't he make you hit that ball safe this afternoon?"

play right field for Mr. Holmes this season, and, take it from me, Henry knows!"

It may have been just a guess, but when the regulars started north, Ham and Henry were among those present. Ham was playing right field and knocking boards off all the fences en route, and Henry was dividing his time between supervising the team poker games and making friends with baggage-smashers. Dale Martin was the one who went to the minors.

III

As a general thing, a man has to be an optimist to give our club a look-in for the pennant, but everybody is optimistic in the springtime, and we have our dreams, the same as the first-division players. Sometimes we start off with a winning streak and play better ball than we know how, and then we have visions of ourselves buying automobiles with a world's-series split. Along in July, the alarm-clock usually goes off, and we wake up in the second division and quit pricing six-cylinder roadsters. The second division is just like home to us; we wouldn't feel comfortable anywhere else.

Joe Fish, with his teasing slow ball, is our one best bet in the twirling department, on

account of a little financial arrangement with Fatty Holmes. When Joe came to us, he was a wild Indian—wilder than the woods. He had an itch to stay out all night, shake hands with every bartender on the graveyard shift, and find out who delivered the milk and turned off the bright lights in the morning. He could pitch like a streak when he was in condition, but it needed seven detectives and a ball and chain to keep him in his room nights. I tried to reason with him.

"Young feller," says I, "listen to me: You drink too much booze."

"There ain't too much booze," says he, and I quit right there. When a man thinks they don't make enough of it to hurt him, argument is wasted. I let him go, knowing that, if he kept on, he would run up against something hard in the shape of a fat man named Holmes. He did—when it came time to sign his contract for the second season.

"So you want more salary?" says the boss. "You ain't getting enough to buy a controlling interest in all the saloons and cafés in town, hey? You find it hard to lead a butterfly life on a short bank-roll, do you? You heave high-balls into yourself all night and you show up at the ball-orchard with

pink eyes and a breath on you like a Kentucky colonel, and for that you ought to have more money? Fine! Now here's what I'll do with you, young man: When you're in condition, you're such a fair sort of a pitcher that you ought to win twenty games for me next season——"

"Have a heart!" says Joe Fish. "Twenty games—with a second-division club behind me? Have a heart!"

"Well," says the boss, "I'm a reasonable man. I'll shade that a little. If you win fifteen games, I'll give you a bonus of one thousand dollars. If that much dough is any object to you, you'll stay in condition and try to get it. If it ain't any object, I'll trade you to the driest town in the driest state in the Union—and don't you tell me there ain't any such animal! What do you say to that?"

Joe said a lot, but what could he do? Holmes had it all over him, and argument was useless. The result was that Joe cut out the night work, stayed in shape, took his regular turn in the box, and won the bonus with four games to spare. It worked so well that Fatty made it a permanent proposition, raising the bonus a little each year. Joe howled like a wolf, but Fatty only laughed at him.

"You're on the water-wagon, eh? Well, now, that's fine! Here's a little piece of rope to tie yourself on with. I'm taking no chances on you."

The season that Ham Cotton joined us, Joe's bonus amounted to seventeen hundred and fifty, which is quite a nice little chunk of money to pick up, and Joe had to win eighteen games to get it.

Speaking of Ham, he made a great hit with the home fans. They had all been sore on poor old Dale Martin on account of his weak hitting, and they were glad to see a new face in right field. When they saw Ham's big black bat in action, they reached out and took him to their hearts, and why not, with him hitting at a .340 clip? He was a great help to the team, Ham was, and the newspapers boosted him as the most promising youngster in the league, but the boosting didn't swell his head. He never forgot to give Henry his share of the credit.

Most of the unmarried men on our club live at Dad Henderson's hotel near the ball-park, because it is quiet and clean and cheap. This season, there were seven or eight of us there, including Joe Fish, who

roomed with me, out of habit, I suppose, Ham Cotton and Henry, and Tacks McKee.

Ham had a small inside bedroom to himself, and with his first pay-check he bought some clothes that Tacks picked out for him, a new hat, another shirt, and a wire cage. The wire cage was for Henry, of course, and, believe me, no rat ever had a better one. Ham didn't take Henry to the ball-park, because he had been kidded so much about his mascot that he was sensitive on the subject, but the first time we went on the road, Henry was there a million, with a blue ribbon around his neck.

"Emmeline sent it to him," says Ham. "Looks kind of cute, eh?"

"Why didn't you leave him at home?" asks Joe Fish.

"Because I'd leave my luck at home if I did," says Ham.

"He'll be a nuisance," says Joe.

The reporters in the different towns asked a lot of questions about that white rat, but all they got out of Ham was that Henry was a pet.

"What's the use of telling 'em the truth?" says Ham to me. "They won't take it seriously, and they'll make a fool out of me. I tell 'em he's just a pet."

That was no lie. Henry was the pet of the entire club. Even old Fatty Holmes used to put in a special order for cheese with his dinner so he could carry some to Henry, and when Henry saw the boss coming, he would sit up and put his paws together and wrinkle his nose and shut his eyes and wiggle his whiskers, for all the world like an old deacon praying. And when he got the cheese, he would go over in a corner and turn his back and eat it like a little gentleman. I've seen many a big-league ball-player who didn't have Henry's table-manners, and while he got pretty well acquainted with all of us, Henry never presumed on friendship and never got gay. He wouldn't go to sleep in anybody's hat but Ham's, and, rat or no rat, he certainly knew his place and stayed in it.

Joe Fish found time to continue Ham's education along humorous lines, and Ham stood it without kicking, but there was one thing that could always get a rise out of him—and that was any slighting reference to Henry or any attempt to tease the rat.

"Have all the fun you want with me," says Ham, "and I'll stand for it; but let my luck alone."



DRAWN BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"How can you laugh at it?" says Ham, raging up and down the room. "And it won't be any laughing-matter for Joe Fish, either!"

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You see, Ham had the notion in his head that if anything happened to Henry, his luck would suffer for it. Foolish? Sure it was foolish, but if I had that much faith in a rat or in any other kind of an animal, there wouldn't be enough money to buy him from me. It's faith that counts.

IV

To make this a regular baseball story, here is where I ought to lug in a whisker finish for the pennant, let Ham hit one over the fence in the ninth inning with the bases loaded, and have the gang present Henry with a diamond-studded collar, bought out of the world's-series dough, but I told you before we didn't have that kind of a baseball club.

Toward the end of the season, all the excitement we had we got out of Joe Fish's battle for that seventeen-hundred-and-fifty bonus. A week before the close he won his seventeenth game, and that left him with one to go. He took two days rest, and then asked Fatty to send him back again, out of his turn, so that, in case he lost, he'd still have another crack at the bonus.

It was on a Tuesday that Joe stepped up on the mound to win the eighteenth game, and nobody can say that the old boy didn't try. He tussled along for eleven innings to a tied score, and then the visitors jammed a run over the plate. Ham Cotton had a chance to tie the score in our half of the eleventh, but he hit a line-drive straight to the center-fielder, and left Bigfoot stranded on third base.

That night we were having a little poker game in Tacks' room over at Dad's, and, along about nine o'clock, Joe drifted in, sore as a crab and looking for trouble. He was steady enough on his feet and his eyes were clear, but his face was flushed the least little bit, and I knew there was a vacant seat on the water-wagon that evening. Ham Cotton was in the game, and Henry, too. Henry was sitting up beside Ham's chips, keeping tabs in his own way.

"Lemme get into this contest," says Joe. "I want to sit where I can raise the socks off this rat combination."

He dragged up a chair and planted himself at Ham's left, and the first thing he did was to nip Henry's tail when Ham wasn't looking. Henry squeaked, did a flip-flop, and hid on the other side of Ham's stack, mad clear through.

"Now see here, Joe," says Ham, very quiet, "you bother Henry again and I'll make you wish you hadn't."

"The hell you say! You think a lot of that mangy rat, don't you? Birds of a feather—hey? He's your mascot, is he? A swell mascot, *he* is! Why didn't he make you hit that ball safe this afternoon?"

"Shut up and play poker!" says Tacks, who was behind. "Joe, cut out the rough stuff and look at your hand!"

Joe began to mumble to himself and look at his cards. He stayed out for the first few deals, and finally it came to a jack-pot, with Ham sitting under the gun. It was a table-stakes game, and Ham squinted at his cards and opened for the size of the pot—a couple of dollars or so.

"Now I've got you where I want you!" says Joe. "Raise you ten dollars!" He shoved in the coin and the rest of us passed out. I had a pair of kings myself, but they didn't resemble twelve dollars to me. Ham studied awhile.

"Guess I'll have to ask the cashier about this," says he. "Henry, shall we call that bet?" Henry didn't pay much attention. He was watching Joe and nursing the tip of his tail between his paws.

"Henry says we'd better call it. He thinks Joe Fish ain't got a thing over there but part of a souse and a mean disposition."

Joe started to say something, but the dealer interrupted him.

"Cards?"

"Well, now, let's see," says Ham, studying his hand. "Henry, how would you draw to this? Shall we take three? All right, if you're sure he's bluffing. Three cards here!"

"Aw, play your own hand!" says Joe.

"Play yours!" says Ham.

"I'm going to," says Joe. "I don't want any. I'm pat. Your bet."

"Henry says in that case you'll bet anyway, so we'll pass."

Joe fished around in his bank-roll and brought out about seventeen dollars which he threw into the pot.

"Call that with your one pair!" says he.

"That's what we'll do!" says Ham.

"We'd have called it if it was twice that much, wouldn't we, Henry? Sure we would. Now then, what have you got?"

Joe didn't have a single thing, and Ham won the money with two miserable little jacks. It wasn't poker, by any manner of

means, and not another poker-player in the league would have done it, but Ham gave all the credit to Henry.

"Pretty wise little cashier," says he, folding up Joe's bills. "He smells a bluff a mile away, the same as a piece of cheese!"

Naturally this didn't make Joe feel any better. He gave Ham quite a hard call, and wound up with the statement that rats of all kinds made him sick, whether they had two legs or four.

"You'll be sicker if you stay in this game!" says Ham, and it was the truth. At ten-thirty, Joe shoved back his chair. He was as free of money as a frog of feathers, and most of his bank-roll was in front of Ham. Henry was sitting on it.

"Time to quit, boys!" says Tacks. "Winner buys the sandwiches."

"Sure!" says Ham. "Just let me go to my room and bed Henry down for the night. Joe, you're invited."

Joe pretended he didn't hear him, but he did say something to me about going to bed. What with losing the ball game and being cleaned at poker, he was in a nasty frame of mind, and mixed drinks hadn't helped the situation any. We left him in the hall up-stairs.

It was close to midnight before the party broke up, on account of some of the boys wanting to eat fried chicken with Joe's money, and when I got to the room, Joe wasn't there. While I was unlacing my shoes the door banged open and there was Ham, about half undressed, and a little bit the maddest kid I ever saw.

"A joke is a joke," says he, "but look at this!"

He opened his hands and spilled Henry onto the table. Henry sat up and wiggled his whiskers at me—and I laughed. I was ashamed of myself for doing it, but it broke loose in spite of me—he looked so comical. Except for the hair on his head and a sort of a ruffle around his neck, Henry was shaved as clean as a bridegroom. He was as bald as an egg—the pinkest and nakedest and most ashamed-looking white rat that ever lived, I guess.

"How can you laugh at it?" says Ham, raging up and down the room. "And it won't be any laughing-matter for Joe Fish, either!"

"Oh," says I, "I don't think Joe would pull a stunt like this. He likes Henry—he—"

"Who else would do it?" says Ham.

Well, he had me there, and no mistake. Barbering a white rat was right in line with Joe's peculiar notions of comedy. The circumstantial evidence was dead against him, too. I couldn't say a word.

"You know that Joe has made my life a hell on earth ever since I joined this club," says Ham. "I stood for his stuff because I want to be a regular fellow and take the medicine as long as it lasts; but I told him—you heard me—that he'd have to let Henry alone. Now he's gone and fixed him so's he'll get pneumonia and die! You wait till I catch him—"

Never mind what he said he'd do to Joe Fish; it wouldn't get by the proof-reader. The mildest thing he had in mind was making arrangements for Joe to sleep in some quiet graveyard.

I had quite a session with Ham that night, and, in the end, we promised each other that we wouldn't say a word about what had happened, except to Joe, and, as for Henry, we finally rigged him up in a nest of cotton batting and put him to bed under the steam radiator, where it was warm enough for a Hottentot.

Joe didn't show up at all that night, and he wasn't at the park the next day. Wednesday night, he came sneaking in, late enough to be called early. He was pretty shaky and nervous. I told him what had happened to Henry, and he swore up and down on a stack of Bibles a mile high that he didn't know the first thing about it.

"Why, Billy," says he, "you surely ain't accusing me of shaving that scaly rat, are you?"

"No-o," says I; "only of using my safety-razor to do it with. I found a big wad of white hair in between the guard and the blade where you overlooked it. The next time you want to do any tonsorial work on a rat," says I, "please use your own tools. Henry may be antiseptic, and not have any skin-disease or anything, but I be darned if I'll shave after him. The razor goes in the discard, Joe, and unless you get me another one, I'll tell Ham on you."

"If razors were selling for a dime," says Joe, "they'd have to trust me till payday. Billy, I'm up against it hard. I've got to land that bonus or get a job this winter."

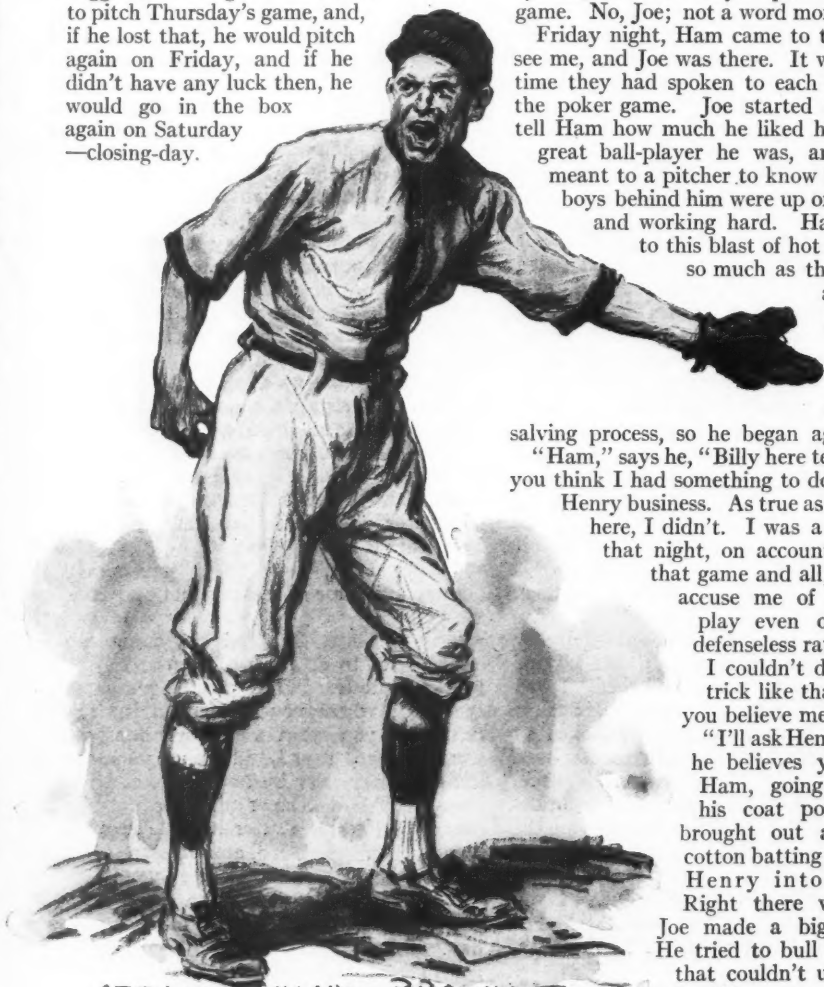
"Get a job in a barber shop," says I. "It ain't everybody that can shave a nerv-

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ous customer with a delicate skin and not raise a rash on him!"

V

ON Thursday, Joe went out to the park, and Fatty Holmes was laying for him with a stuffed club. So much bad language was trying to leave the boss all at once that it made him purple in the face. When Fatty ran out of words, Joe began to beg—he begged like a dog. He wanted to pitch Thursday's game, and, if he lost that, he would pitch again on Friday, and if he didn't have any luck then, he would go in the box again on Saturday—closing-day.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWNE

"He did it a' purpose!" he was yelling. "He did it a' purpose! Look at him!"

"You need that bonus pretty bad, hey?" says Fatty. "Well, now, Joe, I'm a reasonable man." The boss always says that when he's going to be as unreasonable as he can. "I'm a reasonable man, and I'll give you one more whack at that seventeen-fifty. You don't deserve it, but I'll give it to you, anyway. You ain't in shape to start to-day, and you won't be in shape to start to-morrow— Don't interrupt me. Work hard and sweat all the booze out of your system, and I'll let you pitch Saturday's game. No, Joe; not a word more."

Friday night, Ham came to the room to see me, and Joe was there. It was the first time they had spoken to each other since the poker game. Joe started right in to tell Ham how much he liked him, what a great ball-player he was, and what it meant to a pitcher to know that all the boys behind him were up on their toes and working hard. Ham listened to this blast of hot air without so much as the flicker of

an eyelid. Joe saw he wasn't getting anywhere with the

salving process, so he began again.

"Ham," says he, "Billy here tells me that you think I had something to do with that Henry business. As true as I'm sitting here, I didn't. I was a little sore that night, on account of losing that game and all, but don't accuse me of trying to play even on a poor defenseless rat. Honest, I couldn't do a rotten trick like that! Don't you believe me?"

"I'll ask Henry whether he believes you," says Ham, going down in his coat pocket. He brought out a mess of cotton batting and shook Henry into his lap. Right there was where Joe made a big mistake. He tried to bull something that couldn't understand English.

"Hello, Henry," says he, in tones fairly dripping with

sympathy. "Poor old pal! What have they been doing to you, eh? Come here and tell me all about it." And he reached for the rat.

Henry was too quick for him. He skidded up Ham's coat sleeve and scrambled from there into his breast-pocket. No sooner did the tip of his tail disappear than his head popped out. He looked at Joe, his whiskers trembling with the strength of his emotions, and he squeaked four times, high and shrill. Right there was where I began to have a certain amount of respect for Henry's intellect. Ham looked at Joe.

"You hear him?" says Ham. "He says, 'Never again!'"

"But you ain't going to take a rat's word for it, are you?" says Joe.

"It's rat against rat," says Ham, getting up to leave. "I'll string with the white one!"

The Giants were closing the season at our park, and it was just Joe's luck to get up against the Old Master. Mathewson has always been a tough proposition for our boys; come to think of it, I don't know of any team that ever found him very soft.

And there was Josephus Fish, out on the hill, wrapping up a prayer with every ball, pitching for his life and the seventeen hundred and fifty dollars on the side. A silver dollar is a whole lot of money when you haven't got it, and that bonus was all that stood between Joe Fish and a long, hard winter. And, believe me, he pitched as if he knew what a hard winter felt like.

The Old Master, of course, was under no such strain. He worked like a machine, taking it easy until he was in the hole, and then tightening up and showing us how he got his reputation.

For seven innings, neither side scored, but in the last of the eighth, Jessen got on first ahead of Bigfoot, and McCarty smacked the ball into the bleachers for a home run. I was sitting beside Joe, on the bench, and he let

out a sigh that sounded like an air-brake letting go.

"We've got 'em now, if we can hold 'em!" says he.

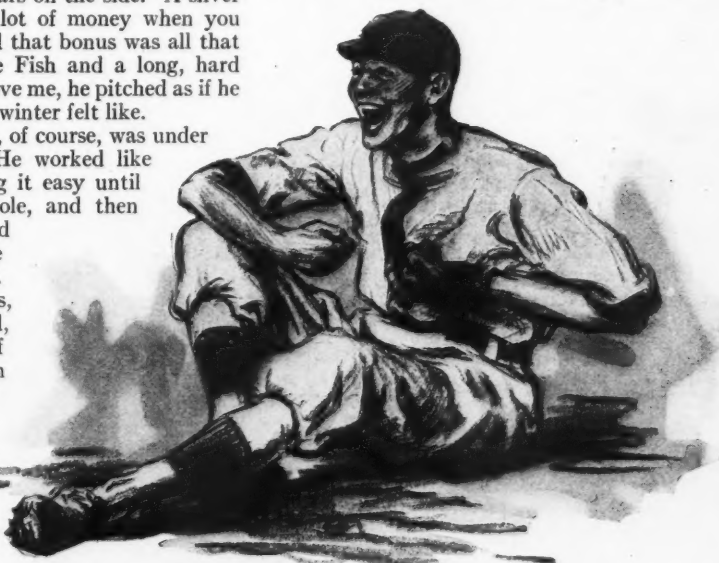
"Only one more inning," says I, "and the tail-end of their batting-order coming up. It ought to be easy."

"The big Indian is never easy," says Joe.

Chief Meyers led off for the Giants in the first of the ninth. He has a nasty habit of slamming the ball through the infield so fast that the man who gets in front of it takes a chance on losing a leg or an arm. In this case, he hit it to me at third base. I got my glove on it and knocked it down, but had no time to make a play; so it went for a single.

I thought that McGraw would send in a pinch-hitter for Mathewson, but no. The Old Master came out of the pit, dragging his telegraph-pole with him. He hit the very first ball Joe offered him for a single to center, and Meyers stopped on second. Joe took a brace and struck out Burns on slow balls, but Robertson whaled one at Tacks so hard that he couldn't handle it, and there we were, with the bases loaded and Larry Doyle the next batter.

The bleacherites were yelling: "Take him out! Take him out!" but that was the



Ham Cotton was sitting on the ground. And he was laughing like a fool

last thing Joe Fish wanted to happen to him. He tightened his belt, tied his shoelaces, and stalled so long that the umpire had to warn him not to delay the game. Then Joe set himself, took a peek at the base-runners and one at the fielders, and let fly.

Larry Doyle didn't see any reason why he should wait, with the stage all set for action, so he stepped in and whipped that fifty-five-ounce bat around with a crash that sounded like the grand stand falling down. When Larry takes a good toe-hold and a roundhouse swing, it amounts to something, believe me, and this time he cut loose hard enough to make up for the whole winter's lay-off. It was just as if he said to himself: "Here she comes! I won't get another crack at her till April, and I don't care if I do strain my back!"

I caught a glimpse of the ball going like a streak to right field, straight at Ham Cotton—so straight at him that all he had to do was stick his hands up in front of his face and make the catch. For just the fraction of a second Ham hesitated; then, with McGraw yelling to the base-runners to back up, Ham took a crazy jump to meet the ball, crossed his left leg behind his right, fell on his head, rolled over twice—and but for the fence, that drive of Doyle's would be going yet. In case I haven't mentioned the fact, our right-field fence is the deepest in the league.

"Come on! Come on!" yells McGraw, and the runners came on. It seemed to me that there was an endless procession of 'em rounding third base, chasing the chief. Mathewson came grunting by, and Robertson, and, last of all, Larry Doyle, throwing dirt ten feet in the air, for he runs like he hits, and when Bigfoot McCarty finally got to the ball, he might just as well have put it in his hip-pocket as anywhere else, for all the good it would do. Four great, big, fat, and juicy runs were over the plate, and Joe Fish was having violent hysterics in the middle of the diamond.

"He did it a' purpose!" he was yelling. "He did it a' purpose! Look at him!"

I looked out toward right field, just in time to catch a bit of pantomime staged for the especial benefit of Mr. Fish. Ham Cotton was sitting on the ground, his left hand doubled up close to his wish-bone and his right hand moving out and back from it in even, regular strokes. And he was laughing like a fool.

"Well, what do you think of that?" says McGraw, who had been coaching back of third. "Cotton must have lit on his head hard enough to knock him silly. Look at him, will you? I'll bet he thinks he's stropping a razor!"

The rest of the game? Don't ask me. The picture, as Al Jolson would say, is too brutal. If Fatty had left Joe Fish in the box, he would have walked the Giants to death, so, after he had issued transportation to quite a mess of 'em, Fatty yanked him, and when Ham came in, we had to pry Joe off of him. The final score? Oh, seven or eight to two—something like that.

Joe Fish tried to make Fatty believe that Ham had deliberately lost the game for him, but of course Ham wouldn't admit that, any more than Joe had admitted shaving Henry, so it was a stand-off. Anyway, Joe didn't get the bonus, so it cost him seventeen hundred and fifty to shave Ham's mascot.

Joe Fish is working in a billiard-parlor this winter. He gets twenty dollars a week, and mighty little time for practical joking; but the story has leaked out, and he will start next season with a new name which will stick to him as long as he plays baseball—Joe the Barber.

Ham and Henry and Emmeline are holding Old-Home week out in Kansas, and Ham writes that Henry has got more hair than ever now, consequently more luck. I wish I had that much confidence in anything on two legs or four!

Begin reading
The Woman Gives, by Owen Johnson,
 in January *Cosmopolitan*.
 Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

